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ART. I.—*Essays on Subjects Connected with the Reformation in England.* By S. R. MAITLAND, D.D. 8vo. London, Rivingtons, 1849.

FATHER Feyjoo, in his *Teatro Critico*, has preserved a quaint old Spanish proverb about people who "steal a sheep, and give away the trotters for God's sake." There is a class of writers, who, in their dealings with Popery, often remind us of this amusing proverb; who consider a very small grain of praise an equivalent for whole pages of abuse and invective; and, after coolly making away with the fair fame of the entire popish system, imagine that they have satisfied every obligation of justice, by throwing us back a few minor points, as not utterly and hopelessly unredeemed. The learned author of the "*Essays on the Reformation in England*," stands in honourable contrast with this unamiable class of writers. Few men of our time have done more to break up the mass of prejudice in which the history of Europe before the Reformation had been industriously involved, and to secure for the historical student the means of a calm and dispassionate investigation of the religious and social character of that important period. And yet, while he does not fail to make profession, upon every suitable occasion, of his own convictions, and to disclaim all sympathy with the peculiar tenets of the Roman Church, he never parades his hostility in offensive or acrimonious terms; he never, like many of his predecessors in the task, like Hallam, Guizot, Michelet, and Thierry,

indulges in the still more insulting ostentation of patronage and protection; much less does he seek to avail himself of his position as a reputed patron and apologist, in order to give additional effect to the seemingly extorted and unwilling admissions, injurious to the cause, which he professes to yield to the force of truth alone. If he has at times filched a little from us, like the rest, he has at all events reversed the Spanish proverb; he has only stolen the trotters, and has left us the carcase for ourselves. Indeed, we have often been tempted to wonder at the calmness and impartiality of the tone with which, in a period of so much polemical bitterness, he has contrived to discuss questions which were calculated to provoke the very extreme of acrimony; and, throughout the heat of the contest between the Romanizers and the anti-Romanists of his party, to maintain his consistency as an orthodox high-churchman, without at the same time falling into the angry and excited ranks, which, especially for the last three years, the numerous and important defections from Anglicanism, have arrayed in undisguised hostility to Rome. Perhaps the secret of this success may be found in the circumstance, that he has confined himself almost entirely to historical questions and matters of fact, and has scrupulously avoided all dogmatical discussions, even those which were naturally connected with the facts which came under his consideration.

How well Dr. Maitland has maintained this impartiality in his celebrated "*Essays on the Dark Ages*," our readers are already sufficiently aware. A topic which, before him, had been the battle field of almost every controversialist who took up his pen against the Church of Rome, in Dr. Maitland's hands was found, to the astonishment of those who recollected the olden controversy, to have become a purely literary and historical subject, to be discussed upon exclusively historical and critical grounds. He had the good sense to discover, after three centuries of bitterness, that, for the good name of the Reformation, it was not absolutely essential to demonstrate that all religion, all science, all enlightenment, had disappeared from the world in the ages which preceded it. He had the courage to approach the historical enquiry into the actual state of society in those ages, without a positive predisposition to ignore every evidence of civilisation and virtue, which could clash with this preconceived theory. And the result of this honest

determination was a success almost without a parallel in the annals of historical controversy; for it may well be doubted, whether, in the entire range of critical literature, there is to be found a more searching, more complete, or more crushing exposure of ignorance and bad faith, than in the admirable Essay on the Dark Ages.

The subject of the Essays now before us, will appear, at first sight, to involve even greater difficulty. To criticise with perfect freedom the history and circumstances of the English Reformation; to discuss its merits in its several stages; and to canvass the motives and character of the agents by whom it was accomplished, requires no small degree of boldness on the part of one who is a member of a church already committed to one side of the question. Much more, to enter upon the examination with the avowed purpose of sifting to the bottom the mass of popular impressions and popular prejudices with which the facts have been so long and so deeply overlaid; and to lay bare the truth fearlessly and without favour, no matter what may be its bearing upon the interests of party, and the traditionary character of the men and events with which party has become identified. The difficulty, however, is not so great as might at first sight be imagined; and indeed, it might almost be said, that Dr. Maitland, or a member of Dr. Maitland's school, comes to the task of investigating the early history of the Reformation in England, with even a smaller amount of professional prejudice than he brought to the consideration of the state of Europe during the Dark Ages. There is one of its phases, at least, with which his school stands in avowed and hereditary antagonism; and there are few orthodox high-churchmen of later days, who will not turn to the study of the history of the Reformed Anglican Church, with a preconceived desire to disconnect the Church, as such, as far as may be possible, from the Puritan or Calvinistic element, which entered so largely into its constitution under its first founders, Edward and Elizabeth.

If any one open Dr. Maitland's Essays, however, in the hope of discovering new lights upon this topic and the many similar ones involved in the history of the period, he will be grievously disappointed. Dr. Maitland has cautiously abstained from these and all other purely doctrinal discussions. He has not entered upon any of the popular controversies of the day, regarding the Anglican Reforma-

tion. There is not a word about the Prayer-book, or the Articles, or the various modifications which both underwent as a different spirit came over the rulers of the church; nothing upon the interesting and important discussion, how far each may be considered as representing the real views and doctrines of the English Church, or whether both are but parts of a crude and ill-considered system, obtruded upon her by extrinsic causes, for which she holds no responsibility; nothing upon the still more momentous question, whether the Reformation in England is to be regarded as, in any sense of the terms, the work of the Church herself, and not rather an unwilling and enforced submission to secular influence, or rather secular tyranny. Gladly as we should welcome any contribution from Dr. Maitland's acute and manly pen towards the elucidation of these obscure and most important controversies, we cannot but admit that he has acted more in accordance with what seems to be his especial vocation in eschewing them all. It is clear from all his earlier writings, that the tone and tendency of his mind are far better adapted to historical than to dogmatical, discussion; and he is evidently much more at ease with his reader, as well as on much better terms with himself, in dissecting a dubious authority, or hunting up a false quotation, than in settling the preliminaries of a disputed theological question, or marking out the boundaries beyond which orthodoxy may not safely venture to speculate.

At the same time, his work makes no pretension to the title of a regular history. It is a series of independent, and, in great part, unconnected, Essays,* all more or less historical, but without any fixed chronological order, or any strictly systematic plan. They are rather offered as contributions to the history of the time, or as helps towards a critical examination of the popular historians, than as regularly digested views of the characters and events which they describe. And the leading points of the enquiry towards which all, if they can be said to have any common

*The greater number of the Essays originally appeared in the *British Magazine*, which has been for many years Dr. Maitland's favourite medium of communication with the public. The longest of them all, however, those on Bishop Bonner, had never before been published, and the rest have undergone considerable alteration and enlargement.

aim, appear, at least indirectly, to tend, are ;—first, the general propriety of implicitly adopting the statements of the received authorities, especially where the interests of their party are involved ; and secondly, how far the history of the time can be said to confirm or justify the received notions of Protestants regarding certain particular points, as for example, the persecutions of the early reformers in England, and particularly those under Mary, or the character and conduct of the most remarkable of the persecutors.

The readers of the “Dark Ages” will not require to be informed that the most remarkable characteristic of the Essays on the Reformation is the profound and curious learning which they display in every page. There is hardly a writer of those times, however insignificant, hardly a publication, however trifling or obscure, hardly a source of information, printed or manuscript, with which Dr. Maitland does not seem to be familiar. And indeed the great value of his book lies not more in the novelty and boldness of its views than in the abundance and variety of contemporaneous historical evidence by which they are enforced. Its weight is almost irresistible. Where even the least sceptical might turn with suspicion from an unsupported assertion of Dr. Maitland himself, the most inveterate worshipper of traditional prejudices may be shaken in his dogged faith by the authority of Bale, or Ponet, or Traheron, or Bradford, or Goodman.

And before we proceed to examine the Essays in detail, we may observe that, in looking over this mass of quaint and curious learning which Dr. Maitland has brought to bear upon his subject, we could not help being struck by the remarkable similarity of the results which the writers ascribe to the Reformation in England, and those detailed by Döllinger in the words of the German and Swiss Reformers as having followed the movement in their respective countries ;—the same impiety ; the same blasphemous extravagances ; the same demoralizing heresies ; the same corruption of morals ; the same disregard of God and holy things. Thus Strype, speaking of the year 1556, avows that there had arisen “abundance of sects and dangerous doctrines, whose maintainers shrouded themselves under the professors of the gospel. *Some denied the Godhead of Christ ; some denied his manhood ; others denied the Godhead of the Holy Ghost, original sin, the doctrine of*

predestination and free election, the descent of Christ into hell, the baptism of infants. Some condemned the use of all indifferent things in religion; others held free-will, man's righteousness and justification by works—doctrines which the protestants in the times of King Edward for the most part disowned. By these opinions, a scandal was raised against the true professors." Others, again, had "imbibed principles of *Pelagianism, Arianism, and Anabaptism*," and not only "in private assemblies did they swarm to pervert the right ways of the Lord, but also in divers prisons of London, where they scattered their heretical doctrines." (pp. 29, 30.) To meet the evil thus forcibly described, Traheron, the divinity lecturer at Oxford, was compelled to direct his lectures professedly "against the Arians, who began much to increase in these times." (p. 76.) He himself, on the other hand, was accused of "using irreverent speech, and saying that it was in God's will and ordinance that Adam should sin, making God the author of sin." (77.) Even John Knox is "ashamed to rehearse the universal contempt of all godly admonitions; the hatred of those that rebuked these vices, and the authorising of such as could invent most villany against the preachers of God" (p. 87); and an equally zealous writer avows that the *change of religion has produced no change in life*, "the gentlemen protestant, for the most part differing from the others in knowledge only, and not in life, in words and not in works; the like covetousness, the like malice and envy, the like craftiness, the like cowardice and unfaithfulness in defending their country, the like flattery, the like lechery, the like fleshly pleasures, the like lying being found in both sorts." (187.)

We could easily extend these and other similar testimonies—the more important because reluctant and full of shame and regret—to the unhappy fruits of the new opinions. But we do not mean to enter upon this topic. It does not form any part of Dr. Maitland's plan; and the passages which we have cited are merely casual and incidental allusions, which occur by chance in the course of the extracts introduced by him in illustrating the topics to which he addresses himself professedly.

The *Essays* are twenty in number, and embrace a great variety of topics; the claims of the Puritan writers to the character of veracity; the singular coarseness, ferocity and virulence of their style; the irreverence and

ribaldry of their language and all their dealings with Catholics and the Catholic religion; their social and political principles; their title to be considered good subjects of a Catholic sovereign; and the trustworthiness of their accounts of the character and conduct of particular individuals among their antagonists, especially Bishops Gardiner and Bonner. It will easily be understood that in so vast a variety of subjects we cannot hope to venture upon more than a few specimens of the manner in which the author deals with them all.

The Essays upon Puritan veracity, with which the series commences, will remind the reader of some of the best passages in the masterly Essay on the Dark Ages. The author thus briefly explains his views of the question:

"For the history of the Reformation in England, we depend so much on the testimony of writers, who may be considered as belonging, or more or less attached, to the puritan party,—or who obtained their information from persons of that sect,—that it is of the utmost importance to inquire whether there was any thing in their notions respecting *truth*, which ought to throw suspicion on any of their statements.

"The question is one which does not require much research or argument. There is something very frank (one is almost inclined to say, honest) in the avowals, either direct or indirect, which various puritans have left on record, that it was considered not only allowable, but meritorious, to tell lies for the sake of the good cause in which they were engaged, and for the benefit of those who were fellow-helpers in it. The case is not merely that the charitable partisan looked with compassion on the weak brother who denied his faith under the dread of cruel torments, or stood by with pitying and loving connivance while he told a lie as to some matter of fact, to save his own life, or lives dearer than his own. It is, that they did not hesitate, without any such urgent temptation, and with great deliberation and solemnity, to state what they knew to be false; and that the manner in which such falsehoods were avowed by those who told them, and recorded by their friends and admirers, is sufficient evidence that such a practice was not considered *discreditable*."—pp. 1, 2.

He proceeds to illustrate this statement by examples, selecting four different individuals, all men of approved character for piety and virtue among their party, and whose conduct even in the instances on which he comments, is recorded by their biographers and partisans, not only without censure, but even in some cases with directly

laudatory remarks. We shall briefly condense the particulars.

The first case is that of George Joye, a fellow of Peter House in Cambridge, and still known as one of the most active controversialists of the time, and as connected with Tyndale's translation of the New Testament. This Joye was cited, along with some others, before a commission assembled at Westminster, Nov. 27th, 1527, at the instance of cardinal Wolsey and several bishops, to be examined as to their "having preached or taught the opinions of Luther, or any others condemned by the church." The account which we have of the transaction is from Joye's own pen. He tells of his citation, of his arrival in Westminster, of the examination of his friends and partisans in misfortune, and of the means by which he himself eventually avoided the same disagreeable consummation. The most important circumstance is the following.

"Then came I to the byshopes place agayne at my houre, and shewed my selfe to M. Chaunceler. And there daunsed I a colde attendance tyll all most nyght; and yet my lord was not come. Then I went to M. Chaunceler wyth whom was Watson the scribe, desyring him that I mought departe; for I though[t] my lord wold not come home that nyght, sayng that I had farre to my lodging, and I loued not to walke late. Lothe they were, I perceyued, and especially the scribe, that I shulde go: but they wolde nether byd me to supper, nor promyse me lodgyng; and I made haste, sayng that I wold come agayne on the morow to se and my lord were come home. Then sayd the scribe, 'Where is your lodging?' And here I was so bold to make the scribe a lye for hys asking; telling hym that I laye at the grene drogon towards Bishopsgate, when I laye a myle of, euen a contrary waye; for I neuer trusted scribes nor pharisaïs, and I perceyued he asked me not for any good. Here I bad them bothe good nyght."—pp. 9, 10.

On this frank and characteristic avowal Dr. Maitland very appositely observes:

"The reader will bear in mind that we are not discussing the question, whether George Joye had a right to deceive his persecutors; or, indeed, how far what he did was morally right or wrong. That is, no doubt, a very important question; but it is not the one now under consideration. We are at present only inquiring how far he, or any member of the sect of which he was a leader, may be relied on as an authority in matters relating to that sect. He tells us, without any appearance of hesitation or compunction, that he said what was false to others. May he not be doing the same to

us? May we, for instance, believe that the prior's letter is genuine? I should think so; but, I must say, rather from internal evidence than on his authority; and perhaps, without entering upon technical reasons for the opinion, I may say, that I believe the date from Strasburgh to be merely a blind, and that the book was printed in London. With regard to deception of that kind, it is notorious that the puritan party had no scruple."—pp. 11, 12.

The case of Anthony Delaber, a scholar of Alban's Hall, Oxford, is still more remarkable, with this difference, that the lie which he devised was intended not merely, as in Joye's case, to screen himself, but also to save another sufferer in the same good cause. Thomas Garret, another propagator of the new opinions, at Oxford, had fallen under suspicion of the authorities, and orders had been issued for his arrest. Delaber, who was known as one of his associates, and had himself been involved in suspicion, was arrested and examined touching his knowledge of the movements of his friend. He himself relates, not only without the smallest evidence of compunction, but on the contrary with the utmost seeming self-gratification, the ingenious falsehoods by which, *even upon his oath*, he eluded the enquiries of the examiner.

"'He asked me,' says Delabar, 'if Master Garret were with me yesterday? I told him Yea. Then he would know where he was, and wherefore he came unto me. I told him, I knew not where he was, except he were at Woodstock. For so (said I) he had showed me that he would go thither, because one of the keepers there, his friend, had promised him a piece of venison to make merry withal the Shrovetide; and that he would have borrowed a hat and a pair of high shoes of me, but I had none indeed to lend him. This tale I thought meetest, though it were nothing so.'

"After some further discourse the chief beadle came to summon Dalaber to attend the Commissary, whom he found with the dean of Cardinal's College, and the warden of New College, at the altar of Lincoln College chapel. After they had asked him a good many questions, chiefly respecting himself.

"'One came,' he says, 'unto them who was sent for, with pen, ink, and paper. I trow it was the clerk of the University. As soon as he was come, there was a board and tressels, with a form for him to sit on, set between the doctors and me, and a great mass-book laid before me; and I was commanded to lay my right hand on it, and to swear that I should truly answer unto such articles and interrogatories as I should be by them examined upon. I made danger of it awhile at first, but afterwards being persuaded by them, partly by fair words, and partly by great threats, I pro-

mised to do as they would have me; but in my heart nothing so meant to do. So I laid my hand on the book, and one of them gave me my oath, and that done commanded me to kiss the book.'

"On being afterwards examined by Dr. London, he repeated the fabrication about *Woodstock and the venison*, and to that, notwithstanding their threats and promises, he adhered. 'Then,' he adds, 'was he that brought Master Garret unto my chamber brought before me, and caused to declare what Master Garret said unto me at his coming to my chamber; but I said plainly, *I heard him say no such thing*; for I thought my nay to be as good as his yea, seeing it was to rid and deliver my godly brother out of trouble and peril of his life.'"—pp. 17, 18.

In these two cases the individuals themselves are their own historians. But Dr. Maitland adds two others, equally striking, in which the falsehood is recorded by the great martyrologist Fox, and recorded in terms of apology and approval.

Thomas Greene, a printer's apprentice, arrested on the suspicion of putting into circulation a seditious and inflammatory book, entitled "*Antichrist*," persists, through a long series of examinations, in a fabricated story of his having gotten the book from a Frenchman whom he professes himself unable to discover or identify. Examined day after day, he perseveres in his original assertion, reiterating that "he had told the truth," and that "he could tell no other truth." At last, while he lay in prison, the woman who brought over the books, (which, like most similar productions of the time, were of foreign origin), was taken prisoner, together with a quantity of the books, and

"Was put in the Clink in Southwark, by Hussey, one of the Arches; and I, Thomas Greene, testify before God, now, that I neither descryed the man nor the woman the which I had the books of.'

"*This Hussey sent for him; but could get nothing but what he had told Dr. Story before.* 'Then he was very angry, and said, "I love thee well, and therefore I sent for thee;" and looked for a further truth, but I would tell him no other; whereupon he sent me again to Lollard's Tower. At my going away, he called me back again, and said that Dixon gave me the books, being an old man dwelling in Birchin-lane; and I said, he knew the matter better than I. So he sent me away to the Lollard's Tower, where I remained seven days and more. Then Master Hussey sent for me again, and required of me to tell him the truth. I told him I could tell him no other truth than what I had told Dr. Story before. Then he began to tell me of Dixon, of whom I had the books, the which

had made the matter manifest afore; and he told me of all things touching Dixon and the books, more than I could myself; inso-much that he told me how many I had, and that he had a sackfull of the books in his house, and knew where the woman lay better than I myself. *Then I saw the matter so open and manifest before my face, that it profited not me to stand in the matter.*

"The reader might perhaps imagine that Greene was now going to tell the truth. But no such thing; it was only that the old lie being found unprofitable, a new one must be substituted.

"He asked me where I had done the books; and I told him I *had but one, and that Dr. Story had.* He said I lied, for I had three at one time, and he required me to tell him of one. Then I told him of one that John Beane had of me, being prentice with Master Tottle."

"Now, if after all this, and a good deal more, obstinate perseverance in lying, when the information which they wanted to get from Thomas Greene had been obtained from other sources, and the treasonable business in which he had been a petty agent had come to be fully known—if, after all this, his blood-thirsty persecutors, instead of putting him in the hands of the hangman, turned him over to the beadle, it seems to me that he got off rather better than he might have expected; and that he might think himself very lucky that his notable 'simplicitie' had led him into no worse scrape, and that he was able to say, 'when they had done whipping of me, they bade me pay my fees, and go my ways.'

"But much as we may admire the simplicity of Thomas Greene, it is surely somewhat strange to find this account of it in 'The story of certain scourged for religion,'—a story after which Fox observes: 'Besides these above-named divers others also suffered the like scourgings and whippings in their bodies, for their faithful standing in the truth; of which it may be said, as it is written of the Apostles in the Acts, "Which departed from the council rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus." The distinction which Fox must have made in his own mind, and expected to be made by his readers, between *truth* and the *truth*, must be kept in mind during this inquiry; and it may be feared that it was not peculiar to him, or to his times, but that it characterized the party to which he belonged, and survived the age in which he lived.'—pp. 26-8.

For this pertinacious mendacity the martyrologist can find no harder name than "*notable simplicity.*"

Still more extraordinary is the example of John Careless, by far the most distinguished personage of them all. He is described by Strype as an "eminent martyr;" his letters were published by Fox and Coverdale; and have been recently republished as the letters of that "*faithful man of God;*" and as part of "a precious relic of the foun-

ders of the Established Church." Yet it is not reputed inconsistent with the sanctity of this "eminent martyr" and "faithful man of God," that, in his examination, we find no less than four avowed falsehoods, and that he himself, as well as his biographers and historians, appears utterly unconscious of moral wrong in the fabrication. (1.) On being shown the handwriting of Henry Hart, "whose hand and name he knew as soon as he had seen it," he stedfastly denied that "he knew whose hand it was." (2.) On being asked if "he knew one Henry Hart, or had heard of him," he replied that "he knew not any such, nor had heard of him that he wot of," and yet he unblushingly adds, that in this "he lied falsely, for he knew him indeed, and his qualities too well." (3.) On being asked "what was the cause of the contention between him and the other prisoners in the King's Bench for religion," he answered, "Surely we have no contention there, nor ever had;" and he ingeniously avows that "he spake this to make the best of the matter, for he was sorry that the papists should hear of their variance." (4.) With the view of exaggerating the cruelties practised towards him, he deposed that "for almost three years he had not lain in a bed, but upon a poor couch of straw;" and this he avowed that he "said for a good consideration, though indeed it was otherwise."

It is certainly not too much to say, that the statements of a historian whose ideas of the morality of truth are so conveniently loose and elastic, as to enable him to approve, or at least to pardon, such manifest violations of veracity, may well deserve to be regarded with suspicion wherever he may himself appear to "have a good consideration" for departing from the truth; as for example, when to state it broadly might bring his friends into difficulty or disrepute, or where it was desirable to overreach the "Scribes and Pharisees," or where there was danger that "the Papists should hear" some unpalatable facts which the interest or credit of the "friends of the Gospel" suggested should be concealed. Well may Dr. Maitland conclude from these examples—

"But, setting this aside for the present, let me recall the reader's attention to the four cases which I have mentioned. It seems to me to be quite time to ask him whether they prove anything? If not, perhaps no multiplication of such stories would avail to throw

any light on the puritan doctrine respecting veracity. Let me, however, remind him of one thing—namely, that I am not charging Joye, and Dalsber, and Greene, and Careless with falsehood, or attempting to show that they were guilty of it, but merely bringing forward their own statements, respecting their own conduct, made for their own pleasure, and, without the least mark of regret or compunction, addressed to their own friends, and in three cases out of the four, set forth and published by those friends without the least hint of disapprobation. If he duly considers this point, he will, I think, acquit me of any want of justice or charity towards either the individuals or their sect; and will not wonder or blame me if I proceed to inquire what effect the doctrine thus developed had on some of those writers who, whether formally or not, are in fact the Historians of the Reformation.”—pp. 40, 41.

But the most curious of all the Essays are those upon the Puritan Style. Considered in a purely literary point of view, they are exceedingly amusing, and will perhaps prove the most attractive chapters of Dr. Maitland's book. *But there is a higher consideration of their bearing and tendency, which in a serious review of the history of such a movement cannot with propriety be overlooked. It is impossible in investigating the origin, the causes, and the progress of the Reformation, to avoid taking into account the motives and character of the agents by whom it was accomplished. Those who are accustomed to regard it as the great moral and religious regeneration of a corrupt and degraded church, have a right (especially if they act upon the principles of private judgment) to look for evidence, in its progress, of the ordinary signs which should accompany and characterise such a revolution; they are entitled to expect, if not clear indications of that calm and solemn deliberation which is seldom observed in a period of excitement, at least a semblance of the coolness and sobriety which must ever mark the proceedings of rational, not to say religious-minded men. They have a right to look for some indications, if not of the visible working of the spirit of God, at least of the presence and control of reason in its counsels; some sign that it was a movement of reflection and deliberation, not of blind impulse; that it had its origin in the consideration, not of men and of the interests of men, but of principles and measures; and that whatever of violence, of impiety, of pride, of revenge, of human passion, may have marked its progress, was the result of incidental causes, over which the real authors and directors had no*

control, and with which neither they nor the cause itself are justly chargeable.

To require so much at least, one would say, is to set up a very low standard indeed, by which to test the moral merits of the Reformation, as a religious, social, and intellectual movement in which so many interests and of so momentous a character are involved. And although, in applying this test, it may be necessary to take into account various other and more important considerations connected with the character and conduct of the Reformers, it is plain that much light may be obtained upon both points from an examination of their writings, and a scrutiny of the tone and temper of mind and thought which they habitually indulged. Now we fear that—even with every fair deduction for “the coarseness of the age,” the “excitement of the period,” and the “rough vigour of earnest and impetuous minds,”—the specimens of the writings of the English Reformers which Dr. Maitland has collected, will not add to the character, weight, and dignity of the English Reformation as a movement of rational and religious men, conscious of the grave responsibilities of the step which they were meditating, and acting honestly under that solemn and awful consciousness. On the contrary, we fear that the men who were among its leading instruments, and who are still looked up to and venerated as its fathers, its confessors, and its martyrs, whatever may have been their real sentiments, will be found to have had the misfortune to write and think like men devoid of every higher and holier impulse; as if their hearts were full of uncharitableness, rancour, pride, and bitterness; as if they opposed the views of their antagonists and clung to their own, upon purely, or principally, personal motives; and above all, as if the habitual temper of their minds was such as seemingly to exclude the possibility of calmness or impartiality in their judgments of men, of motives, or of things.

What reliance, for example, could be placed, in any matter into which reason should enter, upon the judgment of a man, who, in a book upon a grave and solemn subject, habitually and in every page, addresses his antagonist as a “bellye beaste;” a “theefe and soul murderer;” “blasphemous and beastlye;” an “antichrist, a theefe, a beastly blind bussard;” “as wise as Maister Harry my Lord Mayre’s foole;” a “deceitfull juggelar” [juggler;] a “brockish bore of Babylon, a swilbol, a block-

head, a bellygod;" a *beastli and unlearned bastard*;" a *"porkishe papist*;" a *"beastlye bellye-God, and dampnable dongehill*;" [*damnable dunghill*,] a *"wilde brockishe bore*;" a *"filthy swineherd*," *"the very draf of antichrist and dregges of the devil*," a *"foule mouthed mastiffe*," a *"three headed Cerberus, bred and long fed in the pope's kennel*;" a *"bussard, a beast, a bluddering papist*," the *"great devil and cut-throte of England*;" a *"bottomless sea of most filthie stincking vices?"*

Now be it remembered that *Strype*, in his *Life of Cranmer*, is so sensitive about the language used regarding him by the papists, as to complain bitterly that *Feckenham* gave him the unhandsome name of *"Dolt,"* and *Bonner* dared to say of him *"that he would recant so he could have his living;"* and that he makes it a grievous crime in *Bonner* himself to have called a tailor who came before his court by the ignominious name of *"pricklouse."* And yet the phrases strung together above are but a scanty selection from the almost inexhaustible repertory of scurrility and invective which even the few extracts from the writings of *Bale*, *Ponet*, *Traheron*, *Whittingham*, and their contemporaries, introduced by *Dr. Maitland* in the third and fourth Essays, will be found to present. Every sentence and every line breathes of anger, uncharitableness, violence, and pride. The lowest and most disgusting images are among their favourite sources of invective. To strip their adversary *"starke naked, and shew his scabbes to the world"* (p. 80); to *"rub his gauled backe;"* to *"bare his scabbes of iniquitie"* (81); to *"launch his boils"* (82); to make *"an anatomie of his foule inwarde partes"* (80); are the familiar threats in which they seem to delight and to make a glory; and the profane and irreverent use to which the most awful subjects are applied—the revolting allusions to the devil, and hell, and judgment—the light and mocking parodies of received catholic formularies—the blasphemous and disgusting prayers to Saint Cuckold (55), Saint Quintine (58), and other scoffingly so-called saints—*bespeak an insensibility to the true spirit in which religion and all that appertains to it should be discussed*, which it is hard to reconcile with the character of those agents whom Providence might be supposed to select for the great task of reforming a fallen Church. It is difficult to read any portion of these coarse and irreverent writings, without feeling that *Dr. Maitland* is right, when he professes him-

self indisposed to hold their authors and the other leaders of the party acquitted from the responsibility of the more outrageous blasphemies perpetrated by the less prominent actors. The men who stigmatized the Mass as an idolatrous, "sorcerous witchcraft" (68); and scoffed at "the lowsye Latine service" (64); could hardly be severe in denouncing the mockery and parody of the mass service, (294), snatching the Host from the officiating priest and trampling the Host under foot (248), stealing the holy elements and making a jest of the sacrilegious theft (242), insulting the cross and the sacred images in the public church (243), and even "putting the Holy Bread into the throat of a bitch" (276), or hanging a cat upon a gallows appparelled like a priest ready to say mass, with a shaven crown, her fore feet tied over her head, and a round paper like a wafer-cake placed between them (242). For horrors like these the historians of the times found no harder epithet than "ludicrous," and "laughable;" and for the actors, no severer description than a "pleasant knave," or a "merry fellow." The whole passage is worth transcribing.

"There is, however, a clear issue. We are not here disputing about any matter of feeling or opinion. Burnet admits that ribaldry and mocking, filthiness, and foolish talking, and jesting such as was not convenient, were made great use of, and encouraged in every possible way by the 'political men of that party,' but he states that these courses were 'disliked and condemned' by the 'grave and learned sort of reformers.' Here is a plain matter of fact. Who were the grave and learned reformers who opposed these courses? What did they do to put a stop to them? Where is their dislike and condemnation recorded? There may be protests and condemnations in the writings of some of the reformers; but I know not of them. God forbid that I should suppress them if I did. It has seemed to me that too many whom Burnet would have placed among 'the grave and learned sort of reformers,' were so far from expressing dislike and condemnation, as that, if they did not give direct encouragement and praise, they could stand by and laugh in their sleeves, while others were doing what it might not have beseemed the 'grave and learned sort' to do themselves. To say the truth, I cannot but think that any one who observes how Burnet himself, when not particularly engaged in performing the sincere historian, relates the profane and irreverent pranks which some of 'the party' indulged, will doubt whether, if he had lived at the time, he would have been very forward or very fierce in trying to stop or to punish 'these courses.' For instance, he relates an incident which occurred shortly after the accession of Queen Mary, in a tone which reminds me very much of the 'mix-

ture of glee and compunction' with which *Edie Ochiltree* dwelt on the exploits of his youth. The passage, not only for this, but for the historical fact itself, is much to our purpose, and quite worth quoting:—

"There were many *ludicrous* things everywhere done in derision of the old forms and of the Images: many Poems were printed, with other ridiculous representations of the *Latin service*, and the pageantry of their worship. But none occasioned more laughter, than what fell out at Pauls the Easter before; the custom being to lay the Sacrament into the Sepulchre at Even-song on Good Friday, and to take it out by break of day on Easter morning: At the time of the taking of it out, the Quire sung these words, '*Surrexit, non est hic, He is risen, he is not here:*' But then the priest looking for the host, found it was not there indeed, for one had stolen it out; which put them all in no small disorder, but another was presently brought in its stead. Upon this a *ballad* followed, That their God was stolen and lost, but a new one was made in his room. This Raillery was so salt, that it provoked the clergy much. They offered large rewards to discover him that had stolen the host, or had made the ballad, but could not come to the knowledge of it.' (vol. ii. p. 270.)

"I do not know where Burnet got this story, because, as in too many other cases, he gives no authority. Fox relates the same thing as happening on the same day at St. Pancras in Cheap, and perhaps it is the same story;* and in the next paragraph Fox tells us a story that should not be separated from the other, and which Bishop Burnet might have considered equally '*ludicrous:*'—

"The 8th of April there was a cat hanged upon a gallows at the Cross in Cheap, appparelled like a priest ready to say mass, with a shaven crown. Her two fore-feet were tied over head, with a round paper like a wafer-cake put between them: whereon arose great evil-will against the City of London; for the Queen and the Bishops were very angry withal. And therefore the same afternoon there was a proclamation, that whosoever could bring forth the party that did hang up the cat, should have twenty nobles, which reward was afterwards increased to twenty marks; but none could or would earn it.' (vol. vi. p. 548.)

"It is needless to say that the story is told by Fox without any mark of dislike or condemnation, for he has given ample proof that he enjoyed such things amazingly. Indeed, it seems probable that his troubles first began, while he was yet at college, from the indulgence of that jeering, mocking spirit which so strongly characterizes his martyrology. Take a specimen that occurs only ten pages

* "If Burnet took the story from Fox, one would like to know what led him to omit one point which is stated by the martyrologist—namely, that 'the crucifix' as well as 'the pix' was stolen."

after the story of the cat, and which he introduces by saying, 'But one thing, by the way, I cannot let pass, touching the young *flourishing rood newly set up against this present time to welcome King Philip into Paul's Church;*' and having described the ceremony of its being set up, he proceeds:—

"Not long after this, a merry fellow came into Pauls, and spied the rood with Mary and John new set up; whereto (among a great sort of people) he made a low courtesy, and said: Sir, your *mastership is welcome to town. I had thought to have talked further with your mastership, but that ye be here clothed in the Queens colours. I hope ye be but a summer's bird in that ye be dressed in white and green, &c.*"

"Another brief specimen may be found in a story of 'a mayor of Lancaster, who was a very meet man for such a purpose, and an old favourer of the gospel,' who had to decide a dispute between the *parishioners of Cockram and a workman whom they had employed to make a rood for their church.* They refused to pay him because, as they averred, he had made an ill-favoured figure, gaping and grinning in such a manner that their children were afraid to look at it. The 'old favourer of the gospel,' who seems to have been much amused by such a representation of his Saviour being *set up in the church, recommended them to go and take another look at it, adding, "and if it will not serve for a god, make no more ado, but clap a pair of horns on his head, and so he will make an excellent devil."* This the parishioners took well in worth; the poor man had his money; and divers laughed well thereat—but so did not the Babylonish priests.' Strange that the priests did not join in the fun; and stranger still that those blind papists did not seize on the skirts of the 'old favourer of the gospel,' and say, 'We will go with you, for we see that God is with you.'"—pp. 239-44.

It is time, however, to come to the most important part of Dr. Maitland's subject, the true nature and origin of the severities exercised towards the Reformers during the reign of Mary. He himself thus proposes the question.

"What kindled and fanned the fires of Smithfield? What raised and kept alive the popish persecution in the days of Queen Mary? Was it her own sanguinary disposition? or was she the slave of her husband's cruel superstition? or were both the tools of foreigners, who certainly hated the English because they were heretics, but more deadly hated the heretics because they were Englishmen? Was it 'wily Winchester,' or was it 'bloody Bonner,' or was it something in the spirit of the church of which both were zealous members?"

"Whatever may be said on any or on all of these points, there was undoubtedly one other cause; which, if it be too much to say that it has been studiously concealed or disguised, has certainly

never occupied that prominent place to which it is entitled in such an inquiry. I mean, the bitter and provoking spirit of some of those who were very active and forward in promoting the progress of the Reformation—the political opinions which they held, and the language in which they disseminated them—the fierce personal attacks which they made on those whom they considered as enemies—and, to say the least, the little care which was taken by those who were really actuated by religious motives, and seeking a true reformation of the church, to shake off a lewd, ungodly, profane rabble, who joined the cause of protestantism, thinking it in their depraved imaginations, or hoping to make it by their wicked devices, the cause of liberty against law, of the poor against the rich, of the laity against the clergy, of the people against their rulers.”—pp. 41, 42.

Of the principles against which the government of Mary had to contend, we can only find space for a few specimens. But they shall be trenchant ones. Witness the following from Knox's “Blast on the Regiment of Women.”

“For that woman reigneth aboue man, she hath obtained it by treason and conspiracie committed against God. Howe can it be then, that she being criminall and giltie of treason against God committed, can appointe any officer pleasing in his sight? It is a thing impossible. Wherefore let men that receiue of women authoritie, honor, or office, be most assuredly persuaded, that in so mainteining that vsurped power, they declare themselves enemies to God. If any thinke, that because the realme and estates therof, haue geuen their consentes to a woman, and haue established her, and her authoritie: that therefore it is lafull and acceptable before God: let the same men remember what I haue said before, to wit, that God can not approve the doing nor consent of any multitude, concluding any thing against his worde and ordinance, and therefore they must haue a more assured defense against the wrath of God, then the approbation and consent of a blinded multitude, or elles they shall not be able to stand in the presence of the consuming fier: that is, they must acknowledge that the regiment of a woman is a thing most odious in the presence of God. They must refuse to be her officers, because she is a traitoresse and rebell against God. And finallie they must studie to repress her inordinate pride and tyrannie to the uttermost of their power.

“The same is the dutie of the nobilitie and estates, by whose blindnes a woman is promoted. First in so farre, as they haue most haynously offended against God, placing in authoritie suche as God by his worde hath remoued from the same, vnfeinedly they ought to call for mercie, and being admonished of their error and damnable fact, in signe and token of true repentance, with common consent they ought to retreat that, which vnadvisedlie and by igno-

rance they haue pronounced, and ought without further delay to remoue from authoritie all such persones, as by usurpation, violence, or tyrannie do possesse the same.

"For so did Israel and Iuda after they reuolted from Daud, and Iuda alone in the dayes of Athalia. For after that she by murdering her sonnes children, had obtained the empire ouer the land, and had most vnhappellie reigned in Iuda six years, Iehoiada the high priest called together the capitaines and chief rulers of the people, and shewing to them the kinges sonne Ioas, did binde them by an othe to depose that wicked woman, and to promote the king to his royall seat, whiche they faithfullie did, killinge at his commandment not onlie that cruel and mischeuous woman, but also the people did destroye the temple of Baal, break his altars and images, and kill Mathan Baales high priest before his altars.

"The same is the dutie as well of the estates, as of the people that hath bene blinded.

"First they ought to remoue frome honor and authoritie, that monstre in nature (so call I a woman clad in the habit of man, yea a woman against nature reigning aboue man).

"Secondarilie if any presume to defende that impietie, they ought not to feare, first to pronounce, and then after to execute against them the sentence of death. If any man be affraid to violat the oth of obedience, which they haue made to suche monstres, let them be most assuredly persuaded, that as the beginning of their othes, proceeding from ignorance was sinne, so is the obstinate purpose to keepe the same, nothinge but plaine rebellion against God. But of this mater in the second blast, God willing, we shall speake more at large.'—p. 52.

"Cursed Iesabel of England, with the pestilent and detestable generation of papistes, make no litle bragge and boast, that they haue triumphed not only against Wyet, but also against all such as haue entreprised any thing against them or their proceedings. But let her and them consider, that yet they haue not preuailed against God, his throne is more high, then that the length of their hornes be able to reache. And let them further consider, that in the beginning of this their bloodie reigne, the haruest of their iniquitie was not comen to full maturitie and ripenes. No, it was so greene, so secret I meane, so couered, and so hid with hypocrisie, that some men (euen the seruantes of God) thought it not impossible, but that wolues might be changed in to lambes, and also that the vipere might remoue her natural venom. But God, who doth reuele in his time appointed, the secretes of hartes, and that will haue his iudgementes iustified euen by the verie wicked, hath now geuen open testimonie of her and their beastlie crueltie. For man and woman, learned and vlearned, nobles and men of baser sorte, aged fathers and tendre damiselles, and finallie the bones of the dead, as well women as men haue tasted of their tyrannie, so that now not onlie the blood of father Latimer, of the milde man of God the bishop of Cantorburie, of learned and discrete Ridley, of inno-

cent ladie Iane Dudley, and many godly and worthie preachers, that cannot be forgotten, such as fier hath consumed, and the sword of tyrannie most vniustlie hath shed, doth call for vengeance in the eares of the Lord God of hostes: but also the sobbes and teares of the poore oppressed, the gronings of the angesles, the watchmen of the Lord, yea and euerie earthlie creature abused by their tyrannie *do continuallie cry and call for the hastie execution of the same.* I feare not to say, that the day of vengeance, whiche shall apprehend that horrible monstre Iesabel of England, and suche as main-tein her monstrous crueltie, is alredie apointed in the counsel of the Eternall: and I verelie beleue that it is so nigh, that she shall not reigne so long in tyrannie, as hitherto she hath done, when God shall declare *himselfe to be her ennemie, when he shall poure furth contempt vpon her,* according to her crueltie, and shal kindle the hartes of such, as somtimes did fauor her with deadly hatred against her, that they may execute his iudgements. And therefore let such as assist her, take hede what they do." (p. 55.)—pp. 133-6.

Precisely the same is the tenor of Goodman's book "On the Regiment of Women."

"If your IESABELL, thoghe she be an *vnlawfull Gouvernesse*, and ought not by Gods word and your owne lawes to rule, would seke your peace and protection as did Nabuchadnezer to his captiues the Iewes: then might you haue some pretence to follow Ieremies counselle: *that is, to be quiete, and praye for her liffe,* if she would confesse the onelie God of the Christians, and not compell you to idolatrie no more than did Nabuchadnezer: who acknowledged the God of the Iewes to be the true and euerlasting God, and gaue the same commandement throughout all his dominions, That what soeuer people or nation spake euill of the God of Israell shuld be rent in pieces, and his howse counted detestable. For (saith he) Ther is no other true God that so coulde deliuer his seruantes, as he did Sidrach Misach and Abdenago.

"But because her doinges tend all to the contrarie, that is to blaspheme God, and also compell all others to do the like, what cloke haue you here *to permitt this wickednesse?*

"To be shorte, if she at the burning of three hundreth Martyrs at the leste, *could haue bene satisfied and vnfaignedly moued* to confesse the true Christe and Messias, and repented her former rebellion in geuing contrarie commandement to all her dominions, charging them to receaue agayne the true religion and to expell all blasphemous idolatrie of the pestilent papistes: and that none shulde speake any euill agaynst Christe and his Religion (as did Nabuchadnezer by the example of three persons onely, whom the fire by the power of God coulde not touche) then were she more to be borne with, and reuerenced as a Ruler (*if it were lawfull for a woman to rule at all*) then were there also some probabilitie in the

reasons of the aduersaries of this doctrine. Otherwise as you now see, it maketh nothing at all for their purpose.' (*Goodman, p. 130.*)—p. 140.

The same directly regicidal doctrines are urged by Ponet, and with even greater vigour.

"*That wicked woman, whom you vntuely make your Quene, hath (saye ye) so commanded. O vayne and miserable men. To what vilenesse are you brought, and yet as men blynd, see not? Because you would not haue God to raigne ouer you, and his worde to be a light vnto your footestepps, beholde, he hath not geuen an hypocrite onely to raigne ouer you (as he promised) but an Idolatresse also: not a man accordinge to his appoyntment, but a woman, whiche his Lawe forbiddeth, and nature abhorreth: whose reigne was neuer counted lawfull by the worde of God, but an expresse signe of Gods wrathe, and notable plague for the synnes of the people. As was the raygne of cruell Iesabel, and vngodlie Athalia, especiall instrumentes of Satan, and whips to his people of Israel.*

"*This you see not, blynded with ignorance: yea, whiche is more shame, where as the word of God freeth you from the obedience of anie Prince, be he neuer so mightie, wise, or politike commanding anye thinge whiche God forbiddeth, and herein genethe you aueritie to withstand the same as you haue harde: Yet are you willingly become as it were bondemen to the lustes of a most impotent and vnbrydled woman; a woman begotten in adulterie, a bastard by birth, contrarie to the worde of God and your owne lawes. And therefore condemned as a bastarde by the iudgement of all vniuersities in Englande, France, and Italy: as well of the Ciuilians, as Diuines. For now are we freedde from that Iewishe yoke to rayse vp seede to our brethern departing without issue, by the comynge of our Sauour Iesus Christe, who hathe destroyed the walle and distance betwixt the Iewes and Gentiles, and hathe no more respecte to anie tribes (for conseruation wherof this was permitted) but all are made one in him with out distinction, which acknowledge him vofaynedly to be the Sonne of God and Sauour of the worlde. For in Christe Iesus there is nether Iewe nor Gentile, Grecian or Barbarous, bonde nor free, &c. And therefore it must nedes followe, that kinge Henrie the eight, in marying with his brothers wife, did vtterly contemne the free grace of our Sauour Iesus Christe, which longe before had deliuered vs from the seruitude of that lawe: and also committed adulterous incest contrary to the worde of God, when he begate this vngodlie serpent Marie, the chief instrument of all this present miserie in Englande,*

"*And if any would saie, it was of a zeale to fulfill the lawe which then was abrogated, he must confesse also that the kinge did not marie of carnall luste, but to rayse vp seede to his brother: when the contrarie is well knowne to all men. Let no man therefore be offended, that I call her by her propre name, a bastarde,*

and vnlawfully begotten: seing the wordes of God, which cannot lye, doth geue witness vpon my parte. And moreouer, that suche as are bastarden shulde be deprived of all honor: in so muche as by the Lawe of Moyses they were prohibited to haue entrance in to the Congregation or assembly of the Lorde to the tenth generation.

Consider then your vngodlie proceedings in defrauding your contrie of a lawfull kinge: and preferringe a bastarde to the lawfull begotten daughter, and exaltinge her whiche is, and will be a common plague and euersion of altogether: for as much as she is a traytor to God, and promis breaker to her dearest frindes, who helpinge her to their power to her vnlawfull reigne, were promised to inioye that religion which was preached vnder kinge Edward: which not withstanding in a shorte space after, she most falsely ouerthrowe and abolished. So that now both by Gods Lawes and mans, she ought to be punished with death, as an open idolatres in the sight of God, and a cruel murderer of his Saints before men, and merciles traytoresse to her owne native contrie. (Ponet, p. 96.)—p. 138-40.

It would be tedious to pursue the enquiry further. Dr. Maitland, in the Essays on "Puritan Politics," has collected a mass of evidence which it is impossible to resist. The Reformers under Queen Mary were rebels and revolutionists, far more than they were preachers of the Gospel; and the political principles of the most prominent among them, as well as the political disrepute in which the violence of the leaders involved all the rest, were the true motives of the persecution under which they suffered. Dr. Maitland has done much to sustain this view. He has drawn attention to sources of information of which little was hitherto known; and although it was impossible within the compass of a few essays to combat in detail all the popular impressions regarding this interesting period, yet he has supplied most valuable materials for what we hope to see one day undertaken, a full and impartial investigation of the history of this most important, but hitherto most misrepresented, reign.

One of the most curious and amusing essays in the book is the tenth, which is entitled "The Puritan Palinodia," and which details the effort made by the party to unsay with regard to Elizabeth, when she succeeded to the throne, those traitorous and seditious principles which they had so long put forward against the government of Mary. Under her also the "Regiment of Women" was continued. The same arguments from reason, from history, from nature, and from scripture itself, still subsisted. The female monarchy, if

it were "monstruous" in Mary, was no less "monstruous" in her sister. But the cases, though so far identical, were very different in everything else. Mary had been a Papist: Elizabeth was a zealous Protestant; and, accordingly, it became necessary, for the interests of party, not alone to recant, but to refute the traitorous principles which it had been their policy to maintain against Mary. Bishop Aylmer's "Harborough for Faithful Subjects," was the result of this party perplexity, and Dr. Maitland has most felicitously exposed the shifts, and strainings, and sophistry, by which he escapes from the parallelisms suggested by the late reign. We should most gladly transcribe a portion of this very curious tract, as an amusing illustration of the pliancy of party; but we prefer to introduce one or two examples of Dr. Maitland's most peculiar faculty, and the quality which most distinguishes his previous publications, especially "The Dark Ages;"—the ingenuity and skill with which he exposes a fraud, or a falsification, or exaggeration. We can afford room but for a few brief examples. Strype, in his account of the celebrated Commission upon the Six Articles, after enumerating the commissioners, adds, that in order "that they might be sure to do their duty, a letter was procured from the king to Bonner, the Bishop, or his commissary, to give all these their oaths for the execution of the said act; that the Bishop accordingly administered the oath to them, and when the jury were sworn, *the Bishop admonished them to spare none.*" The natural tendency (and the one evidently intended by Strype) of this admonition was, that they should spare none; that all offenders, without exception, were to be sacrificed,—men, women, children—learned and unlearned—seducers and seduced; and accordingly the phrase, "SPARE NONE," is urged, over and over again, against the memory of Bloody Bonner; and understood as Strype represents it, the fact is undoubtedly a damning one. But hear Dr. Maitland.

"It is really almost enough to put one out of conceit with all history, when one sees so good a man as Mr. Strype undoubtedly was, writing in such a way as this; and what reader goes to Fox, the only writer whom Strype quotes, to see whether he has fairly represented his authority? Fox tells us that 'When the two juries were sworn, Bonner taketh upon him to give the charge unto the juries, and began with a tale of Anacharsis, by which example he admonished the juries to spare no persons, of what degree soever they

were.' Now it seems to me that this most materially alters the state of the case. One can hardly doubt that the 'example,' which the bishop quoted from Anacharsis, was his well-known saying, that laws were like cobwebs, which caught flies while they were easily broken through by stronger insects. Surely there was no presumption in the Bishop of London's taking upon him to charge the juries, and the tone of the charge, even on Fox's showing, was very different from that which a reader of Strype would suppose. If 'bloody' Bonner had been a favourite, we should probably have been told, that he faithfully and conscientiously warned the jury against a pharisaical show of zeal in haling to the judgment-seat the defenceless poor, the weak, and the foolish, while they took bribes from their rich neighbours to connive at their heresy, or 'spared' them because they had the means, not only of defence, but of retaliation.

"But what if, instead of these miserable, and tiresome, and invidious explanations, one were fairly to take the bull by the horns, and ask Mr. Strype and all the world, whether it was the duty of a sworn jury to exercise the prerogative of 'sparing' persons, when they were simply sworn to find and present facts? What should we think of a jury who should come into court and say, 'We find that A has robbed B; we are quite sure that he is a felon—but in our discretion we spare him—and our verdict is "Not Guilty?"' Was Bonner requiring from the juries more than all the commissioners themselves were bound to? Their oath, as given by Fox, was,—

"Ye shall swear, that ye, to your cunning, wit, and power, shall truly and indifferently execute the authority to you given by the king's commission, made for correction of heretics and other offenders mentioned in the same commission, without any favour, affection, corruption, dread, or malice, to be borne to any person or persons, as God you help, and all saints.' (vol. v. p. 264.)"—pp. 273, 274.

A similar fraud on the part of Fox, the Martyrologist, is no less amusingly exposed: his "Story of John Porter, cruelly martyred for reading the Bible in Paul's." The impression which any one would receive from this story, as related by Fox, is that the sole crime imputed to the "martyr" was the reading of the Bible, and what is worse, reading from the copies set up by authority in the churches, for the express purpose of being read.

"The reader who has got thus far in the history of John Porter, probably thinks that he has made a considerable progress towards understanding his case. He may wonder to find a man brought before Bishop Bonner for the simple act of reading the Bibles which Bishop Bonner himself had set up, and still (Cromwell or no Cromwell, it seems) kept up, in his Cathedral; and to learn that the

bishop put him to death for it. He may, however, consider that it would be mere folly to attempt to account for the cruel freaks of such a sanguinary monster; and that the only way to meet the difficulty is to say, 'Whether Bonner put the Bibles up, or put the Bibles down, his object was blood. No doubt his secret orders to the myrmidons whom he sent to spy out the proceedings of the Bible-readers in Paul's were to "SPARE NONE."'

"But, whatever surmises may have arisen in the minds of those who have read the matter contained in the preceding pages of this essay, the unprepared and confiding reader of Fox will, by what has been hitherto said, learn absolutely nothing (one might almost say less than nothing) of the real case. It may be hard to say, particularly, and in detail, what was the charge against the prisoner; for, so far, it has been studiously suppressed in the story; and it only just crops out in the sequel sufficiently to show us, that to represent John Porter as 'cruelly martyred for reading the Bible in Pauls' is historically (and yet more verbally) as untrue as to say that John Thurtell was put to death for firing a pistol. Whatever were John Porter's offences, we may safely join issue with Fox, and deny that it was 'for reading the Bible;' and that, too, on his own showing, for he immediately goes on to say, 'Bonner then laid unto his charge that he had made *expositions* upon the text, and gathered *great multitudes* about him to *make tumults*.'

"These were the very things particularly forbidden in the 'Admonition' set over the Bibles, to regulate the behaviour of those who should see fit to use them. It directed 'that no number of people be specially congregate therefore to *make a multitude*, and that no *exposition* be made thereupon;' and these were the very things which the Bishop laid to the charge of John Porter. And he charged him, not only with these things, forbidden in themselves, but with a much more serious offence—namely, with doing these things in order to *make tumults*. We have only the *ex parte* statement given us by Fox; but does he venture to say that the charge was false? Not at all. Does he represent John Porter himself as denying it? Not at all. When Bonner made the charge, 'he answered, he trusted that should not be proved by him.' A most prudent and characteristic reply. But, having recorded this discreet answer, not a word more does Fox say of the charge, or the examination, or the defence. He seems as if he suddenly felt that he had said quite enough, or too much; and he huddles up the story, leaving his readers in a state of great ignorance, but surely not without a strong suspicion that there was a good deal more in the matter than he chose to tell. His very next words to those which I have just quoted are, 'But, in fine, Bonner sent him to Newgate, where he was miserably fettered in irons.'—'In fine,' surely his jumping to such a point, when the reader naturally supposed that he was at the beginning of a story, is very suspicious; and this instance, among many others, may very use-

fully instruct us not to receive the stories of party writers without some care and examination."—pp. 287-9.

We shall add one other, and much more important falsification of history, or, at least, a grievous exaggeration, which is chargeable, not upon one, but on several of the historians of the time. We mean, as to the extent of the persecution under the celebrated statute of the Six Articles under Henry VIII. Holinshed tells of this statute, that it was named, "*the bloodie statute, as it proved indeed to manie.*" Strype states, that Cromwell vainly endeavoured to "protect the gospellers," but could not; that "after his death *a cruel time* passed;" that "few durst protect those that refused to subscribe to the articles, *so that they suffered daily.*" Lord Herbert in his "*Life of Henry VIII.*" repeats the same assertion, that "*they suffered daily, whereof Fox hath many examples.*"

"Surely a reader who knows no more of the facts than what he may gather from these writers, would expect to find, as the story went on, that torrents of blood were shed, and the number of the slain incalculable. He might, indeed, consider the fact, that '*the cruel time,*' (not to say *any* enforcement of the Act,) did not begin till more than a year after the '*bloody Six Articles*' had passed, as indicating a strange degree of moderation, or impotence, in those who had framed it in bloodthirsty vengeance, and this might lead him to suspect exaggeration in the historians. But would he not think that he made all due allowance, if he dated the persecution from after the death of Cromwell, and finding that thenceforth '*they suffered daily,*' he assumed the charitable minimum of one sufferer per day for all England, and so limited his idea of the number of martyrs to somewhat more than five-and-twenty thousand? Would he not be startled if one told him that he would have to look sharp for five-and-twenty, and might dismiss the thousands as being figures, not of arithmetic, but of speech? It may be a confession of ignorance, but I must say that I have not found so many. I have not indeed made such inquiry as would authorize my speaking positively and with precision. But precision is not wanted in such a matter. If, besides the cases which I am about to mention, twice or ten times as many others can be produced of persons undeniably put to death under the Act, it will in no degree invalidate my argument, or justify the writers whose language I have quoted."—p. 258.

He proceeds to give a list of all the martyrs whom Fox mentions for the whole time the act was in force, that is, for the last seven years of Henry the Eighth's reign, which, of course, includes those who suffered under all other

statutes of heresy. Now the fact is that the entire list contains, during the seven years, precisely twenty-eight, or an average of *four each year*, being at the rate of *one every quarter of a year* instead of *every day*, as it is represented by these enthusiastic or unscrupulous writers.

Dr. Maitland's observations on the personal feelings and opinions of Henry VIII., on the subject of religion, are solid and judicious.

"Few things have had a greater tendency to involve the history of the English Reformation in obscurity than the loose way in which the king's own personal feelings, and opinions, and his proceedings with regard to religion, have been estimated and represented. With reference to the present case, even Lord Herbert says, 'But that it may seem lesse strange why the King, who before was much disposed to favour the Reformers, did on a sudden so much vary from them, I have thought fit to set down some of the motives as I conceive them.' But it seems hardly worth while to follow him into his ideas respecting the jealousy of the foreign Reformers, and the emperor, and other remote reasons which he suggests, while it is so apparent that he is only troubling himself to solve a difficulty which never existed. Undoubtedly Henry 'was much disposed to favour the Reformers' who took his part in the divorce question—he 'was much disposed to favour the Reformers' who maintained that he was the supreme head of the church, and sided with him against the unjust usurpations of the Bishop of Rome—he 'was much disposed to favour the Reformers' who carried through the suppression of the monasteries, and thereby not only humbled the pride of those who might be more strictly called the popish clergy, but filled his exchequer, or enabled him to be profuse with an empty one. For the same reason, and because the thing was somewhat scandalous, and sometimes supported by disgraceful trickery, he thought it right to stop the lavish offerings which were heaped on the shrines of some of the more popular saints, and to turn those treasures to more useful purposes—and we cannot wonder if, with these views and feelings, he did not altogether dislike or disrelish some things having a tendency to lower the papal power in his dominions, by rendering the pope and his adherents ridiculous. All this was certainly very antipapal; and if to be antipapal was to be protestant, this was very protestant, and the king was very protestant; and it might be very protestant to give his subjects the bible in the vulgar tongue—a circumstance very curious and much to be remarked in connexion with the matter now before us; because, that it was the work of Cromwell (or perhaps we may say of Cromwell and Cranmer) admits of no doubt. But how would Henry have stared if anybody had inferred from any or all these things that he had any heretical misgivings or doubts about transubstantiation, or purgatory, or the invocation of

saints, or other doctrines which we justly consider as errors or heresies peculiarly characteristic of the Church of Rome, and which in the modern popular view of the Reformation in England are commonly mixed up with the doctrine of papal supremacy, in the general notion of 'popery.'"—pp. 266-8.

We have entered into so many of the curious topics with which this interesting book abounds, that we have little space left for the essays upon Gardiner and Bonner. To the latter he devotes by far the largest portion of his book. We must confess, that while we are satisfied of the cruel injustice which he has met at the hands of the Protestant historians, we have, nevertheless, little sympathy with his principles or his character. He was one of the most zealously compliant among the supporters of the royal supremacy, and one of the meanest of the sycophants who paid their court to the king at the sacrifice of their loyalty to the Pope. Even under Edward he sought to make his peace with the Reformers, by parading his services in overthrowing the papal usurpation; and, although his retraction under Mary was complete and unequivocal, one is always tempted to regard it as the result of the same constraint under which he had unworthily surrendered his first faith. Still it is the part of historical justice to extend to him protection, at least, from misrepresentation, and to this Dr. Maitland has applied himself with zeal and success.

We cannot hope to follow him through the various details of his investigation. He has taken up, one by one, the most striking of the statements and assertions of the hostile historians, and especially Fuller and Fox. One of these, rather a lengthy one, must suffice, as a sample of them all.

Fuller sums up the picture which he has left of Bonner's cruelty, by declaring that "no sex, quality, or age, escaped him, whose fury reached from John Fetty, a lad of eight years old, *by him scourged to death*, even unto Hugh Laverock, a cripple, sixty-eight years old, whom he caused to be burnt." We can only afford space for the criticism of the story of the boy, John Fetty, which is told in the author's most characteristic style.

"John Fetty, the father of the child in question, was a simple and godly poor man, 'dwelling in the parish of Clerkenwell, and was by vocation a taylor, of the age of twenty-four years or there-

about.' He seems to have married at an age when he could not be expected to show much discretion in choosing a partner; for this (not his only, and perhaps not his eldest) child was 'of the age of eight or nine years.' He suffered for his youthful indiscretion; for his wife, disapproving his resolution 'not to come into the church, and be partaker of their idolatry and superstition,' was so cruel, or so zealous, as to denounce him to 'one Brokenbury, a priest and parson of the same parish.' Accordingly 'through the said priest's procurement, he was apprehended by Richard Tanner, and his fellow constables there, and one Martin the headborough.' Immediately after doing this the poor woman was seized with such remorse that she became 'distract of her wits.' Even the pitiless papists were moved; the Balaamite priest and the constables, and headborough, all agreed for the sake of her, and her two children, that they would 'for that present let her husband alone, and would not carry him to prison, but yet suffered him to remain quietly in his own house; during which time, he, as it were forgetting the wicked and unkind fact of his wife, did yet so cherish and provide for her, that within the space of three weeks (through God's merciful providence) she was well amended, and had recovered again some stay of her wits and senses.'

"But strange to say, 'so soon as she had recovered some health,' her cruelty or zeal revived, and she 'did again accuse her husband.' The steps are not stated; but we may reasonably suppose them to have been the same as before. Now, however, as there was nothing to interrupt the common course of things, John Fetty was 'carried unto Sir John Mordant, Knight, one of the Queen's Commissioners, and he upon examination, sent him by Cluny the bishop's sumner, unto the Lollards' Tower.' On what charge (except so far as may be gathered from what has been already stated) Sir John sent him to prison we are not told; but there he lay for fifteen days, and probably Bonner knew no more of his being there, than he knew of Thomas Green's being twice as long in his own coal-house.

"Perhaps while her husband lay in prison, the poor woman, who may so peculiarly be termed the wife of his youth, relented, and thought herself happy that, owing to their early marriage, they had already a child of an age to traverse the streets of London, of 'a bold and quick spirit,' who would make his way in search of his father; and at the same time, 'godly brought up,' and knowing how to behave himself before his elders and betters at the bishop's palace. I own, however, that this is mere supposition, and that I find no particular ground for supposing that his mother knew that he was gone out upon what may have been only a spontaneous pilgrimage of filial piety; but, to come to facts, it is clearly stated that he 'came unto the bishop's house to see if he could get leave to speak with his father. At his coming thither one of the bishop's chaplains met with him, and asked him what he lacked, and what

he would have. The child answered, that he came to see his father. The chaplain asked again who was his father. The boy then told him, and pointing towards Lollards' Tower, showed him that his father was there in prison. "Why," quoth the priest, "thy father is a heretic." The child being of a bold quick spirit, and also godly brought up, and instructed by his father in the knowledge of God, answered and said, "My father is no heretic; for you have BALAAM'S MARK."

"By this notable speech the unhappy child has gained a place in the holy army of martyrs. At least (so far as Fox tells us) he said and did nothing else; though perhaps we may take it for granted that the precocious little polemic showed his 'bold and quick spirit,' and his godly bringing up, in some other smart sayings, and gave some other 'privy nips' to the Balaamite priest, such as Bishop Christopherson and Miles Hoggard would not have approved, before he got the whipping, which he is said to have received ere he reached his father in the Lollards' Tower. For 'the priest took the child by the hand, and led him into the bishop's house,' says Fox; and he adds, with the absurdity which so often, and so happily neutralizes his malice, 'whether to the bishop or not I know not, but *like enough he did.*' 'Like enough'—is that all? and is there the least likelihood of such a thing? especially when Fox proceeds to state that the child as soon as he had been whipped was taken to his father in the tower, and fell on his knees and told him his pitiful story, how 'a priest with Balaam's mark took him into the bishop's house, and there was he so handled;' but not a word did the child say of ever seeing the bishop. Fox himself dared not put more in his marginal note than 'The miserable tyranny of the *papists* in scourging a child.'

"The historian, however, tells us that they detained the boy (whom they probably considered as a go-between) for three days; and at the end of that time Bonner makes his first appearance in the story. And then we are introduced to him, not burning heretics, but 'basting of himself against a great fire' in his bed-room. There is nothing to show that he had ever before heard of either John Fetto or his child; but on that occasion the father (and as far as appears the father only) was brought before him. He quickly showed by his conduct and discourse that he was either a sort of half-witted person, or else that finding himself in awkward circumstances, that he wished to pass for one. In that character, whether natural or artificial, he talked some sad nonsense and impertinence to the Bishop, who having, of course, gone through the necessary preliminaries of being in a '*marvellous rage*' and a '*great fury*,' and then again being in 'fear of the law for murdering a child,' (for all at once it has come to be quite certain that the child *was* killed, and by Bonner too, and therefore he) 'discharged him.' It is remarkable that on one point, Fox says absolutely nothing,—there is not a word of the prisoner's being asked to abjure, or recant, or

submit, or amend his evil ways—no hint of his being offered, or signing, any bill (as Fox calls it), or of anything of the kind, so common on such occasions. I think, however, that every well-informed reader will suspect that so far as prudential reasons and 'fear of the law' might weigh with a 'bloody wolf,' Bonner must have known that it would have been safer for him to whip two taylor prentices to death, and hide them in his coal-house, than to discharge one prisoner committed under the warrant of Sir John Mordant without a recantation or submission, or some sort of voucher, to lay before the Council. But nothing, I repeat, is said about it.

"Our business, however, is rather with the story of the unfortunate little creature, whom, for his impertinence, Fox has made a martyr. Within fourteen days after he had been taken home by his father the child is said to have died; and Fox most characteristically adds, 'Whether through this cruel scourging, or any other infirmity, *I know not*; and therefore I refer the truth thereof unto the Lord who knoweth all secrets, and also to the discreet judgment of the wise reader;' discreet and wise historian—he gives no hint how he picked up the story, and does not venture to insinuate that the boy, or the father, or anybody else ever said that the Bishop even knew of the whipping. Such is the authority for Fuller's bold, brief, and, I suppose I may add, false statement."—pp. 415–20.

Whatever may be the impression created with regard to Bonner by the above statement, it is, at all events, conclusive against the accuracy and trustworthiness of Fuller, and the same is shown in various other instances, with regard to Fox and other similar authorities. He sums up his judgment of Bonner's character as follows:

"But let us for a while dismiss Fuller's wild beast, or forest of wild beasts, in order to introduce a very different character. When the reader of Fox has become sufficiently familiar with the 'MARVELLOUS RAGE' and 'GREAT FURY' that embellish so many of his descriptions of prelatical proceedings, to treat them as Mr. Burchell would have done,—when he calmly inquires what these tales so full of rage and fury really mean, when they mean anything—he finds the bloody wolf transformed (I will not say into a spaniel, for that might imply fawning), but into something much more like a good-tempered mastiff, who might safely be played with, and who though he might be teased into barking and growling, had no disposition to bite, and would not do it without orders. In plainer terms, setting aside *declamation*, and looking at the *details of facts* left by those who may be called, if people please, Bonner's victims, and their friends, we find, very consistently maintained, the character of a man, straightforward and hearty, familiar and humorous, sometimes rough, perhaps coarse, naturally hot-tempered, but obviously

(by the testimony of his enemies) placable and easily entreated, capable of bearing most patiently much intemperate and insolent language, much reviling and low abuse directed against himself personally, against his order, and against those peculiar doctrines and practices of his church for maintaining which, he had himself suffered the loss of all things, and borne long imprisonment. At the same time not incapable of being provoked into saying harsh and passionate things, but much more frequently meaning nothing by the threatenings and slaughter which he breathed out, than to intimidate those on whose ignorance and simplicity argument seemed to be thrown away—in short, we can scarcely read with attention any one of the cases detailed by those who were no friends of Bonner, without seeing in him a judge who (even if we grant that he was dispensing bad laws badly) was obviously desirous to save the prisoner's life. The enemies of Bonner have very inconsiderately thrust forward, and perhaps even exaggerated, this part of his character, and represented him as a fawning, flattering, coaxing person,—as one only anxious to get submissions, abjurations, and recantations which would rob the wild beast of his prey. That he did procure a considerable number of recantations, and reconciled a great many to the church of Rome, I have no doubt; some are incidentally mentioned, and we may suspect that there were a great many more which are not recorded. Of course the Martyrologists are not to be blamed for this. Their business lay with those who did *not* recant. On several accounts we must not forget that a Book of Martyrs is a record of extreme cases. This is not the place to enter into details; but I do not hesitate to express my belief not only that Bonner procured the abjuration of a great number, but that this was one of the causes of that bitter hatred with which the Puritans regarded him. It was not, as I have said, the duty of their historians to record such matters; nor could it be agreeable to the party to have them published either on the mountains of Gath, or on their own hill of Zion. But certainly while the public sufferings of their steadfast brethren formed in every point of view the best subject for invective, against the papists, for example to the protestants, and for political agitation of the people, there was, among the leaders, a great fear of the Bishop's powers of persuasion; or as Fox oddly calls them, 'the *subtle snares* of that *bloody wolf*.'

"And while it may be proper to say that this phrase did not relate to traps set for fugitive heretics—for the person spoken of as 'then in danger of the subtle snares of that bloody wolf Bonner,' was already in captivity, and had 'been divers times before my lord in examination'—it is right to add that I do not recollect any instance in which Bonner was charged with any breach of faith, or promise, by prisoners whose lives he had saved by his old trade of persuading. I have found him reproaching some of them with broken promises; but on that point I do not recollect any retort."—pp. 422-5.

But we have written more than enough, we feel assured, to excite the reader's curiosity regarding this very remarkable book. It is, in many respects, less directly attractive than that which must always remain the author's great work, *The Dark Ages*. It has less of unity and harmony of purpose. It is less complete in some of its parts. The criticisms are less trenchant, and come less directly home. The exposure of the falsehoods and frauds of party is hardly so striking or so palpable to every mind. The defects of the author's manner, too,—his discursiveness—his over-familiarity of tone—his tendency to run off into digressions and collateral researches—are more frequently apparent, and the attention is oftener drawn away from the main point at issue to comparatively unimportant and irrelevant enquiries. But it must, nevertheless, be admitted, that it is a work of rare merit, and indeed almost unique in its kind; and, as specimens of historical criticism, many of its chapters, making due allowance for the diversity of subject, are only second to the inimitable essays of the *Dark Ages*. Few writers of our age have done so much as Dr. Maitland at once to elevate the character and the responsibilities of history, and to destroy the prestige of some of its most popular names, by exposing their disregard of these responsibilities.

We shall not undertake to predict what may be the actual influence of these essays in removing popular prejudices and promoting more just views upon the subject of the English Reformation. For our own part, we attach little importance to minor discussions of this character, as bearing upon the really practical controversies connected with religion. They are but too apt to engender a cold, cavilling, and rationalizing frame of mind, and to indispose for the higher, more enlarged, and more comprehensive views, through which alone the merits of a great question can be fully reached, or justly appreciated. Nevertheless there are minds for which these discussions are especially adapted, and which can only be approached through such a medium. Every grain of truth which is recovered may, or rather must, be a contribution towards the enlightenment of the human mind, and as such must ever be welcome. And to us, at all events, truth told as it is told by Dr. Maitland, cannot fail to be acceptable, for our sake as well as for its own.

ART. II.—*Grønlands Historiske Mindesmærker, &c.* Kjobenhavn, 1838—1845. *Historical Memorials of Greenland.* Edited by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, 3 vols., 8vo. With Plates, Maps, and Plans. Copenhagen, 1838—1845.

A FEW pages would, by most of our readers, be perhaps deemed sufficient to contain all that is known of ancient Greenland. To some, the mere announcement of a history of that country in former days, will appear strange, though in a geographical point of view, Greenland has been by no means unnoticed in our times, from its near proximity to those seas where British enterprise is constantly exerted in the whale fishery, and where British zeal and perseverance have been so long expended in the doubtful research for the North-West Passage. The sailor, nay, even the scientific man, who may chance to view these wild and savage shores, inhabited now by wandering tribes of Esquimaux, many of whom have never seen the face of the white man, can scarcely believe that, within historical times, there dwelt here a comparatively numerous colony of the Scandinavian race, men, fellows in blood and in language and belief with the Norman who ravaged the banks of the Seine, or with the Dane who subdued half England in Anglo-Saxon times. Few will admit that in times long gone by, a christian people dwelt in the fiords and inlets of the western coast of Greenland; that of this people, contemporary records, histories, papal briefs, and grants of lands, yet exist; and that, finally, the whole colony was utterly lost to the rest of the world, and that for centuries Europe was in doubt regarding not only its fate, but actually, almost to the present day, in respect to its geographical position. To the Catholic it must be doubly interesting to learn, that here, as in his own land, the traces of his faith, of that faith which is everywhere the same, are yet distinctly to be found, that the sacred temples of our worship may still be identified; nay, that in at least one instance, the church itself, with its burial ground, its aumbries, its holy water stoup, and its tombstones, bearing the sacred emblem of the catholic belief, and the pious petitions for the prayer of the surviving faithful, still remain, to attest that here once dwelt a people who were our brethren in the church of God. It was not, as in our own land, that these

churches, these fair establishments of the true faith, were ruined by the lust and avarice of a tyrant; no change of religion marked the history of the church of Greenland, the colonies had been lost before the fearful religious calamities of the sixteenth century had been felt in Europe. How or when they were swept away we scarcely know, save from a few scattered notices in the present volumes, and from the traditions of the wandering Esquimaux, now, for the first time, carefully collected and recorded. For the heathen people that burst in upon the old colonists of Greenland, and laid desolate their sanctuaries and their homes, till not one man was left alive, was, and is to this day, a wild and savage nation, without literature, without culture of any kind, and lies still buried in the darkness of paganism.

In the year 1000 of our era, Greenland was a rising colony, having been peopled by adventurers from Iceland, who had arrived on its coasts about twenty years before. In that same year the cross was triumphantly planted on its shores, and from the cold and frozen north, the restless spirit of the Scandinavians carried them to Labrador, and far down along the American continent, even to the peninsula of Florida.

By the middle of the eleventh century, A.D. 1054, the colony had increased so much in numbers and in wealth, that the colonists sent an embassy to Bremen, in Germany, praying that a bishop and more priests might be sent out thither. In the following year Albert, or Adalbert, the first titular bishop, was ordained to the see of Gardar, in Greenland; but from various causes, it was not till sixty years more had elapsed, that the colonists saw the episcopal functions performed in the church of Gardar. No bishop seems to have arrived in Greenland prior to the year 1112, but from that date down to the year 1460, or thereabouts, the colony seems to have had a regular episcopal succession, though many an interregnum occurred, from the difficulty of communication with the mother country of Norway, and with the Metropolitan See of Drontheim. From the latter date, almost all notice, whether of the temporal or spiritual condition of the colony, disappears, though a titular Bishop of Greenland resided in Norway, or in Denmark, until after the Reformation.

The three volumes now before us, are replete with the most interesting details concerning both Pagan and Chris-

tian Greenland. They are the results of the labours of a commission, appointed by the Royal Society of Northern Literature at Copenhagen, to investigate all that related to the history and topography of Greenland, as contained in the precious Icelandic manuscripts of the middle ages, which form the chief ornament of the great Library of the Danish capital. These invaluable documents were originally collected by Arne Magnussen, an Icelander, who died in the year 1730. The collection was at one time far more extensive, but in 1728 two-thirds of the MSS. were burnt in the great fire that devastated Copenhagen. It is from these manuscripts, many of which have never yet been published, that the principal editor of these volumes, the late lamented Finn Magnussen, has drawn the chief portion of his materials. He has here presented us with a complete collection of all known records relating to the lost colonies of Greenland, while from his own unequalled information upon northern literature and history, he has added, in the form of notes and lengthened preliminary dissertations, matter sufficient to form more than one of the volumes before us.

The whole work is divided into three separate parts or sections. The first, and by far the most extensive, embraces all that is contained in the ancient Icelandic Sagas, relative to the history of old Greenland, its discovery, its colonisation, and the introduction of christianity therein. On the one page we have the old Icelandic text, on the other an accurate Danish translation, while each separate Saga has its particular introduction, wherein its historical worth is closely examined, and the various manuscripts from whence it has been edited are carefully indicated. The Sagas, with the notes and preliminary dissertations, occupy the whole of the two first volumes. The second part of the work contains the ancient geographical descriptions of Greenland, for in the old Sagas and documents, we find not merely personal histories, but topographical descriptions of the colonies, careful directions for the course of ships sailing from Iceland or Norway to these distant regions; and lastly, observations on the natural phenomena and productions of Greenland, such as we could hardly have looked for in an age so remote, or in countries so distant from the then centres of European civilisation.

To the antiquarian, and especially to the Catholic

archæologist, the third section will present matter of deep interest. It exhibits an ample summary of all that has been done by the Danish government to re-discover the lost colonies, which many, even in the present century, believed might yet be in existence, retaining their laws, their language, customs, and religion, though cut off for the last four hundred years from all intercourse with the civilized world. Truly, had such been the case, it would have been a singular and an interesting scene, the first meeting between the polished and advanced citizens of our present Europe, and the rude uncivilized Northman, retaining unchanged the habits and ideas of the fifteenth century. But this dream of certain philosophers has been now completely dispelled by the recent researches of the Danish Government, the results of which are contained in the third of the volumes before us. During the last thirty years, the coast from Cape Farewell westward along the shores of Davis Straits, has been carefully examined, the traditions of the Esquimaux regarding the "Kablunaks," or white men, have been collected and compared, and the result has been such a mass of geographical and antiquarian evidence, that the question of the ancient position of the colonies, and of their total destruction, may now be regarded as satisfactorily determined.

We shall now examine these volumes more in detail, and endeavour to select, amidst their various contents, the points which may best interest and instruct our readers. The first seventy pages of the first volume are occupied by a learned disquisition from the pen of the late Finn Magnussen, on the historical value of the ancient MSS. from whence the documents regarding Greenland have been derived. This essay does not admit of extract or of condensation; but, with the most laborious perseverance, the author clears up much that was obscure regarding the earliest writers of Icelandic history, he criticises the relative value of their productions, and having thus prepared a ground-work for his text, he proceeds to lay before us the ancient Sagas in their full integrity, omitting no portion of them wherein mention is made of the then existing colonies of Greenland. The first extract, [p. 71-135,] relates to certain islands lying on the east coast of Greenland, and which were the first portion of that country discovered by the adventurers from Iceland. If the reader examines the map of the Polar regions, he will see how

short a space intervenes between the west coast of Iceland and the eastern shores of Greenland. The old Vikings were not perhaps first-rate navigators, they seldom got out of sight of land where it was possible to avoid it, and we may therefore readily agree with Finn Magnussen, that the Gunnbjörns Skjaer, or rocks of Gunnbjörn, are probably the small islands visited by Graah in 1830, and by him named Danells islands. They lie in latitude 65° 20' north. From the old Norse directions for sailing to Greenland, we learn that the established course was nearly due west from Iceland, till they sighted one or two high mountains on the east coast of Greenland, from whence they touched at Gunnbjörns rocks, and steering afterwards south-west, rounded Cape Farewell, and arrived at the more favoured climes of the eastern colony. It is well known to all navigators of the Polar seas, that the eastern coast of Greenland, from Cape Farewell in latitude 59 N. to Scoresby Sound N. lat. 70, now presents an almost impracticable barrier of ice, so that few save Graah and Walløe, have ever been able to land upon its shores. Perhaps, in the tenth century, the eastern coast may have been less blocked with ice, but the perusal of the ancient Sagas sufficiently shows, that this coast was always regarded as perilous in the extreme, and that the majority of the shipwrecks which occurred in the Greenland trade, took place upon this most inhospitable part of the country. Gunnbjörns rocks seem to have been not only a resting-place for those sailing to Gardar and Eriksfiord, but also to have been, for a time at least, inhabited, if we may judge from the following extract from the "*Landnama Bok*," or book of the possession of land in Iceland, written, or at least commenced, by Aré the Wise, about the year 1120.

"Snæbjörn Holmsteinson, surnamed Galte, owned a ship that lay in the mouth of the river Grimsaa in Borgarfiord (Iceland.) Rolf of Rödesand bought the half share of the vessel, each partner took with him a crew of ten men. With Snæbjörn, were Thorkil and Sumarlid. They went in search of Gunnbjörns rocks, and found land. Snæbjörn ordered that no one should go on shore that night; but Styrbjörn, one of the crew, secretly left the ship, and finding a purse with money in a cairn, hid it, and returned with it to the vessel. Snæbjörn struck him with an axe, so that the purse fell to the ground. The crew then built a hut for a dwelling place, and it was soon entirely covered with snow. In the month of

March, Thorkel Roed's son, looking through the window, saw water on a fork that stood outside. Then they cleared away the snow, and Snæbjörn rigged the ship, while others busied themselves with hunting. But Styrbjörn slew Thorodd, and he and Rolff'slew likewise Snæbjörn, and all the others were forced to swear an oath to preserve their lives. In returning they were driven by contrary winds to Helgeland, in Norway, and from thence made their way back to Vadil, in Iceland."—p. 75.

In another copy of the *Landnama Bok*, not now in existence, but of which a fragment has been preserved by Björn Johnsen in his *Icelandic Annals*, we find this incident given more in detail, and we copy it, as it is not without interest in regard to the heathen custom of burying money with the dead.

"When they arrived at Gunnbjörns rocks, the commanders of the ship ordered that no one should go on shore, or should explore aught thereon. They put out the boat that afternoon, but all slept in the ship. During the night one of the crew arose secretly, and went on shore. Straight-ways he discovered a small cairn over a dead man, whose body seemed to have been recently interred there, after the manner of the heathens; he sought immediately if there was anything hidden beneath the shoulders of the corpse, and he found there a large and heavy purse with money, which he took back to the ship, and lay down to sleep as though nothing had occurred."—p. 105.

It is certain that at the time Björn Johnsen wrote, A.D. 1574—1600, many Icelandic MSS. of the greatest value were in existence, and which are now entirely lost. A great part of these had been gathered together in the Arne Magnæan library, at Copenhagen, previous to its calamitous destruction by fire in the year 1728. The number, however, of those still existing is very great, while it is evident that these Sagas are, for the most part, prose versions of histories, originally sung in accurate measure, and often in rhyme. Many of the old verses are yet incorporated in their pages, and were probably contemporary with the heroes whose praises they record. Almost all the celebrated chiefs and adventurers were accompanied by skalds or poet laureates, whose office it was to record their patron's feats of arms, and to entertain him and his guests with their lays. We have a good illustration of this custom in an extract, or rather a condensed account, made by Björn Johnsen in the sixteenth century, from a work now totally lost, viz. the *Travels of Björn Eimarsen, of Vatnafiord*, in

Iceland, otherwise called Björn the Jerusalem Pilgrim. (Björn Jorsala farer.)

"Björn of Vatnsfjord, surnamed Jorsalafarer, on his third journey to Rome, made his way on to Jerusalem. He had much to tell of his travels, and of the perils he and his wife had passed through; but most of all on his last journey, when he was long detained by the Ice on the coast of Greenland. Björn on this occasion touched at Gunnbjörns rocks, which lie north-west out from the mouth of Isafjord, in Iceland. He ascertained that they were inhabited, but a girl warned him in a song, that he would lose his life if he accepted of the proffered hospitality of the inhabitants. In his suite, on this voyage, was Einar Fostre his skald and historian, who was bound to entertain Björn and his wife each Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday with his songs and tales, in return for his maintenance. And learned men say that Einar Fostre sang the so-called Skidarima, as part of this engagement. And at the end of this short poem we find the following verse:—

"Here my song shall cease
Till Sunday doth appear."—p. 113.

It is curious that though Björn's travels are now entirely lost, yet the song of the maiden who warned him of his danger yet exists in Iceland, or rather it was extant in the time of Arne Magnussen, who has fortunately preserved it.

"None may be guests
On Gunnbjörns isles
Who have garments rich
And precious wares.

"The host shall destroy
His stranger guests
As the sow devours
Her new born litter."

It must be owned that these lines contain more point than poetry, but they run smoothly enough in the Icelandic verse.

Björn Einarson commenced his travels in 1378, and concluded his last voyage in 1411. He kept a daily journal of his progress through the various lands he visited, but all is now lost, though the journal itself was extant in the year 1550.

We have next an interesting account of Cross Islands (Krossaeyar) on the eastern coast of Greenland, but Finn Magnussen inclines to the belief, that they are identical with Gunnbjörns rocks. Following this, (p. 150 to 168,) we have the somewhat, if not entirely, fabulous history of Aré Marson, who is said to have become a great chief in America (Vinland), and to have been baptized there.

The *Landnama Bok* seems to put little faith in the story, and we only notice it because the whole tale is there said to have originally come from one Rafn, surnamed of Limerick, "because," says the *Landnama*, "he dwelt long in Limerick, (*Hlymreki*) in Ireland." Perhaps in his travels through the Emerald Isle, Rafn had kissed the stone of Blarney? We are next introduced to documents of more certain historic worth.

Aré Thorgilson, surnamed Frode, or the Wise, was almost a contemporary of the earliest colonists of Greenland. Aré was born in the year 1068, and died on the ninth of November, 1148. He was one of the earliest writers of Icelandic history. His work, written originally in the strong nervous language of his native isle, was translated into Latin, and was published at Oxford in 1716, under the title of "*Arae multiscii Schedæ de Islandia*." The original Icelandic manuscript, in Aré's own handwriting, was extant in Iceland in the year 1651, at which time the copy now in Copenhagen was transcribed from it, under the care of the learned Brynjulf Svendsen. The authenticity of the MSS. can be thus distinctly established. We may learn too, from Aré's own words, from what sources much of his information was derived.

"The land which is called Greenland, was discovered and colonized from Iceland. Erik the Red, was the man from Bredefjord, who passed thither from hence, and took possession of that portion of the country now called Eriksfjord. He gave a name to the country, and called it Greenland, 'for,' quoth he, 'if the land have a good name, it will cause many to come thither.' He first colonized the land fourteen or fifteen winters before Christianity was introduced into Iceland, as was told to Thorkel Gellerson in Greenland, by one who had himself accompanied Erik thither."—p. 170.—vol. I.

When we recollect that Thorkel Gellerson was uncle to Aré Frode, and that he was renowned in Iceland for his travels and for his memory, we may readily conceive that the historian gathered much of his materials from his kinsman. Passing over several interesting extracts from the *Landnama Bok*, we come next to the *Saga of Erik Randa* himself, (pp. 195—281.) In confirmation of the antiquity of this special history of the first colonizer of Greenland, we may remark, that it is referred to in the famous *Saga of Olaf Tryggvason*, which was certainly written by the monk Gudleif Erikson, before the year

1218. Like most of the early colonists, Erik Rauda was a fugitive from his native land, on account of sundry murders which he had perpetrated. At length he was declared an outlaw at the Ting, or judicial assembly of North Iceland, and to escape the doom so justly merited, he resolved to fly to Gunnbjörns rocks. On his voyage thither, he sighted the coast of Greenland, and after exploring some of its fiords, settled in the present fiord of Igalikko, where he founded the Osterbygd, or Eastern colony. Erik was soon followed by other colonists, outlawed adventurers 'like himself. The western colony, further up Davis Straits, was next established, and every year they continued to receive accessions from Iceland, and Norway. But Greenland was yet heathen, the light of the christian faith had not dawned upon her shores. Old Erik the Red, who had established himself at Brattahlid, in Eriksfiord, was a confirmed pagan, though he lived to see the seeds of the true faith taking root in his rising settlement. In the second chapter of the Saga of Erik Rauda, we find the following.

“When fourteen winters were passed from the time that Eric the Red set forth to Greenland, his son Leif sailed from thence to Norway, and came thither in the autumn that king Olaf Tryggvason arrived in the north from Halgoland. Leif brought up his ship at Nidaros (Drontheim), and went straight to the king. Olaf declared unto him the true faith, as was his custom unto all heathens who came before him, and it was not hard for the king to persuade Leif thereto, and he was baptized, and with him all his crew.”

This was in the year 1000, the same year that christianity was first introduced into Iceland. But even before this date, at least one christian had arrived in Greenland. Old Erik Rauda, after his first two years' sojourn in Greenland, had returned to Iceland, and the report he gave of the excellencies of the new found land, seems to have induced many restless spirits to follow him thither. The Landnama Bok tells us that, in 986, no fewer than twenty-five ships sailed from the Borgarfjord and the Bredefjord, in Iceland, bearing colonists for Erik's new kingdom. Amongst the leaders of this fleet was one Herjulf, on board of whose ship it is expressly stated there was a christian man, a stranger, for he was from the Hebrides (Sudreyar,) which at that time were constantly visited by the Northmen. Perhaps not all of our readers

are aware that the old Norse name of the Hebrides is yet perpetuated amongst us, in the title of the Bishop of Sodor. Of the twenty-five ships that sailed, as above mentioned, only fourteen arrived in Greenland. Most of the others were wrecked on the inhospitable east coast of that country, and Herjulf's own ship got entangled among the breakers. Then rose up that christian man from the Hebrides, and he sang the song "*Hafgerdingadrapa*," or the chaunt of the breaking waves. Truly must the burden of this his song have sounded strange in the ears of the pagan Norsemen.

"I pray to him that is without sin,
The Lord that rules the halls of heaven,
That arch over this our earth,
I pray that he would hold his strong hand over me."

And the prayer of that one christian man saved the ship, they escaped the perils of the sea, and landed safely in Greenland.

Old Erik's colony flourished and increased, while the restless spirit of the Norse adventurers carried them still further into lands, which for centuries after were unknown to the rest of Europe. The greater part of the Saga of Erik the Red, is occupied by details of the various voyages undertaken by the Greenland colonists to the coasts of the United States of America. This land they named "*Vinland hin goda*," for there they found a good soil, whereon wheat and grapes grew wild. For nearly three hundred years, or even for a longer time, the coasts of America seem to have been frequented by the Greenland colonists, and it is possible that settlements were even made thereon, though of these there are few or no traces. Still the geographical descriptions of the coasts, of the tides, the headlands, and of the natural productions of the soil, are so close and accurate, that the course of the Northmen can be traced with certainty to the shores of Massachusetts, where Leif, the son of Erik Rauda, took up his residence for more than one winter, in a bay called "the Hope." How far this spot can be recognized at the present day is a doubtful question, but immediately above the inlet indicated by the Saga, we find an elevation bearing the *Indian* name of Monthaup; and at a short distance from thence is the celebrated Assonet Rock, whereon the Danish and American antiquaries believe that they can decipher an

inscription in Runes, relating to the expedition of Thorfinn Karlsefne. We will not enter here on this disputed point, suffice it to say, that there is the strongest possible resemblance between some of the figures outlined on this rock, and various others that occur on rocks in Iceland, Sweden, and Norway, and which are of undoubted Scandinavian origin. It is questionable, however, whether any part of America was ever colonized by the Northmen as a permanent establishment, though we read that Bishop Eric of Greenland sailed to Vinland to convert the heathen, but he was never more heard of.

We must now pass over, for brevity's sake, not less than a hundred pages, which are occupied by Finn Magnussen's learned notes on Erik Rauda's Saga, and by a still more interesting essay on the art of poetry among the Northerns. The Saga that follows is that of Thorfinn Karlsefne, (pp. 281—494,) which is thought by the editor to have been written about the commencement of the thirteenth century. It has never before been published, yet, as a document of history, and as connected with the discoveries of the Northmen in America, it is of the highest value. In the first chapter of this Saga we find mention made of Ireland.

"Olaf was a Viking, who harried (plundered) on the Western lands, and conquered Dublin and Dublinshire, in Ireland, where he became king. He married Aude the Thoughtful (deep minded). Olaf fell in Ireland (in battle), and Aude and her son Thorstein then sailed to the Hebrides. Thorstein and Sigurd Jarl the Powerful, conquered Caithness, and Sutherland, and Ross, and Moray, (Katanes ok Sudrland Ros ok Mærevi), and nigh half of Scotland; and Thorstein then was king until he was beaten by the Scots, and slain in fight. Aude his mother, was in Caithness, when she heard of her son's death, and she fled to the Orkneys in a ship she had caused secretly to be built in the woods. Hereafter, Aude sailed from the Islands to seek for Iceland; she had twenty free men on board of the ship with her. Aude arrived in Iceland, and abode the first winter with her brother Björn. And she had a place for prayer on the Cross Hill, whereon she caused to be upraised a cross, for she had been baptized, and was strong in the faith."

The second chapter of this curious Saga relates to the discovery of Greenland by Erik Rauda, and adds much geographical information to the details given in the Saga of that chieftain. In the third chapter we have the history of Thorbjörn, a chief who once dwelt in Iceland, but who subsequently migrated with all his family to

Greenland. After a perilous voyage, Thorbjörn landed at Herjulsness in Greenland, where he was received hospitably by Thorkel, the owner of that promontory, and took up his abode with him for the winter. There follows next a description of a heathen incantation, such as the mind of the author of *Waverley* and of the *Pirate* would have revelled in. We venture to extract it entire, as, besides its interest as a picture of heathen manners, it likewise shows some of the difficulties and doubts which here, as in more polished lands, beset the new converts to christianity.

“At that time there was sore scarcity in Greenland, the men who had gone out to the chase returned almost empty handed, and some indeed had never come back again. Now there dwelt in the colony a woman named Thorbjörg, she was a spæwife (spækona), and was called the lesser Vala. She had had nine sisters, and all were spæwives, but she alone survived. It was her custom in winter, to travel round to the different Gilds, and in particular was she welcomed by those who wished to know something of their fate, or of the prospects of the year. And as Thorkel was the chief man of the colony, so seemed it meet that he should learn when the scarcity that now pressed on them would be lightened. Thorkel invited the spæwife to his house; she came, and was well received, as was the custom when these sort of women were guests. A high seat was prepared for her, and a cushion (stuffed) with hens’ feathers was laid thereon. But when she came, after mid-day, conducted by the man who had been sent to meet her, she was clad after the following fashion. Her upper garment was blue, and set with jewels down to her girdle, and she had glass pearls around her neck, and on her head a hat of black lamb’s skin, lined with the skin of white cats. And she bore in her hand a staff, whereon there was a knob, ornamented with metal, and set all around with stones. Round her waist was a girdle fashioned of old and dry wood, (hnioskulinda) and thereat hung a heavy purse of leather, wherein she carried her materials of incantation. On her feet were heavy calf-skin sandals, attached by long cords (or ties), each terminated by large tags of tin. On her hands she wore gloves of cat’s skin, which within were white and shaggy. And as she entered the house, all men thought it their duty to greet her with honourable words, and Thorbjörg received each salutation graciously. Then Thorkel took her hand and led her to the seat that was prepared for her, and besought her to cast a favourable eye over his house and flocks. But she answered briefly to all that was said. Then was the table decked for the feast, and it behoves us to note what was prepared for the witch’s meal. There was a porridge of goat’s milk, and a dish of the hearts of all the animals that could be procured. Thorbjörg had a knife case of metal, and a knife of

copper, which was fastened in a shaft of walrus tooth, with two rings, but the point was broken off. When the feast was done, Thorkel addressed the spæwife, and besought her to inform him and his guests of that which each most desired to know. Thorbjörg answered that she could say nothing until the next morning, till she had slept one night in the house. The next day, after noon, all was made ready for the incantation. And now the witch commanded that they should cause to approach the women who could sing the magic song, and the song was called Vardlokkur, or the invocation of the protecting spirits. But in the house were no such women found, and they sought for them elsewhere. Then said Gudrid, (Thorbjörn's wife,) 'Though I know not magic, and am no spæwife, yet did my foster mother Halldis, in Iceland, teach me a song which she called Vardlokkur.'—'Thou art lucky Gudrid, with thy knowledge,' quoth Thorkel. But she answered, 'It is a song such as I do not hope for help from, for I am a christian woman.' Then said Thorbjörg the witch, 'It may be that you may do the guests much good thereby, and yet be yourself not less esteemed than you were before.' Thorkel now pressed Gudrid till she answered that she would sing. The women formed a circle around the magic mound, but Thorbjörg sate thereon, and Gudrid sang the song so clearly and so well, that all thought they had never heard a voice so sweet. The spæwife thanked her for the song, and said, 'Now are many of the spirits come to us, and find great joy in the sweetly chaunted song, who before would have kept themselves aloof, and would not have aided us, and now are many things clear to me, which before were concealed. But I tell you Thorkel, that the scarcity that now prevails, will last only through the winter, and when the spring comes there will be plenty,' &c., &c.—p. 373.

We will not trouble our readers with the rest of the rather common-place prophecies of the witch, but it is curious to remark that the description of the actual materials and ceremonies used in the incantations is omitted, for no doubt the worthy chronicler, who was probably a priest or monk, did not dare to name them. The song Vardlokkur is still preserved in the elder Edda. It seems, too, that Gudrid's husband was a better christian than his wife, for after the witch had left, a message was sent to Thorbjörn to return, for he had gone out, as he would not be present at such unholy doings.

Chapter the fourth of the Saga contains the history of Leif, son of Erik the Red. The conversion of Leif by King Olaf of Norway, which we have before referred to, is given here at much greater length, and that most Christian, but somewhat impetuous monarch, seems on this occasion to have employed soft words instead of his

more usual argument of the sword. Leif, on his voyage back to Greenland, was driven to the American coast, but at length he arrived at his father's house at Brattahlid, and was well received.

"Leif straightways began to declare the universal faith throughout the land; and he laid before the people the message of king Olaf Tryggvason, and detailed unto them how much grandeur and great nobleness there was attached to the new belief. Erik was slow to determine to leave his ancient faith, but Thjodhilda, his wife, was quickly persuaded thereto, and she built a kirk nigh into Brattahlid, which was called Thjodhilda's kirk. And from the time that she received the faith, she separated from Erik her husband, which did sorely grieve him."—p. 389.

Chapter the fifth is occupied almost entirely by a ghost story of no mean power and terror. Were it not for its great length, we would gladly have extracted it, for the admirable illustration it affords to us of old northern superstitions. The conclusion of this chapter is remarkable, as illustrating the ceremonies used in Greenland at the burial of the dead. Thorstein Erikson, the second husband of Gudrid, died of a sore sickness. Many of the household had been previously carried off by the same malady, and the ghost of each corpse joined its fellows in tormenting and terrifying the survivors. The night after Thorstein's death, his corpse rose up in the bed, and called for Gudrid his wife. With reluctance and terror the widow approached the body of her husband.

"Now when Gudrid arose, and went to Thorstein, it seemed to her as though he wept. And he whispered some words to her, which none could hear, but these other words he spoke in a loud voice, so that all were aware thereof. 'They that keep the truth shall be saved, but many here in Greenland hold badly to this command. For it is no Christian way, as here is practised, since the universal faith was brought to Greenland, to lay a corpse in unblest earth, and to sing but little over it. And I will that my body, and the bodies of those of this household that have died before me, shall be carried to the church, all save the body of Gardar, (he died first, and was probably a heathen,) but Gardar's body ye shall burn upon a pile, for it is he that has caused all the apparitions that have troubled you this winter.' Then Thorstein foretold to Gudrid her future lot, and that her fate should be a renowned one, but warned her not to wed any man in Greenland. He prayed her to give their goods, partly to the church and partly to the poor, and then fell back a second time in death. It had

been the custom in Greenland, after Christianity was brought in, that the dead should be buried on the lands where they died, and that a stake should be placed in the ground, over the breast of the corpse, that when the priest should afterwards come, the stake might be pulled up, and holy water poured into the hole, and then they sung over the body, even though it had been a long time interred. And the bodies of Thorstein and of all the others, save Gardar, were conveyed into the church at Eriksfiord, and there the Priests sang over them."—*p.* 401.

The remainder of this most curious Saga is devoted to Thorfinn Karlsefne's voyage to America, from the consideration of which we must reluctantly abstain. Like most of the other prose Sagas, this one has evidently been altered from a poetic original, for many consecutive sentences may yet be found in the true Icelandic alliterative verse.

The succeeding pages, from *p.* 494 to the end of this first volume, are occupied by copious extracts from the Eyrbyggja Saga, an abstract of which most singular history has been given by Sir Walter Scott, and has been reprinted by Mr. Blackwell in his excellent edition of Mallet's Northern Antiquities. The Eyrbyggja Saga is one of the freshest and most interesting of the Icelandic histories, and is supposed to have been written about the middle of the thirteenth century, though Finn Magnussen would assign to it a considerably earlier date.

The second volume commences with a portion of a Saga hitherto unpublished. The manuscript of the Floamanna Saga is in the Arne Magnean collection, and was made use of by Torfæus in preparing his *Groenlandia Antiqua*, though the brief abstract given in this work is very far from being satisfactory or complete. This Saga is indeed well worthy of an English translation, for it contains some of the most important notices we have yet seen regarding the manners, customs, and superstitions, of the old Norsemen. It is ascertained to have been written about the middle of the thirteenth century; but the original versified history had probably existed at a much earlier period. There are strong grounds for believing that it was reduced to its present form by Styrmir the Wise, the friend and companion of the great Icelandic historian, Snorrio Sturleson. The Saga is chiefly devoted to the life and adventures of Thorgil Orrabeinsfostre, the son of Thord Stjornusteinar, in Iceland. Thorgil spent his early youth

on the seas, and then settled quietly down on his father's lands in Iceland. Here he married for his second wife Thorey of Odda. This seems to have been about the year 990, for Thorgil had been an old sea-comrade of Erik the Red, who in 997 sent to him a pressing message to come and settle in Greenland. Thorgil had by this time become a christian, for many were baptized in Iceland by Thangbrand and his followers, some years before christianity was formally adopted as the established religion of the country. Thorgil accordingly set sail for Greenland in 998, with his wife Thorey, and a considerable crew. They were shipwrecked on the eastern coast of Greenland, where his wife Thorey was murdered by her slaves, and Thorgil's crew died one by one of hunger, till only he, and a few others, were left alive. For two winters Thorgil managed to eke out a scanty subsistence on this inhospitable shore, and from his time down to Graah's adventurous journey in 1829-30, but few Europeans have survived the fearful climate, and the other dangers of this dreaded coast. Thus, one of the chief points of interest in this well-written Saga is, that it gives us a picture, bearing every stamp of truth, of the fearful dangers and privations that beset the mariner on the eastern coast of Greenland. This coast is here described as being of very great extent, and almost uninhabited, indented by many Firths and bays, and rendered inaccessible, or nearly so, by fearful icebergs and icefields. Hither Thorgil was driven by storms in the month of October, 998. His ship was embayed in the ice, and he wintered on this inhospitable shore; but while he and the greater part of his freed men were out among the hills, the ten or twelve slaves whom he had brought with him, conspired together, murdered his wife Thorey, and sailed away with his ship and all their provisions. The deserted Thorgil now constructed a boat of skins, and got out through a channel in the icefield, after eighteen months of bitter privation and anxiety. He carried with him, and tenderly nursed the little infant that Thorey had borne him shortly before her death. During that summer, they only made their way to a tongue of flat land, whereon they found great store of seals. They wintered there, and left the spot in the month of April. After fourteen days of toil and peril among the icefields, they came to a small island, whereon they found some eggs of the Svartbakkur, (the great black-backed gull), which, to the famished men,

proved an unexpected and delicious feast. Shortly after they reached another landing place, where they were so fortunate as to kill a white bear, which they found in a cleft of the ice, almost starved, and with its fore leg broken. From hence they continued their toilsome voyage, till in the autumn they landed on a point where they saw a house, evidently built after the Norse fashion. It was inhabited by a Norseman called Rolf, who had fled from Erik's colony on account of a murder which he had committed there. Rolf received them kindly, and they wintered in his house, and this was the fourth winter from the time they sailed from Iceland. The next summer they rounded Cape Farewell, and entering a large Fiord, they espied a ship steering up the inlet. They soon learned that the vessel came from Norway, and that it was commanded by Thorgil's friend, Thorstein the White. The two friends arrived at Erik's colony in the Eysribygd. After so long an abstract, we can scarcely venture to transcribe any passages from the Saga itself, save that which is descriptive of the murder of Thorey. Sickness had come upon the crew while they were detained on the inhospitable coast, where they passed the first winter. The followers of Thorgil's brother commander Jostein, died one after the other. Their spirits walked again, and sorely disturbed the survivors, for it seems from the context that many of the crew were yet heathens. Thorgil himself was a Christian; but to still the evil spirits he burnt the bodies of the deceased on a funeral pyre, and their ghosts then walked no more. In the mean time Thorey, his wife, brought forth a son.

"One day Thorey told to Thorgil a dream which she had had. 'I thought,' quoth she, 'that I saw fair fields, and men shining all clothed in white, and from thence do I conclude that ere long we shall be released from these fearful straits.' Thorgil answered: 'Thy dream is good, and yet it may be that it foretells another world, and that good awaits thee there, and that holy men shall there help thee for thy good life, and for thy many hardships' sake.' Thorey now besought her husband to use his best endeavours to escape from the desert land they were detained upon. Thorgil answered, that as yet he saw not the mode of getting away. Thorey for the most part now kept her bed. One day when the weather was good, Thorgil said that he would go up to the hills, to see if the ice were yet breaking off from the shore. Thorey said that she was loth to let him go; but he answered that he would proceed but a little way. The slaves were ordered to row out to

fish, and the steward, Thorar, was afterwards to help them to draw the boat up on to the shore, and then he was to return to Thorey. Thorleif, Kol, and Starkad, offered to go with Thorgil, but he bid them stay, for in that case there would be none left to defend the house, and he could not trust to the slaves. Nevertheless, they all went together up to the hills. Thorgil had a battle-axe in his hand, and the sword he took from the cave by his side. It was about three hours after mid-day that they returned, and the weather had now become stormy. Thorgil led the party, for he well knew the way. They came to the hut, and saw not the boat; then they went within, and all the chests and the men were gone. Then said Thorgil, 'Some evil deed has been done.' But as they entered the hut, they heard a rattling noise from Thorey's bed; and when they went up to it they saw that she was dead, and the infant was sucking at the dead mother's breast. There was a small wound under one arm, which had been done with the point of a small knife, and all around was soaked in her blood. This sight caused to Thorgil the deepest heart-grief he had ever felt, of all that he had seen. The provisions were all carried off. At night, Thorgil said that he would take care of the infant, though he said he saw not the way in which its life might be preserved. 'Yet shall it go hard with me,' quoth he, 'if I do not something for its life; I will cut into the nipple of my own breast, and will give the child suck thereat.' And this was done; and first there came forth only blood, and then came a fluid like whey, and last of all there flowed real milk, and the child was well nourished therewith."—*p.* 108, *vol.* ii.

The latter part of this tale may seem to many a gross fabrication; but we have the testimony of Humboldt, of Astley Cooper, and of others, that under similar circumstances milk has been secreted from the breast of the male, even in our own days.

We cannot afford much more space to the fortunes of Thorgil, or to those of his child, thus wondrously preserved. Thorgil, as we have shown in the abstract, arrived at length, after sore hardships, at Brattahlid in Eriksfiord.

"It happened in winter, that a bear attacked the herds of the colonists, and did great damage. One day, people came to Thorgil to trade with him, and many men were assembled together with him in an outhouse, where the goods were laid up. Thorfiun (Thorgil and Thorey's son) was likewise there. He said to Thorgil, 'See, father, there is a large and fine dog outside.' Thorgil answered, 'Do not mind it, and go not out.' But the child slipped out, and went to the bear; and the beast threw him down, and stood over him, while the child screamed out loudly. Thorgil sprang out of the store with his drawn sword. The beast was yet

playing with the child. Thorgil struck the bear between the ears, and clove its head asunder, so that the beast fell dead on the spot, but the child was scarcely harmed."

Though thus twice marvellously rescued from death, the son of Thorgil was not destined to re-visit Iceland. On their return thither, the ship encountered terrible storms; a heavy sea struck the vessel, and dashed Thorfinn overboard out of his father's lap where he was sitting.

"'Now,' cried Thorgil, 'hath the sea struck us that we need not seek to bale out.' But the next wave threw the child again into the ship; he was yet alive, and he said: 'The waves are heavy indeed, my father.' 'Now,' cried Thorgil, 'bale ye all that can.' And they did so, and the ship was cleared of the water. But on the same day the child was seized with a vomiting of blood, and died two days after. And Thorgil, for four days, neither eat nor slept; and he said, that while he lived, he would not blame women again for thinking more of the child they themselves had suckled, than of others."

Interspersed through this Saga we find much of interest regarding the early Christians among the Northmen. That occasionally we should meet with marvellous tales of apparitions in these old histories, is no more than might be expected in such remote times, when the powers of witchcraft were fully credited, and when it would indeed seem, that the spirits of darkness had more visible influence on earth, than in these our days. At the present time, Satan can guide his adherents by luxury, avarice, and pride, and needs not the aid of supernatural appearances to maintain his rule. Thorgil, after he became a Christian, is related to have had fearful combats with the heathen god, Thor, whom the author of the Saga evidently looks upon as the personification of Satan. The story of his deadly strife with Thor, strongly reminds us of the long wrestling of the Scottish covenanteders with the enemy of mankind in person. Next follow some extracts from the famous Saga of Olaf Tryggvason; but they are chiefly repetitions of what has been already noticed. These are succeeded by a relation of Thorar Nefjulfson's attempt to reach Greenland, taken from the Saga of St. Olaf of Norway. We next, at page 250, meet with the Saga of the foster brothers (*Fost-brædra Saga*), of which the principal features are, the murder of Thorgeir Havarson, and the mode in which his assassination was revenged by

Thormod Kolbruneskald in Greenland. . One of the principal, if not the chief resident in Greenland, Thorgrim Trolle, arrived in Iceland on a trading voyage, and there became a party to the murder of Thorgeir Havarson, an officer (Hirdmandr) of King Olaf Haraldson. This was about the year 1023. Thormod, the foster-brother of the slain Thorgeir, left his native land, sailed to Norway, saw King Olaf, and from thence, apparently with that monarch's permission, proceeded to Greenland to avenge his foster-brother's death. Thormod took up his residence, on his arrival in Greenland, with Thorleif Erikson, the grandson of old Erik the Red. Their friendship, however, was soon interrupted by a murder committed by Thormod in revenge for an insult, unpardonable in those times, which had been offered to him. Though obliged, in consequence of this, to fly from Brattahlid, Thormod seems never to have forgotten his original design of taking the life of Thorgrim Trolle. By the most marvellous boldness and dexterity, he succeeded at length in slaying not only this chieftain, but also four of his nephews, and many of his followers, so that scarcely a single man of importance survived of Trolle's race. Pursued by the surviving friends, often wounded, yet never falling into their hands, Thormod was at length concealed by some of his friends, and, in fine, returned to Norway to relate his revenge to king Olaf, who ever after held him in high honour and esteem, till they both fell in the fight of Stiklestad.

We scarcely know where to select a passage for illustration, amid the stirring events of this well-told Saga. Perhaps the struggle of the wounded Thormod for his life, with Falgeir, is as choice a specimen as can be selected from this tale of murder and revenge.

"Skuf and Biarne carried Thormod with them to Eriksfiord, and conducted him to a cave in the cliffs, now called Thormod's cave, which lies close to the sea shore, opposite to Stokkanes. Above the cave there rose steep cliffs, and below it was alike steep, so that the cave was right difficult of access. Before the mouth of the cavern was a plot of grass, but he was an active man who could descend the cliffs above, and land safely on this grass plot."

Thormod soon tired of his lonely residence here, and one day left his retreat, and succeeded by stratagem in slaying Thorkel, one of Thorgrim Trolle's relatives, as he was landing from a boat. His comrades, Thord and

Falgeir, who were in the boat along with Thorkel, pursued the murderer.

“Thormod set off in a run, and cast away the cloak he wore as a disguise. Thord and Falgeir followed him close, and he used all his strength to escape them, till he came to the edge of the cliff above the cave, and cast himself quickly down from thence upon the grass plot. Thord sprang after him, but the height of the fall caused Thord to bend his knees when he alighted on the grass, and at the same moment Thormod struck him so heavily with an axe, that the weapon sank between his shoulders to the very shaft. Before Thormod could pull the axe out from the wound, Falgeir sprang down upon the turf, and struck straight at Thormod. And the blow of his axe fell between Thormod's shoulders, and caused a grievous wound; but Thormod ran straight at Falgeir, and seized him below the arms, for Thormod had now no weapon. Soon Thormod felt that he had not strength to strive with Falgeir, and small was the hope now for his life, a wounded and weaponless man. Then Thormod turned his thoughts to king Olaf, and prayed his help in his mind, for he deemed his aid would not be wanting. Then fell Falgeir's axe out of his hand, down into the sea, and Thormod felt better hope, for now both were weaponless. Thereafter, struggling, they both fell over the cliffs into the sea below, and swam there, each seeking to drown the other by pressing his head under the water. Thormod felt his strength fast ebbing from his wound and from the loss of blood; but death was not yet for him; for Falgeir's belt burst asunder, so that Thormod dragged his enemy's nether garments (braeksnar) down about his feet. Then Falgeir could no longer swim as before, and was sore beset; he sank often, and swallowed much sea water; and at length he rose from the water to his middle for the last time, to give up the ghost; and then his eyes and mouth were open, and his look was that of a man who grins fiercely at an object before him. Thus Falgeir died; but Thormod, in great weariness, swam to a low rock, and crept up thereon, and lay down waiting for death, for he was sore wounded, and the rock was far from land, and he thought he should surely there leave his life. His friends, Skuf and Bjarne, took a boat secretly that night, and rowed down the fiord. And as they came near to the cave, they saw something alive upon the rock, and they disputed if it was a seal or some other animal. Then they rowed to the rock, and landed thereon, and saw a man lying there whom they knew to be Thormod.”

The murderer survived his wounds, and was carefully tended in secret by an old couple, Gamle and Grima, at the upper end of Eriksfiord. These people seem to have been but half reclaimed from heathenism; for Gamle owned a chair or settle, on the back of which the image of

Thor was deftly cut in wood. The friends of the murdered parties came to the house with a large body of men; but Thormod was so well concealed, that they could not discover him. When they saw the above-named chair in the day chamber, with Thor's image thereon, Thordis, one of the party said to Grima:

"There is still somewhat remaining of thy heathendom, Grima, for Thor's image is cut on the back of thy chair.' Grima answered, 'I get but seldom to the church to hear the words of learned clerks, for it is a long journey thereto, and few folk are left at home. Now does it rather seem to me, when I look on Thor's image thus carved in wood, which I can break and burn when I will, how much greater is He that hath made heaven and earth, with all visible and invisible things, and who giveth life unto all creatures, but cannot be conquered by man.'"

Truly was Grima an astute old woman, but, we fear, an indifferent Christian withal. After many more hair-breadth escapes from his enemies, Thormod at length arrived in Norway, and recited in verse his many deeds of murder before King Olaf. The king said:

"Thou hast done more, Thormod, with thy revenge in Greenland, than even the fisherman thinketh fair in his fishery, for he sayeth he hath taken enough when he hath got one fish for himself, a second for the boat, a third for the line, and a fourth for the hook. Now thou hast exceeded this measure, wherefore hast thou slain so many men?"

Thormod excused himself by relating the insults offered to him in Greenland; but the king does not seem to have been really angry. Had he, however, but known of Thormod's evil vow, which was unquestionably an offering to Odin, he would hardly have treated him so well; for Olaf, with all the faults and savage ferocity of the age, was yet a zealous Christian. The vow of Thormod is not noticed in his Saga, but it is to be found in the *Flateybok*:

"Thormod Kolbruneskald now remembered the vow he had made in Greenland, before he slew Thorgrim Trolle: to fast nine Sundays, but for nine Fridays to eat flesh-meat. And he now willed to fulfil that vow. Wherefore he went down to the king's (Olaf's) kitchen, and taking up a meat-pudding, or sausage, he bit it in two, and eat the half thereof, and this was on a Friday. Then said the cook: 'Art thou one of the king's men?' Thormod answered, 'It is so.' The cook rejoined, 'The king bath with him many strange folk, and it would fare ill with thee if that he knew

what thou hast done.' Thormod answered: 'We often do otherwise than what the king willeth, and sometimes he heareth thereof, and sometimes not.' 'Thou canst not conceal it from Christ,' replied the cook. 'True,' quoth Thormod, 'but between Christ and me there will be small quarrel about the half of a meat pudding!'"—p. 418, vol. ii.

Could we expect obedience to the laws of the Church from one who had imbrued his hands so deeply in the blood of men?

The Iceland ballad of Skjald Helge succeeds the Fostbrædra Saga, and occupies, with its appended notes, no small portion of the volume, viz. from p. 419 to p. 576. There is much that is curious in this ballad, but in reality it is only a paraphrase in rhyme of the ancient Saga bearing the same title, and which, though extant in the year 1600, is now entirely lost. The manuscript from which this ballad is now printed is in the Arne Magnean Collection at Copenhagen, and it is evidently of an earlier date than the Reformation; for in the margin of one of the parchment leaves, there occur invocations to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Leodegarius. That to Our Lady runs sweetly in the Icelandic, "MARIA MIN, EK THARF NU THIN,"—"Mary mine, I call on thee for help." Finn Magnussen suspects that the composer of this ballad has omitted much of the historical detail of the original Saga, and has occupied himself mainly with the more stirring scenes of the loves of Helge and of Thorkatla, and with the fearful diablerie and witchcraft practised by Thorun the witch of Herjulfssness in Greenland. As an ancient ballad, and as illustrative of the manners and superstitions of the north, the rhymes of Skjald Helge are indeed of great value; but as regards their historic worth, we may set them aside, while so much remains of more importance.

The extract from Gisle Surson's Saga, p. 576 to p. 608, are only of interest in so far as the manuscript in which the Saga is contained, relates a curious circumstance in reference to the esteem in which Christianity was held by the Pagan Northmen.

"At that time (about 962) Christianity had been introduced into Denmark, and Gisle Surson and his brother in arms were received in Viborg as Catechumens, (Letu primsignaz), for this was a frequent custom among those men, when out on trading voyages, and thereby they participated in all fellowship with Christian men."—p. 586.

Perhaps, indeed, there was more of worldly wisdom than of true piety, in thus getting admitted among the catechumens, for the true Christians avoided all intercourse for trade or otherwise with the heathen.

Gisle Surson's Saga relates but very little of Greenland, and the same may be said of the succeeding Saga, that of Thronð of the Uplands, though this last supplies an omission in the Great History of Snorre Sturleson, regarding the causes of the dissensions between King Magnus the Good and King Harald Haardraade.

The succeeding history of Audun of Westfirth, p. 630 to 653, is curious, as it illustrates the high value that, in these early times, was placed upon the productions of Greenland. Audun had sailed to Greenland about the year 1050, and arrived in Eriksfiord, where all the richer men of the colony seem to have resided. From thence he passed on to the western colony. A hunter there, by name Erik, had taken alive a fine Polar bear, which he had probably captured in one of the huge bear-traps, still existing in Greenland as memorials of the old Norsemen. Audun purchased the bear, and gave for it all that he possessed. He then sailed to Norway with his prize, and at a feast there met with King Harald.

"It was told then to the king that Audun had with him a white bear, which is a thing marvellous to be seen; and the king said: 'Hast thou ought, Audun, that is a great wonder?' And he answered, 'It is true that I have brought with me a white bear from Greenland.' 'Wilt thou sell it?' quoth the king, 'for the price thou gavest for it?' 'I will not,' replied Audun. Then said the king: 'Rightly answered, for it was not a just offer on my part, but wilt thou give the beast for double the sum it cost thee, and that is surely fair if thou hast given for it thine all?' Audun still refused. 'Wilt thou then give me the bear?' quoth the king. Audun would not do so, and he openly told Harald, that he intended to carry the bear to the court of king Svend of Denmark, with whom Harald was then at war. 'Thou art indeed a simple man,' said the king, to talk thus to me; but go on thy way, and when thou returnest, let me hear how thou hast fared with king Svend."

Audun encountered bad weather on his voyage to Denmark, so that when he arrived there, his money was all expended, and he could buy no meat for himself or for his bear. Aage, King Svend's steward, offered to advance him money on condition of his having a half share in the highly prized animal. But when Audun came before King

Svend, and related his hard bargain with Aage, the unjust steward was disgraced, and Audun was received into high favour. The history of Audun was almost certainly written about the year 1150.

The succeeding extracts are of considerable importance, as they refer not only to the history of Greenland, but likewise to individuals who enacted no inconsiderable part in our own island. Unfortunately the original Sagas are now lost, and we have only the brief abstract of them in Björn Johnsen's annals. A complete Saga seems to have existed in this writer's time (about 1560) relating the deeds of Tostig, the well-known brother of King Harald Godwinson of England. This Saga was named Tosta Thattr, or the deeds of Tosta, but it is now entirely lost. It was in the year 1066, that King Harald Sigurdson of Norway undertook his unfortunate expedition to wrest the crown of England from Harald Godwinson. The Norwegian monarch fell in the battle of Stanford-brig, so energetically described in the glowing pages of Snorro Sturleson. The Greenlander, Lig Lodin (Lika Lothin), to whom the present extracts relate, seems to have followed Harald's fleet, and probably assisted, according to his promise, in conveying the king's body back to Norway.

“FROM BJORN JOHNSEN'S COMPENDIUM.

“In this ice from the Northern Oceans, the greatest number of ships have ever been lost, as is much spoken of in the Saga of Tosta's deeds, for Lig Lodin took his bye-name from this cause, that in the summer he sailed to the Northern uninhabited parts (of Greenland,) and brought back with him to the Church, for Christian burial, the corpses of the wrecked men, which he found in caves, to which they had fled from the icefloes, and after shipwreck. And near unto the bodies there were often Runes engraved, telling of their misfortunes and of their sufferings.

“And as king Harald lay at the Solan isles, on the coast of Norway, Lig Lodin came from Greenland, and taking a boat he rowed to king Harald's ships. Lodin saluted the king, who asked how long he had been at sea. Lodin answered, ‘seven days.’ ‘Didst thou see ought remarkable on thy voyage?’ demanded the king. ‘Not much that *now* seems wonderful to me,’ replied Lodin; and when he said this, his crew whirled the boat rapidly round. The king said, ‘thy men appear to think that thou tellest not the truth, nevertheless relate what thou hast seen.’ Lodin answered, ‘When we had sailed two nights from the coast, we saw a burning fire on the ocean, so wide that we perceived not the termination

thereof, and though we had the best north wind, we could not sail past it, wherefore I determined to drive through it with my ship, where the flames were lowest. And the sails as we did so were burnt with the fire, and the bodies that we carried, wrapped in new wadmal, of Greenland make, were likewise singed. And when we had sailed for a space further, a thick cloud came over our ship, and therewith so great a darkness, that a man could not see his own hand. Then we heard a fearful noise, and as I looked up to the sky, the black cloud was split asunder, and from either side of the cleft, blood dropped in a heavy shower on our ship, and even yet canst thou see it stiffened on the deck, but it was warm and wet when it fell. And when we had sailed three days further, we heard much noise again, and looking out we saw many sea-fowl flying in a great flock, and the largest of the fowls flew at the head of the flock. And their flight over us lasted for three whole hours, and so many were they, that the sun was hid thereby, yet none turned back again, but all flew towards England. Thereafter we sailed for two days, till yesternight we came to land, and then we saw the same fowls flying from the south-west towards Norway, but all the large birds were gone, and the rest flew silent and sorrowful; and when they reached the land, all dispersed, and sat down here and there. Now have I no more to tell thee.' The king answered: 'And couldst thou have concealed all this from me, and saidst thou that thou hadst seen nothing wonderful on thy voyage?' Lodin replied: 'I spoke thus because all that I have seen was no longer a marvel to me, since I knew that thou hadst determined upon this expedition.' 'What meanest thou?' asked Harald? 'Because,' replied Lodin, 'thou wilt not return hither; and it may be that such omens foretell the death of great men.' The king said: 'Wilt thou go with me?' Lodin answered: 'That dependeth upon thee; but I come to take away the bodies of thy warriors who fall.' Then the king said: 'Dost thou, Tostig, regard these as true omens?' Tostig replied, 'If a trustworthy man had related them, I would have done so indeed.' Lodin answered: 'It would be worth much money, Tostig, if thou didst not bear more falsehoods between lands than I have done.'—*p. 658.*

The wonders seen by Lodin are in reality more within the scope of probability than many which are related in the northern annals. Frequent volcanic outbursts, accompanied with flames, have occurred even of late years in the Iceland seas, as off the south-western coast of that island, in 1783. The rain of blood may have been the volcanic ash and cinders, at times of a carmine red colour, which were driven, by the huge escapes of steam, upwards from the submarine volcanoes, into the higher and colder regions of the atmosphere. There the steam condensing

into rain, mingled with the red volcanic ash, and poured down like a shower of blood upon the ships below. The mighty flock of birds may be witnessed, even at the present day, by the traveller who visits the western coast of Norway, or even the Shetland islands, where it is more probable that King Harald was lying with his fleet at the time that the Greenlander joined him.

The history of Einar Sokkeson, which follows that of Lig Lodin, is as yet unknown to the English reader, save in the translation given in the *Memoires des Antiquaires du Nord*, a work which probably very few have ever seen or heard of. Perhaps of all the ancient records of the early Norsemen in Greenland, this history exhibits details of the most surpassing interest. Finn Magnussen believes the Saga to have been written early in the thirteenth, or at the close of the twelfth century. The Catholic may study herein the history of the establishment of the first Bishop's see in Greenland, and he will mark too, the difficulties that the Bishop there encountered, from the passions and animosities of his wild and scattered flock. That Bishop was Arnald, who arrived in Greenland about the year 1126. Arnald may justly be considered as the first recorded Bishop of that country, though a Bishop Erik is once or twice mentioned in the Sagas as having preceded him.

In the year 1123, Sokke Thorerson lived at Brattablid in Greenland. One day old Sokke called together his neighbours of the colony, over whom he seems to have had much authority, and represented to them how necessary it was that this flourishing colony should now have a Bishop's See established therein. To this all the colonists agreed, and they promised that they would support the Bishop in his authority. Sokke's son Einar was deputed to Norway to obtain the wished for boon.

"Einar took with him in his ship many walrus teeth, and costly skins, to gain the good will of the Norway court. They came to Norway, and then was Sigurd Jorsalafarer king of that country. Einar sought the king, and was well received by him, and he detailed to him his errand, and besought the king's powerful aid, for that of which the land he had left sorely was in need. The king deemed that it would greatly benefit the land, and he called unto him a man named Arnald, a learned clerk, and one well versed in the history of the people. The king besought Arnald to undertake this heavy task, for God's sake and for his (the king's) own sake, and I shall send thee, quoth he, to Archbishop Ossur, in Lund,

with my sealed letters. Arnald answered, that he had little wish to accept the proffered task, for various reasons; and first on his own account, for that he was ill fitted thereunto; and secondly, that he must leave behind him all his friends and relatives for ever; and lastly, that he would have a wild and savage people to govern. The king replied, that the greater the evils he endured from men, the more glorious would be his reward in heaven. Arnald answered, that he would not refuse the king's prayer, 'but,' quoth he, 'I insist on this, that Einar shall swear to me an oath, to defend all the rights and privileges of the future Bishop's see.' And to this Einar agreed. Therefore, Arnald proceeded to Archbishop Ossur, and told him his errand, and showed to him the king's letters. The Archbishop received him well, and examined closely his spiritual and moral character, and being convinced that this man was well fitted for so high a dignity, he consecrated him Bishop."

On his voyage to Greenland, Bishop Arnald was forced, by stress of weather, to land in Iceland, where he passed the winter at Oddé with Sæmund the learned.

"It is told that as the Bishop and his men rode up to Oddé from the ship, they stopped to rest their horses at a boulder's house at Landey, and they themselves sat before the door. An old woman came out of the house with a card for teasing wool, and going up to one of the strangers, she said: 'Wilt thou, my brother, fasten this tooth in my card?' And the stranger readily agreed to do so, and taking a hammer out of his havresac, he fastened the tooth in the card, so that the old woman was well pleased therewith. And the stranger was Bishop Arnald himself, who was skilful in such handiwork, and the story was told thereafter as an instance of his humility."

In the course of the next summer, A.D. 1126, Bishop Arnald and his companions arrived in Greenland, and he occupied his see at Gardar in the Eriksfiord.

A Norwegian named Arnbjörn, had accompanied the Bishop in another ship from Norway, but they had parted company in a storm, and when Arnald arrived the next summer in Greenland, Arnbjörn had not been heard of, and it was thought that he had met his death by shipwreck. Four years more elapsed, and no tidings came of the missing ship or of her crew, when a Greenlander, named Sigurd Nialson, set out on a fishing voyage to Cape Farewell. They had but little success, so he agreed with his crew to penetrate further into the unknown fiords of the east coast. Steering into one of these inlets, they saw a ship stranded there at the mouth of a river, and a small

bark lay near it. The ship was a large one, well fitted for sea voyages. Then they went on shore and saw a large hut, and a tent at a short distance from it. The next morning they went again on shore, and found a piece of timber with an axe sticking in it, and close beside it lay the dead body of a man. Sigurd remarked that this man had no doubt been engaged in hewing the timber, but had sunk down from hunger. Then they went up to the hut, and saw near it another dead body. Sigurd observed that this man had no doubt travelled as far as he could, and these two, added he, must have been the slaves of those who are in the hut. He then cautioned them against entering the hut by the door, but advised them to take off the roof first, that the noxious vapours which might have arisen from the dead bodies, might escape. They did so, and then they saw within the hut several bodies, and great store of goods. Sigurd then said: "It seemeth best to me that you should lay the bodies in the kettles that belonged to the dead, with boiling water, that the flesh may be separated from the bones, which it will then be easy for us to transport to the church. I believe, too, that the beautiful ship, now lying on the shore, belonged to Arnbjörn, who must have landed here, for I have heard that he owned such a ship." The ship was a large one, with carved figures, and all painted. With this ship they sailed to Gardar. When they arrived at the colony, they sought the Bishop in his residence, and told him the news, and of the goods they had found. "Now," quoth Sigurd, "it seemeth best to me, that the goods which have been found, shall go with the bones of the dead, and if my counsel may prevail, such shall be the case." The Bishop said that Sigurd had done wisely, and much treasure came to the church with the bones of Arnbjörn and his men. The Bishop observed, that the great ship Sigurd had brought in, was indeed a vessel of wondrous beauty. Sigurd answered, "It is best that it should be presented to the church for the souls of the dead." The rest of the goods they divided amongst themselves, according to the laws of Greenland. The sequel of this history by no means redounds to Bishop Arnald's praise. This prelate seems to have been not only grasping and avaricious, but even to have been a consenting party to a foul murder committed by his friend Einar. The relatives of Arnbjörn, in Norway, hearing that his ship had at length been found, and

that his fate had been ascertained, came to Greenland in the following year, 1131, and laid claim to the ship and to all the goods it had contained. The Bishop refused their requests. The goods, he said, had been fairly disposed of, according to the custom of the country, and besides, they were the property of Arnbjörn, and could not be better employed than for the benefit of the souls of the late owners. Ossur, the chief of Arnbjörn's relatives, left the Bishop's presence with threats of revenge. So stood matters through the winter, but in spring Ossur having failed in obtaining a hearing of his cause at the Althing or justice court, revenged himself by cutting two planks out of the disputed vessel's side. Thereat Bishop Arnald was greatly enraged, and sending for Einar, reminded him of his oath of good service in Norway, observing that Ossur had forfeited his life by the injury he had done to the ship, and that he would hold Einar as perjured if nought was now done.

"Thereafter the people collected to the feast of the consecration of a church, and to a banquet at Langenæs. The Bishop and Einar were there, and many others, and the Bishop himself sang mass. Thither likewise had Ossur come, and he stood against the south wall of the church, conversing with a man called Brand Thordarson, who dwelt with the Bishop. Brand besought Ossur to yield to the prelate; but Ossur replied, that he could not bend himself thereto, so ill had he been treated. And they were deep in converse together, as the Bishop left the church, and Einar was with him, and they both moved towards the house. When they came to the entrance of the great chamber, Einar turned suddenly back from the crowd, and returning alone to the church-yard, took an axe from the hand of a man who had come to attend mass, and proceeded to the south side of the building. Ossur stood there, leaning upon his axe. Einar struck him straightways a fatal blow, and then went back to the house, where the feast was ready, and he went up to the table opposite to the Bishop, but spoke no words. Then came in Brand Thordarson, and went up to the Bishop and said, 'Hast thou heard ought new, my Lord?' The Bishop replied, 'I have heard nothing, but hast thou?' 'There is one who has fallen outside, and needs thy blessing,' quoth Brand. 'Who hath done this?' cried the bishop, 'and to whom?' Brand answered, that they were near him who could tell all. 'Hast thou, Einar, caused the death of Ossur?' demanded Arnald. He answered, 'Truly I did so.' The Bishop observed, "Such deeds are indeed evil, but this one may be excused." Brand then besought that the body might be washed, and might have Christian burial, but the Bishop said there was time enough for that. They still continued

at table, and heeded little more of the matter, nor would the Bishop give orders for singing over the dead body, till Einar himself begged that it might be done. Then the Bishop said, 'It were but just that Ossur's body should not be buried near the church, but for thy prayer, Einar, he shall be buried near unto this church of Langenæs, for it has no priest attached to it.'—vol. ii., p. 702.

The ruins of the church of Langenæs, near the head of the present fiord of Igalikko, have not as yet been carefully cleared. Well might the curse of God fall upon the colony of Greenland, when such fearful assassinations were countenanced by the unworthy prelate Arnald. Let us not, however, judge too hastily of this man, for it is possible that the history of Einar Sokkeson may have been written by one of the opposite party, who, of course, would spare no efforts to blacken the memory of the Bishop. Einar Sokkeson was subsequently murdered by Ossur's friends, and a long and bloody feud continued for some time between the parties. Bishop Arnald, after twenty years' residence in Greenland, returned to Norway, where he died.

The concluding pages of this volume, from p. 725 to 791, are occupied by shorter extracts from various Sagas, wherein mention is made of Greenland. In one of these we find a notice that Marcus of Roedesand, and Ingebjörg, his wife, on their return from a pilgrimage to Rome, bought good and fine bells in England for the church they intended to construct in Iceland.

In the Saga of Gudmund Areson, we have a glimpse of what was the fate of too many of the adventurous Northmen on their voyage to Greenland. In the year 1188, the priest Ingemund, who had arrived the year before in Norway from England, sailed for Eriksfiord in Greenland. No word came of his arrival on those distant shores, but fourteen years after their ship was discovered in an uninhabited part of the country, most probably on the east coast. It lay in the cleft of a rock, and beside it lay the corpses of seven men.

"Among these was the priest Ingemund, his body was whole and entire, but the skeletons of the six men lay around him. Wax was also at his side, (probably a waxen tablet), and Runes thereon, telling of their hard fate and approaching death. But it seemed to men a great sign that God had been so well contented with the priest Ingemund's life and conversation, that his body should have so long lain uncorrupted."—p. 755.

Again, in Bishop Paul's Saga, we find mention made of two holy prelates meeting in the far north to consecrate the holy oils, A.D. 1186.

"In Bishop Paul's days came Bishop John from Greenland, and he staid for the winter in the Eastfjord in Iceland. But in the time of the long fast (Lent) he travelled to Skalholt, there to meet with Bishop Paul, and he arrived there on Maunday Thursday, and the two Bishops consecrated on that day much holy chrism, and had together many learned and confidential conversations."—p. 765.

The third volume of the work we are now considering, begins with extracts from the ancient Icelandic annals of all that concerns Greenland. These annals seem to have been commenced by Are Frode at a very early period, and they were continued by different hands for several centuries. Their testimony is of great value, as fixing the precise epochs of the discovery of Greenland, and of the various events that took place in that colony. The latest mention of the Greenland colonies in these annals is of the date 1411, and the circumstance to which it refers is curious, as shewing the little intercourse that then existed between Iceland and Greenland. Snorre Torfesön and some companions sailed from Norway to Iceland, in 1406, but were driven to Greenland, where they remained for four years. In 1408, Snorre Torfesön's wife, who was then in Iceland, doffed her widow's weeds, and married Gisle Andreason, for having heard nothing of her husband Snorre for two years, she concluded him to be dead. But in 1411, Snorre was wrecked on the coast of Iceland in a small vessel which had brought him from Greenland. His wife hearing of his arrival, rode over to see him, and he received her kindly, and they lived together as before, until his death, when the widow again married her second husband Gisle.

It is in these annals, under the date of A.D. 1379, that we find the first notice of the encroachments of the Esquimaux tribes on the colonies of Greenland.

"The Skrellings attacked the Greenlanders, slew 18 men, and took two boys prisoners, whom they carried away as slaves."—vol. iii., p. 33.

But it was not merely the hostile inroads of the Esquimaux which pressed so heavily on these distant colonies. That fearful pestilence, the black death, which ravaged Europe at the end of the fourteenth century, did not spare the rugged mountains of Norway, but raged there with

such fury, that only one Bishop was left alive from the North Cape to the Naze, and no ship sailed to Iceland for the space of two whole years. Later on, the malady spread to Iceland, and though we have no record of the prevalence of the black death in Greenland, we may fairly conclude that it sooner or later arrived there, or, at all events, that by its prevalence in other lands, these colonies were deprived of their constant and necessary intercourse with the rest of Europe. So much had the commerce of Norway declined, and so limited had become the intercourse with Greenland, that, in 1383, we find the following curious entry in the Icelandic annals:—

“A ship came from Greenland to Norway, which had lain in the former country for two whole years; and certain men returned by this vessel who had escaped from the wreck of Thorlak's ship. These men brought the news of Bishop Alf's death from Greenland, which had taken place there six years before.”—p. 35, vol. iii.

In 1389, Bishop Henry was appointed to the see of Gardar in Greenland, and this prelate was certainly residing there in 1391. A still more fatal blow was now struck at the prosperity of the Greenland colonies, by the absurd commercial policy pursued by the mother country of Norway. Previous to the union of Calmar, Queen Margaret had made the trade between Iceland, Greenland, and the Feroe Islands, a royal monopoly, only to be carried on in vessels belonging to, or licensed by, the sovereign, and this absurd restriction pressed with peculiar severity on those colonies which were dependant for almost the necessities of life upon the mother country.

The notices of Greenland from this time become more and more scanty, till at length they entirely cease. An original document, however, still exists at Bergen, relative to a marriage that took place in Greenland in 1408, and this is signed by a priest, and by the chief man of the colony, and is dated from Gardar in Greenland.

From the Icelandic annals we pass to another series of documents, certainly not less interesting,—the various diplomas, letters, and papal briefs still extant, and referring to Greenland, pp. 66 to 208. These documents have been found in the chancery of Bergen, in the libraries of Copenhagen and of Stockholm, and lastly, through the industry of Monsr. Mallet, some have been obtained from the great library of the Vatican at Rome. The length to which

this article has already extended, prevents us from noticing more than one of these, but it is a document of great value, and only a small portion of it has hitherto appeared in print. It is a letter of Pope Nicholas V., dated the 20th of September, 1448, and is addressed to the Bishops of Skalholt and Holum, in Iceland. In this brief, the holy father speaks in sorrowing tones of the miseries endured by the Greenland colonists, concerning which most grievous complaints had recently been laid before him. The numerous churches of that distant land had, it is said, been so devastated thirty years before by the irruption of pagan tribes, that only nine of the sacred edifices remained standing in the whole country, while for the last thirty years, the colonists had been almost wholly deprived of episcopal and sacerdotal superintendence. From this time, the history of Catholic Greenland is a blank, for even the Icelandic literature, after the fearful pestilence of the beginning of the fifteenth century, had nearly ceased, and there is therefore small cause for wonder that the more distant Greenland was forgotten. Still it is consoling to find that the two last efforts in favour of the sinking colonies, were made by the Catholic church, by that ever vigilant church which watches over the interests of her adherents in every quarter of the world. The former effort we have already referred to, as having been made by Pope Nicholas V., in 1448, and in the year 1520, the famous Erik Walkendorf, Archbishop of Trondhjem, in Norway, is said to have exerted all diligence to collect information regarding Greenland, with a view to re-establishing the intercourse between the see of Gardar and his own metropolitan see of Drontheim. But the benevolent views of Erik were frustrated by the dire catastrophe of the reformation, which forced the unbending Archbishop from his see, to die an exile at Rome. For fifty years after this time, the fearful calamities, spiritual and temporal, which overwhelmed Europe, drew off all attention from Greenland. What was the fate of the unfortunate colonists? Were they extirpated by the increasing numbers and repeated hostile inroads of the Esquimaux, or did they amalgamate with these pagan tribes, and do their descendants yet roam as heathens and savages along the once cultivated shores of Greenland? For nearly three hundred years the fate of the Norse colonists of Greenland was a mystery to the rest of Europe. From time

to time chance rumours reached the civilized world, that the sailors which had ventured near those desolate shores, had seen flocks of sheep and cattle feeding on headlands they could not approach, and that more than once they had heard, tolling amidst these icy solitudes, the bells of the churches, summoning the christian colonists to prayer. How long the colonies survived after they were totally lost to the rest of Europe, we have no data to tell, but that the colonists were to a man destroyed by their foes, is now rendered more than probable by the traditions that have been recovered from the wandering Esquimaux, around the present Danish colonies of Greenland. The pastor Jørgensen, of Julianehaab, has carefully collected several of these traditions, and has transmitted them to the Royal Society at Copenhagen. From these it is evident that the Norse colonists were gradually extirpated, and it is probable that they never mingled with the Esquimaux. We know, from the invaluable description of old Greenland, written about the year 1350, or somewhat later, by Iver Bardson, that when this priest visited the western colony at that period, not a christian inhabitant remained; all had been driven away by the Esquimaux, and had either been killed or had retired for safety to the Eystribygd. In 1379, the Esquimaux attacked the eastern colony, as we have before noticed. It is probable the Norsemen made a bold stand for their churches and dwellings around the Bishop's see of Gardar, at the head of the Igalikko fiord, one of the richest inlets of west Greenland. Here the recent investigations conducted by the Royal Society of northern antiquaries have discovered the ruins of several churches, and by a careful comparison of the geographical accounts in the old Sagas, they have satisfactorily, we think, identified most of the localities named by the ancient annalists. The site of the old metropolitan church of Gardar could not easily be mistaken, so accurate are the directions to it given by the old geographers. Here, about two hundred paces from the shore of the Igalikko fiord, the pastor Jørgensen, in 1838, found numerous ruins, partly overgrown with willow and birch bushes, and of a style of masonry that evidently was that of the old Norse colonists. The church can yet plainly be traced, an oblong building seventy or eighty feet long, by thirty or thirty-five feet broad. Like all the ruins of churches yet made out in Greenland, this building is

correct in its orientation. The north wall of the church is yet fourteen or fifteen feet high, and about seven feet thick. The church-yard wall can be distinctly traced, and outside of this last lie innumerable ruins, amongst which, no doubt, are the remains of the dwellings of the Bishops of Gardar, and of their priests. As yet this church-yard has not been excavated, nor have accurate plans and drawings of the ruins been made. In the vicinity of almost all the Greenland churches, there is found a singular round building, with walls of great thickness, and which the northern antiquaries believe to have been a baptistery. At Igalikko, on the opposite side of the fiord, are the ruins of another church, surrounded by the remains of many houses. The Esquimaux name of Igalikko means "the deserted homestead," and truly does this now deserted fiord merit that appellation; for, in ancient times, to judge from the ruins that are so thickly strewn along its shores, it must have rejoiced in a comparatively dense population. In the fiord immediately to the west of Igalikko, now called Tunnudluarblik fiord, the ruins of a much larger church have been discovered. It differs from all the other sacred edifices of Greenland, in being a cross church, with small transepts north and south. Here, close to the east wall of the south transept, was found the fine Runic stone which has already been noticed in a former number of this Review. It bears the following truly Catholic inscription: "Vigdis, the daughter of M—, lies here; God rejoice her soul." In the church-yard, at the depth of three Danish ells, the skeletons of the old Norse colonists were found lying closely side by side, and along with them fragments of pine wood coffins, and several well preserved pieces of shrouds of coarse brown cloth. The Esquimaux of the present day bury their dead in a species of raised grave above the surface of the ground; they use no coffins, and are unacquainted with the art of weaving woollen cloth, even if they possessed flocks of sheep or of goats. The form of the skulls, too, many of which have been sent from hence, and from other church-yards, to Copenhagen, is an evident proof of the identity of their dead with the old Norsemen. In some of the graves at Ikigeit, (the ancient Herjulfssness,) wooden crosses have been found, which had probably been laid on the breasts of the dead. In this last named church-yard, several small stones were discovered, which are all care-

fully figured in the present volume. They bear crosses of a shape closely resembling some figured by Mr. Petrie in his work on the Round Towers of Ireland, or those discovered lately at Hartlepool in England, while the fragments of inscriptions are in the Lombardic letters, and not in Runes.

But we should exhaust the patience of our readers, were we to attempt the task of analysing the geographical and antiquarian lore contained in this third volume; we will, therefore, as a conclusion, confine ourselves to the description of the most perfect church yet remaining in Greenland, with the traditions attached to it by the Esquimaux, that here the Norse colonists made their last hopeless stand against their foes.

This church is situated in the fiord of Kakortok, a few miles north of the present Danish settlement of Julianehaab. It is built in a plain on the banks of the fiord, at the foot of a high hill, from which evidently the stones have been quarried for the construction of the edifice. The stones of the walls are carefully put together, some of them having been evidently hewn over, and the intervening spaces are filled sparingly up with lime. The church stands nearly due east and west. The south side, looking to the sea, has four windows and two doors, the most eastern of the latter is evidently the priest's door, and is nearly eighteen inches lower than the western entrance. On the north side there is only one window, but as the wall on this side is a good deal broken down, there may have been more. The principal entrance has been in the western wall, and over it is a large window, while at the same elevation in the eastern wall, is another window very skilfully arched. The east wall is still nearly twenty feet in height. In the interior of the church there are several small niches, about five feet from the ground, which probably were intended to hold images of the saints. There are three such niches in the north wall, and four in the south wall. The length of the building is fifty-two feet, its breadth twenty-six feet. The northern and southern walls are about four feet thick, the east and west walls nearly five. The arched window at the east end is, externally, three feet ten inches high, and two feet two inches broad; internally it is five feet six inches high, and four feet five inches broad. Around the whole building, at the distance of from twenty-one to twenty-nine feet, has

been a wall or fence, (the church-yard wall,) which is now in part destroyed. The whole of the interior of this church, and part of the church-yard, have been excavated to some depth, but little or nothing has been found save a few skeletons evidently of the Scandinavian race.

It has been supposed that this church of Kakortok was one of the last that was erected by the old colonists, and the fact of no inscription or grave-stones, and but few skeletons having been found here, appear to corroborate this opinion. Still more is this however confirmed by the traditions of the Esquimaux of the neighbourhood. The closing scene of the old Norse colonies of Greenland will form no unapt termination to our notice of these most interesting volumes. The old Kablunaks (white men), say the Esquimaux, had been long since rooted out of all their other settlements in Greenland, but still held their own in the Kakortok fiord, where the church in particular served them as a place of refuge. Here dwelt the leader of the little band, to whom some give the name of Ungertok, others that of Olavik, the latter name undoubtedly is the Scandinavian Olaf.

Though not exactly on the best possible footing, the two hostile parties lived for a considerable time near each other without quarrel or open deeds of violence. It chanced, however, one day, that an Esquimaux from the neighbouring island of Akpeitevik, rowed out towards the church of Kakortok, to try some new arrows which he had made. As he passed a small point not far from the present ruins, a young boy of the Norse colony sat there, and ridiculed the Esquimaux for his want of skill in the use of his weapons. The boy, sitting on the shore, began to imitate the cry of the auk, and to dare the savage to hit him with his arrows. The wrath of the Esquimaux was moved, and in an instant the Norse youth lay pierced fatally with an arrow. Shortly after another of the Norsemen fell in like manner. The ire of Ungertok was now roused, and he resolved to take signal vengeance on his Esquimaux neighbours. In a moonlight night he climbed the high and steep hill behind Kakortok, and rushing down on the Esquimaux settlement, hoped to massacre all in their sleep. As they passed however by the side of a lake near the huts, a young Esquimaux girl, who had gone out to fetch water, saw their long shadows reflected on the still surface of the lake, and gave the alarm. The men, rush-

ing from the huts escaped with their lives ; but the women and children were all mercilessly massacred, save a little boy, who hid himself amid the tumult in a cleft of the rock, which the Esquimaux point out to this day. Ungertok's vengeance was appeased, but his foes thirsted for revenge. During the winter they prepared great store of bows and arrows, while the women dressed a large quantity of white seal skins, wherewith to cover their boats. When spring was come, and the wind blew from the west into the fiord, the Esquimaux rowed from Marksak round the shore on which now stands the colony of Julianshope. As soon, however, as they came to the entrance of the Kakortok fiord, they laid in their oars and let the boats drive before the wind down upon the dwellings of the white men. These, coming out of their houses, ranged themselves on the shore, and placing their open hands above their eyes, looked out on to the Fiord. Deceived, however, by the white seal skins that covered the Kayaks, they mistook the advancing boats for pieces of drift ice, and returned unsuspectingly indoors. At nightfall the Esquimaux landed in a bight a few bow-shots from the church, where the shore is still thickly covered with dwarf wood. Hence they proceeded to the Norse settlement, and stealing up to the doors, fastened them securely, and then fired the buildings. Amid the burning ruins all the white men met their death, all save Ungertok, who, with his infant son under his arm, sprang through one of the windows of the blazing church, and fled to the eastward, pursued closely at first, but at length all but one or two gave up the chase. Ungertok had now reached the east end of the high hill above the church, the Esquimaux following him so closely that he ran round a small lake to escape their arrows. Still they pressed him more nearly than ever, and the exhausted father, as a last resource, cast his infant son into the lake, and thus lightened of his burden, escaped to Igalikko. From thence ever pursued by his foes, he wandered towards the south, perhaps hoping that a chance ship from his old fatherland might yet appear to save him, but at length he was discovered and set upon by his enemies. They dared not however advance too closely upon him, for Ungertok was a man of immense strength, and defended himself desperately with his axe. At last an Esquimaux slew him with a charmed arrow, formed of the terminating process of the back-bone of a barren woman.

Thus fell the last of the Kablunaks, like too many of his forefathers, in fight. When this event took place we know not, the Esquimaux has little knowledge of dates or periods, but they say it was long, long ago, and in all probability not one hundred years after the last faint cry of the suffering Greenlanders had reached the halls of the Vatican.

We would gladly have done more justice to the many interesting subjects contained in this third volume, but the great length to which this article has already extended must be our excuse. It is seldom that we have to record the total extinction of the Christian faith in a land where once it flourished, and where no new doctrine replaced the belief of the Catholic Church. The flocks and herds, the ships and dwellings of the old colonists have passed away, but the churches yet remain, ruined indeed, but still not totally destroyed; and it may yet be in the designs of Providence that, on these now thinly-peopled shores, the Catholic religion may again flourish, and a Christian people return, like the Jews of old, to repair and rebuild the ancient temples of their faith.

ART. III.—*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons, 1849.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN'S volume is a lingering echo of a voice which we had hardly thought to hear again in this utilitarian age. The poetry, however, of the Cavalier cause seems destined to a long immortality in Scotland; and it is a curious illustration of the inconsistencies of life, that, even in a practical country like Scotland, at the very moment when the cities are erecting triumphal arches in joyous welcome of the Royal Descendant of "the hated Hanoverian crew," and the Highland glens are pouring out enthusiastic multitudes to hail her approach, there should be found, nevertheless, among her poets, learned and accomplished men, to sing the memory of the rival dynasty, with the same ardour and devotedness which

were displayed by their forefathers at Culloden or Killiecrankie.

The "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*" are a series of historical ballads, for the most part illustrative of the Cavalier cause in Scotland, especially since the Revolution. The theme, even still, is eminently attractive; and if enthusiastic love of the subject be an element of poetical success, Mr. Aytoun's title to popularity can hardly be called in question. He is a thorough worshipper of his heroes and their cause; his poetry is an evident emanation of genuine enthusiasm, and whatever may be its other defects, every line bears an impress of life and reality which it is impossible to mistake.

Although Mr. Aytoun has entitled his poems, "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*," there are some of them to which the designation is scarcely applicable. This title, it is true, conveys a sufficient notion of the general character of the collection; but they will be found to include several other subjects from the romantic history of Scotland; and the finest of them all—"the Heart of the Bruce," and "Edinburgh after Flodden"—possess no association which can be considered, in any sense of the word, more peculiarly the inheritance of the Cavalier than of any other lover of Scottish nationality.

The Ballad, or Lay, may be said to be the distinctive fashion of this age of poetry. A place in popular estimation to which a poet of the past generation could only dream of aspiring through the medium of a regular "*Romance in Five Cantos*," or an "*Epic in Twelve or Twenty-four Books*," may now be claimed as the prize of a few stirring and successful pieces, which the olden poet would, perhaps, have deemed it beneath his dignity to indite; and a form of composition which used to be regarded as almost exclusively characteristic of the first rude stages of poetry, is now considered a not unworthy medium for the exercise of the very highest efforts of the poetic art. Of the Historical Ballad, too, this is especially true. While it releases the writer from the conventional rules of ordinary poetry, it places at his disposal everything that most tends to give vigour and energy to verse. Tenderness, simplicity, pathos, wildness, are, even in its rudest and most primitive forms, the staple material of this singularly interesting species of composition; and the modern historical ballad, in the master hands into which it has fallen, while it

preserves all these distinctive characters of the simple original, has not failed to extend and improve the advantages which they present. Excluding almost everything of history except its romance, it affords an opportunity for the display of passion, tenderness, enthusiasm, and indeed all the best and most effective elements of poetry, which it would be idle to seek under almost any other of its forms.

Nor is there any department of history which has furnished material for so many ballads, as that which Mr. Aytoun has chosen as the subject of the greater number of his Lays. The Lays, however, are of a very different character from the olden Cavalier Ballads. The author has not sought in them so much to imitate the Cavalier or Jacobite Ballads of the existing collections, as to embody in a modern form the spirit which they all in common breathe; and, though we are far from imputing to him the character of a servile copyist, we trust it is no disparagement of his labours to say, that he has evidently taken Mr. Macaulay as his model of style, manner, and versification.

We must not be expected to enter into the historical bearings of Mr. Aytoun's work. The actual justice or injustice of those portions of it to which we have been alluding, has little to do with the real question of its merits. A Cavalier ballad, in order to be true to its character, must, as a matter of necessity, be one-sided; nor can a modern imitator, if he desire to preserve the spirit of his model, aspire to any other office than that of a zealous partisan, the exponent of the feelings of his party, and the chronicler of their histories and traditions. It is a matter of little importance, therefore, who were the real authors of the massacre of Glencoe, or whether the characters of Montrose and Argyle, of Dundee or Forbes, be historically true or not. There is little opportunity in ballad poetry for the delineation of the nicer shades of character. The main outlines of the present subject are long and irrevocably fixed in the public mind; and Mr. Aytoun has discharged all his obligations, by depicting the characters and events which he introduces, strongly, vividly, and distinctly, according to the notions of them which the history and traditions of the party have preserved.

The literary merits of Professor Aytoun's book present

considerably more difficulty. Twenty years since, it could hardly have failed to place him high among the poets of the age. But, in these days of progress, the art of ballad-writing, like the more practical arts of every-day life, has become more difficult by competition. From Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, down to Mr. Macaulay's inimitable Roman Lays, there is hardly a poet of any eminence who has not tried his hand upon this peculiarly attractive theme; and the union of ancient simplicity and modern refinement has carried it almost to the extreme limits of perfection of which it is susceptible.

Mr. Aytoun, in many respects, is fully equal to any of his predecessors; and there are passages in his Lays to which it would be difficult to find anything superior in the very best of our modern ballads. His versification is singularly smooth and flowing; his poetical vocabulary is remarkably select; his imagery is chaste, copious, and appropriate. The narrative, too, where narrative is introduced, is clear, vigorous, and well-sustained. And yet we fear it will be impossible, even for the most uncritical and inobservant, not to feel a certain want in reading these polished pieces. The flowing verses soon pall upon the ear; the images lose their charm; and the narrative often requires all the attraction of the brilliant style in which it is told, in order to sustain its interest. Mr. Aytoun has over-refined his subject; and his Lays, though occasionally exhibiting very great poetical powers, and reaching at times to the very highest point of dramatic interest, are, as a whole, too plainly artificial to be thoroughly effective. He has too frequently lost sight of what forms the great charm of the olden ballad, and carries off, even in the rudest of them, the numberless vices and defects of their structure;—he has substituted sentiment for action. He can seldom resist the temptation of a fine thought; and, instead of showing in the ballad what his heroes feel and think, by exhibiting it in their own persons, he allows the effect to evaporate by himself becoming its exponent. The result is something very polished and beautiful, which it is impossible not to admire, but which is deficient in the first and most attractive characteristic of ballad poetry.

It is not a little remarkable, too, that this defect is most observable, precisely where we might least expect it, in the purely Jacobite ballads of the collection. It would be difficult to find a more appropriate subject for a vigorous

and impassioned outburst than "The Widow of Glencoe," or a more touching and tender, as well as inspiring, theme, than "Charles Edward at Versailles." And yet neither of these, although they both abound in poetical beauty, can make any pretension to be regarded as a ballad. While, on the contrary, "Edinburgh after Flodden," "The Heart of the Bruce," and "The Execution of Montrose," are not unworthy, in some respects, to take their place beside the very best of our modern historical ballads. We should add, however, that there is one remarkable exception to what we have said of the Jacobite Lays—"The Burial March of Dundee"—which, indeed, is, in every way, the best of the purely Jacobite pieces.

The subject of the first Lay—"Edinburgh after Flodden"—is the alarm into which that city was thrown by the news of the fatal battle of Flodden-field, on the 9th of September, 1513. The reader may recollect Sir David Lindesay's prophetic anticipations of this disastrous result in Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion:"

"Nor less," he said, "I moan
To think what woe mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant king ;
Or, with the larum, call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguered wall."

We know not whether these lines may have suggested the idea of Mr. Aytoun's ballad. But the subject is one of the most poetical which can well be imagined ; and this piece is certainly the most successful in the entire volume, and not inferior in energy to Mr. Macaulay's celebrated ballad of the Armada, to which it bears a striking similarity in its general conception. The opening is highly poetical:

"News of battle !—news of battle !
Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street :
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle ? Who hath brought it ?
News of triumph ? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King ?

All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky :
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

"News of battle ! Who hath brought it ?
All are thronging to the gate ;
'Warder—warder ! open quickly !
Man—is this a time to wait ?'
And the heavy gates are opened :
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man,
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan.
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God ! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band ?

"Round him crush the people, crying,
'Tell us all—oh, tell us true !
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?
Where are they, our brothers—children ?
Have they met the English foe ?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed ?
Is it weal, or is it woe ?'
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel ;
But no word he speaks in answer,
Only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride ;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
'By the God that made thee, Randolph !
Tell us what mischance hath come ;'
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb."—pp. 9-11.

The messenger tells his tale of sorrow—a sad one for Scotland, which, besides her chivalrous king, James IV.,

had lost, upon the field, an archbishop, two bishops, the king's secretary, thirteen earls, fifteen lords and sheriffs, two abbots, five eldest sons of peers, and numberless gentlemen;—a tale of double sorrow for the city of Edinburgh itself, which had sent all its magistrates and able-bodied citizens, in the train of their king, to Flodden, never to return.

“ Woe, woe, and lamentation !
 What a piteous cry was there !
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair !
 Through the streets the death-word rushes,
 Spreading terror, sweeping on—
 ‘ Jesu Christ ! our King has fallen—
 O great God, King James is gone !
 Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
 Thou who erst didst lose thy Son !
 O the blackest day for Scotland
 That she ever knew before !
 O our King—the good, the noble,
 Shall we see him never more ?
 Woe to us and woe to Scotland !
 O our sons, our sons and men !
 Surely some have ‘scaped the Southron,
 Surely some will come again !’
 Till the oak that fell last winter
 Shall uprear its shattered stem—
 Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
 Ye may look in vain for them !

“ But within the Council Chamber
 All was silent as the grave,
 Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
 Shook the bosoms of the brave.
 Well indeed might they be shaken
 With the weight of such a blow :
 He was gone—their prince, their idol,
 Whom they loved and worshipped so !
 Like a knell of death and judgment
 Rung from heaven by angel hand,
 Fell the words of desolation
 On the elders of the land.
 Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
 Withered hands were clasped and wrung :
 God had left the old and feeble,
 He had ta’en away the young.”—pp. 16, 17.

Murray tells them how bravely each and all had borne them in the fight, and how bravely and well they had supported their gallant king in his last battle.

“ ‘ No one failed him ! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still ;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
Whom he sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters !
When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall !
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dared not scale ;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail !
And behind it lay our monarch
Clenching still his shivered sword :
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a southern lord.
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew ;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew.
Then I stooped, and took the banner,
As ye see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woeful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall.’

“ So he ended. And the others
Cared not any answer then ;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck, like men

Who have seen the roaring torrent
 Sweep their happy homes away,
 And yet linger by the margin,
 Staring idly on the spray.
 But, without, the maddening tumult
 Waxes ever more and more,
 And the crowd of wailing women
 Gather round the Council door.
 Every dusky spire is ringing
 With a dull and hollow knell,
 And the Miserere's singing
 To the tolling of the bell.
 Through the streets the burghers hurry,
 Spreading terror as they go ;
 And the rampart's thronged with watchers
 For the coming of the foe.
 From each mountain-top a pillar
 Streams into the torpid air,
 Bearing token from the Border
 That the English host is there.
 All without is flight and terror,
 All within is woe and fear —
 God protect thee, Maiden City,
 For thy latest hour is near !"—pp. 19-21.

The rallying call of the "brave old provost" is very spirited, though perhaps it has a little too much of the oration for a genuine ballad. One extract from it must suffice.

"Let them cease that dismal knelling !
 It is time enough to ring,
 When the fortress-strength of Scotland
 Stoops to ruin like its King.
 Let the bells be kept for warning,
 Not for terror or alarm ;
 When they next are heard to thunder,
 Let each man and stripling arm.
 Bid the women leave their wailing,—
 Do they think that woeful strain,
 From the bloody heaps of Flodden
 Can redeem their dearest slain ?
 Bid them cease,—or rather hasten
 To the churches, every one ;
 There to pray to Mary Mother,
 And to her anointed Son,
 That the thunderbolt above us
 May not fall in ruin yet ;

That in fire, and blood, and rapine,
Scotland's glory may not set.
Let them pray,—for never women
Stood in need of such a prayer !
England's yeomen shall not find them
Clinging to the altars there.
No ! if we are doomed to perish,
Man and maiden, let us fall ;
And a common gulf of ruin
Open wide to whelm us all !"—pp. 24, 25.

"The Heart of the Bruce" is founded upon the well-known story of the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, undertaken by Sir James Douglas for the purpose of depositing in that sacred resting-place his "beloved master, King Robertis hart." Although the popular tradition reports him to have successfully discharged this commission, all the best authorities concur in stating that he failed to accomplish his pilgrimage; and that the relic entrusted to his care was brought back to Scotland, and deposited in the celebrated monastery of Melrose. During the course of his pious mission, tidings reached him of the holy war, in which Alonzo, king of Leon and Castile, was engaged with the Moorish conquerors of Spain, and his chivalrous and romantic spirit impelled him to take a part in the enterprise. His resolution proved fatal, not only to the mission with which he was charged, but to his own life. He fell in his first battle. The details of his death are strikingly characteristic of the man and of the time. The Moorish cavalry were defeated in the engagement; but Douglas, with his companions, pursuing them with imprudent ardour, had the misfortune to be surrounded by the Moors in a successfully executed manœuvre, and separated from the main body of the army. They performed prodigies of valour in their attempt to cut their way back through the Infidels. But Douglas's friend, Sir William Saint Clair of Roslin, having unfortunately become entangled in a thick crowd of the enemy, Douglas turned to his relief, and thus himself became even more hopelessly involved. In the moment of extreme peril, he took from his neck the casket which contained the Heart of Bruce, and cast it before him with the memorable words, "Pass thou on, as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" These words were his last. He was overpowered by numbers, and fell with a crowd of his followers. The

next day the casket, covered by his dead body, was found upon the field. We can only find room for this single scene.

"The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

"And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man ;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran !

"But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

"We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

" 'Make in ! make in !' Lord Douglas cried,
 'Make in, my brethren dear !
Sir William of St. Clair is down ;
We may not leave him here !'

"But thicker, thicker, grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

" 'Now Jesu help thee,' said Lord James,
 'Thou kind and true St. Clair !
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there !'

"Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lionlike and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

"He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—'Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore !'

"The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

" 'Now praised be God, the day is won !
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well ?'

" 'Oh, ride ye on, Lord King !' he said,
'And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree !

" 'There lies, beside his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim ;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him !

" 'The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretch'd before me there.'"—pp. 62-65.

The close is very simple and touching.

"The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

" 'God give thee rest, thou valiant soul,
That fought so well for Spain ;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again !'

"We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart he bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

"No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

"We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose ;
And woeful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose !"—pp. 66, 67.

We cannot refrain from giving a few stanzas of the
"Execution of Montrose."

"The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town :

The heavens were thundering out their wrath,
 The fatal hour was come ;
 Yet ever sounded sullenly
 The trumpet and the drum.
 There was madness on the earth below,
 And anger in the sky,
 And young and old, and rich and poor,
 Came forth to see him die.

" Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
 How dismal 'tis to see
 The great tall spectral skeleton,
 The ladder, and the tree !
 Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
 The bells begin to toll—
 He is coming ! he is coming !
 God's mercy on his soul !
 One last long peal of thunder—
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.

" He is coming ! he is coming !
 Like the bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die :
 There was colour in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
 That great and goodly man !

" He mounted up the scaffold,
 And he turned him to the crowd ;
 But they dared not trust the people,
 So he might not speak aloud.
 But he looked upon the heavens,
 And they were clear and blue,
 And in the liquid ether
 The eye of God shone through :
 Yet a black and murky battlement
 Lay resting on the hill,
 As though the thunder slept within—
 All else was calm and still."—pp. 40, 42.

It is hardly necessary to explain the subject of the Lay

of "The Widow of Glencoe." It is founded on the inhuman massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, which was perpetrated in the beginning of 1692, and the memory of which was one of the bitterest sources of the lasting hatred with which the revolution continued, even to a recent period, to be regarded in the Highlands of Scotland. Professor Aytoun has condensed into a short prefatory notice, the circumstances of the atrocious massacre. But we must content ourselves with reminding the reader of the main outlines of the story. By a treaty concluded soon after the battle of the Boyne, and expressly sanctioned by William, a full and unreserved indemnity and pardon were secured to all the Highlanders who had appeared in arms, on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance to William and Mary before the first of January, 1692, in presence of the Privy Council of Scotland, or of the sheriff or sheriff-deputies of their respective shires. Many circumstances tend to shew that, notwithstanding this solemn treaty, a general massacre of the Highlanders was contemplated. "In the course of the investigation before the Scots Parliament," says Mr. Aytoun, "letters were produced from Sir John Dalrymple, then Master of Stair, one of the secretaries of state in attendance upon the court, which too clearly indicate the intentions of William. In one of these, dated 1st December, 1694,—a *month*, be it observed, before the amnesty expired—and addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, there are the following words:—'The winter is the only season in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us, *nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle to the mountains.*' And in another letter, written only two days afterwards, he says,—'It is the only time they cannot escape you, for human constitution cannot endure to be long out of houses. *This is the proper season to maul them in the cold long nights.*' And in January thereafter, he informed Sir Thomas Livingston that the design was 'to destroy entirely the country of Lochaber, Lochell's lands, Keppoch's, Glengarry's, Appin, and Glencoe. I assure you,' he continues, 'your power shall be full enough, *and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the Government with prisoners.*'"—p. 105.

One of the stipulations of the treaty, which also was expressly sanctioned by William, was, that the chiefs should have leave to communicate with king James at St. Germain's, for the purpose of obtaining his permission and

warrant for the contemplated act of submission to the new government. The proclamation was issued on the 29th of August, leaving but a space of four months for the preparation. A special messenger was dispatched to France; but it was not till December 12th, that the warrant was issued from St. Germain; it did not reach Dunkeld till eleven days later, and thus it was impossible to circulate it in the Highlands within the appointed time. One chief, Locheill, received his copy thirty hours before the expiration of the time, and appeared before the sheriff at Inverara on the very last day of the allotted term. A supplication was presented to the council, praying an extension of the time. They declined to do so on their own authority, and ordered the letter to be transmitted to the court.

"In reply of William of Orange was a letter, countersigned by Dalrymple, in which, upon the recital that 'several of the chieftains and many of their clans have not taken the benefit of our gracious indemnity,' he gave orders for a general massacre. 'To that end, we have given Sir Thomas Livingston orders to employ our troops (which we have conveniently posted) to cut off these obstinate rebels *by all manner of hostility*; and we do require you to give him your assistance and concurrence in all other things that may conduce to that service; and because these rebels, to avoid our forces, may draw themselves, *their families*, goods, or cattle, to lurk or be concealed among their neighbours: therefore, we require and authorise you to emit a proclamation to be published at the market-crosses of these or the adjacent shires where the rebels reside, discharging upon the highest penalties the law allows, any reset, correspondence, or intercommuning with these rebels.' This monstrous mandate, which was in fact the death-warrant of many thousand innocent people, no distinction being made of age or sex, would, in all human probability, have been put into execution, but for the remonstrance of one high-minded nobleman. Lord Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds, accidentally became aware of the proposed massacre, and personally remonstrated with the monarch against a measure which he denounced as at once cruel and impolitic. After much discussion, William, influenced rather by an apprehension that so savage and sweeping an act might prove fatal to his new authority, than by any compunction or impulse of humanity, agreed to recall the general order, and to limit himself, in the first instance, to a single deed of butchery, by way of testing the temper of the nation. Some difficulty seems to have arisen in the selection of the fittest victim. Both Keppoch and Glencoe were named, but the personal rancour of Secretary Dalrymple decided the doom of the latter. The secretary wrote thus:— 'Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, at which I

rejoice. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable set.' The final instructions regarding Glencoe, which were issued on the 16th January, 1692, are as follows :—

“ WILLIAM R.—As for M'Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for public justice to extirpate that set of thieves.

‘ W. R. ’

“ This letter is remarkable as being signed and countersigned by William alone, contrary to the usual practice. The Secretary was no doubt desirous to screen himself from after responsibility, and was further aware that the royal signature would insure a rigorous execution of the sentence.”—pp. 107-109.

The chief of this doomed clan had all but literally complied with the terms of the proclamation. Failing, from the excessive severity of the winter weather, and the difficulty of the mountain passes, to reach the residence of the sheriff on the day appointed, he repaired to the military governor of Inverlochy, (now Fort-William,) and tendered his signature to him. This officer, not being authorized to receive his submission, could only give him a certificate of the appearance and tender. However, on new-year's day, 1692, (one day after the allotted time,) he succeeded, with great difficulty, in reaching Inverara, where the sheriff, seeing the certificate of the governor of Fort William, the best evidence of the bearer's intentions, received his submission and administered the oath.

But it was in vain. The rest of the history is but too well known. The lament of the “ Widow of Glencoe ” is an attempt to embody the popular feeling on the subject. It is a vigorous and powerful piece; but it is hardly all that we should conceive to be the expression of the feeling which such an event should naturally call forth. Still there is deep feeling, as well as poetry, in the following.

“ Oh, the horror of the tempest,
As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
And the roofs went thundering down !
Oh, the prayers—the prayers and curses
That together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many
Through that long and woeful night !
Till the fires began to dwindle,
And the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge
Only in a far halloo :

Till the silence once more settled
 O'er the gorges of the glen,
 Broken only by the Cona
 Plunging through its naked den.
 Slowly from the mountain-summit
 Was the drifting veil withdrawn,
 And the ghastly valley glimmered
 In the gray December dawn.
 Better had the morning never
 Dawned upon our dark despair !
 Black amidst the common whiteness
 Rose the spectral ruins there :
 But the sight of these was nothing
 More than wrings the wild-dove's breast,
 When she searches for her offspring
 Round the relics of her nest.
 For in many a spot the tartan
 Peered above the wintry heap,
 Marking where a dead Macdonald
 Lay within his frozen sleep.
 Tremblingly we scooped the covering
 From each kindred victim's head.

* * * * *

But I will not waste my sorrow,
 Lest the Campbell women say
 That the daughters of Clanranald
 Are as weak and frail as they.
 I had wept thee, hadst thou fallen,
 Like our fathers, on thy shield,
 When a host of English foemen
 Camped upon a Scottish field—
 I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished
 With the foremost of his name,
 When the valiant and the noble
 Died around the dauntless Græme !
 But I will not wrong thee, husband !
 With my unavailing cries,
 Whilst thy cold and mangled body,
 Stricken by the traitor, lies ;
 Whilst he counts the gold and glory
 That this hideous night has won,
 And his heart is big with triumph
 At the murder he has done.
 Other eyes than mine shall glisten,
 Other hearts be rent in twain,
 Ere the heathbells on thy hillock
 Wither in the autumn rain.

Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest,
 And I'll veil my weary head,
 Praying for a place beside thee,
 Dearer than my bridal-bed :
 And I'll give thee tears, my husband !
 If the tears remain to me,
 When the widows of the foemen
 Cry the coronach for thee !"—pp. 117-121.

These extracts must suffice as a specimen of Professor Aytoun's "Lays." The fault of the book is too great diffuseness; and we should not be surprised if the short fragments which we have selected, may convey an idea of the book, somewhat higher than will be produced by reading the several poems in their complete form. But, nevertheless, even as a whole, it will well repay the trouble of perusal; and we can hardly doubt its eventual popularity, especially in Scotland.

ART. IV.—1. *L'Univers. Journal Quotidien.* Paris, 1849.

2. *L'Union. Journal Quotidien.* Paris, 1849.

3. *La Revue des Deux Mondes.* Paris, 1849.

THERE are some who pretend that the monarchical form of government is adapted only to the infancy of society, and that the democratic republic is alone suited to the manhood of nations. They add, that the course of events in Europe, as well as the temper of the public mind, warrant such a conclusion. Let us examine this assertion by the light of history, as well as by the evidences of reason.

As monarchy is the most natural and ancient form of government, so will it prove in all probability the most enduring. We never meet with the republic in the origin of nations; it was unknown in all the great civilized countries of the east, (possessed as many of them were of very free municipal institutions,) and in like manner it is wanting among the greater part of the western and northern nations. The republic in its origin is nothing more than a *dismembered municipality*; that is to say, a small community severed by rebellion, war, or a thousand other

accidents, from a monarchy, under whose shadow it had sprung up and thriven. When confined within such narrow limits, the republic is the fitting, and even natural, form of government for petty commercial communities. But when it is stretched beyond the confines of the city, it soon falls into utter disorganization. Observe, our remarks apply to the democratic republic, where the aristocracy has little or no weight. In heathen antiquity, where the great bulk of the population were slaves, devoid of all participation in political rights, and possessing not even a civil existence, the democratic form of government was far more practicable. But even those democracies so restricted, which were, relatively speaking, *oligarchies*, and were besides ever counterbalanced by aristocracies more or less powerful, never proved equal to the exigencies of a great empire. When, in ancient Rome, power passed from the hands of the great families into those of the plebeians, though the great mass of the people still remained excluded from all, even the remotest, co-operation in affairs of state, still anarchy, with its long train of evils, failed not to ensue; and the iron grasp of despotism could alone hold together the incohesive elements of discordant empire.

But under the christian dispensation, which has emancipated the masses, where slavery is unknown, democracy, even in a small state, is a government scarcely practicable. We may appeal to the history of the Florentine democracy in support of this assertion. What endless agitations and commotions, what alternate tyranny and license, do the annals of that petty republic exhibit! God forbid we should be exclusive! Under certain circumstances, and in certain conditions of society—as, for instance, in the little pastoral and catholic communities of Switzerland—democracy for ages insured to its inhabitants substantial freedom and happiness.

But it may be objected, that the United States of America have for sixty years presented to the world the glorious spectacle of a mighty empire resting on the broadest basis of popular government. There are many circumstances which render the American republic radically and essentially distinct from those sickly abortions that since 1789 have, in the different European countries, come forth from the womb of revolution.

In the first place, the United States form not a single

republic, but a confederation of republics; and in this federal system, elements of stability as well as freedom exist, which are not to be found in the *unitary* scheme whereof the European revolutionists are so deeply enamoured. Secondly, the founders of the American republic retained the laws and municipal institutions of the mother-country, and made but partial changes in their local legislatures and systems of administration. Universal suffrage, now prevalent in almost all the states, has been only by degrees introduced; and the institution of a senate in the several legislatures, as well as in the Imperial Congress of Washington, is, in the estimation of revolutionary democrats, an outrage on the principle of equality. Thirdly, British America, originally settled by Puritans and Independents during our civil wars, was characterized from the first by a republican spirit, republican manners, doctrines, and institutions. In such remote dependencies, too, the spirit of loyalty is ever weaker than in the parent country; and, moreover, the absence in America of a titled, wealthy, and powerful aristocracy, (though in that country at the revolution a gentry existed, and even still exists,) was one obstacle less to the establishment of a pure democratic regime. Fourthly, slavery, which to a considerable extent exists in the southern states of America, (and in a more repulsive form, too, than was ever witnessed among christian nations,) has the effect of rendering, as in heathen antiquity, the republican form of government more easy and practicable. Fifthly, there is no dense population in America—the inhabitants are scattered over an immense tract of country—employment is easily procured, and abundantly repaid—and, with few exceptions, there is as yet, in the strict sense of the word, no *populace* in the American cities. Consequently, many of those elements of democratic agitation, so common in Europe, are unknown to the United States. Sixthly, the terrorism of clubs has never been there tolerated; and the monstrous theories of Communism have as yet found no echo in those countries. It is needless to add, that whereas the men who within the last sixty years have attempted to establish in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Germany, a wild democracy on the ruins of monarchical government, were with few exceptions notorious for their irreligion; the founders of the American republic were many of them conspicuous for pure virtue, and sincere

attachment to religion; that, notwithstanding the wide spread of unbelief as well as political fanaticism in America, there is still much earnest religious feeling in a portion of the Protestant population, while the Catholic Church, blessed with a freedom of which she had long been bereaved in Europe, has of late years made wonderful progress in that country. Lastly, in despite of all these peculiar advantages, which position and circumstances, no less than the wisdom and honesty of her rulers, have insured to the American republic, the discerning eye will not fail to discover in her infancy all the marks of premature decay. Already has a mere question of tariff threatened to bring about a rupture between the northern and the southern states of the Union. A question of pounds, shillings, and pence could to-morrow shiver the American republic into a thousand fragments. But look to Austria! See, amid the conflicts of faction, the shocks of war and revolution, how much the magical name of Hapsburg has done to hold together nations the most dissimilar in race, language, manners, and in part religion, in the common bonds of dutiful allegiance! This leads us to point out another excellence in the monarchical form, namely, the gratification which it affords to the feelings and the imagination.

II. The splendour of a court, by enkindling the imagination, imparts a wondrous stimulus to national exertion and to the spirit of enterprise. What in a commonwealth are the scattered rays of patrician lustre, when royalty is not there to combine and concentrate them in one focus? In the person of the monarch the traditions of the past—the glorious recollections of a nation—are concentrated, embodied, and rendered continually present. And as those recollections ever constitute one of the most potent excitements to national energy, it follows that the splendour of a court answers not merely the purpose of vain ornament, but by acting on a most powerful faculty in man—the creative imagination—is often the spring of national greatness and glory.

But, in the next place, the feelings and affections of men find peculiar gratification under monarchical government. It is in human nature to feel more attachment to persons than to things; and, consequently, in a republic the abstract state can never call forth the same feeling of love as the person of the prince in the kingly government.

The affection of a people for their sovereign is not a blind predilection for his person, whatever his defects; nor does it consist in a mere homage rendered to the abstract principle of royalty; *but it is an attachment to an institution, embodied and set forth in a person.* Thus the abstract and the concrete—the universal and the special—a principle and a sentiment are combined in loyalty. Hence the tenacious energy of that sentiment; hence the deeds of self-devotedness—the heroic sacrifices, which it has given birth to in every age. The love of liberty is doubtless a mighty lever in the history of nations; it has been the spring of great and glorious actions: but this sentiment, if not sanctified by religion on the one hand, and blended with loyalty on the other, will degenerate by degrees into a narrow, selfish instinct, that will soon succumb to violence, or yield to corruption. M. Guizot, though belonging to the cold school of the Doctrinaires, where theory has ever played the principal part, has lately declared that he was not for excluding the affections from their share in politics.* A sad experience has doubtless convinced this statesman, how precarious is the fate of that government which appeals only to the interests of a people, and has no hold on its love. The facility, indeed, with which successful military chiefs often put down a turbulent democracy, has its ground not only in the love of social quiet, which that form of government, except in certain rare cases, fails to satisfy, but also in that utter void which it leaves in the affections of men. But as it is only a shallow rationalistic philosophy which could pretend that the feelings and the imagination were with the advances of civilisation to be cast aside, it follows that that form of polity, which best corresponds to these faculties, will not be superseded, but rather developed and consolidated, in the social progress of mankind. And we are the more warranted in drawing this conclusion, as reason recognises in monarchy—the temperate monarchy—the form of government which best satisfies its just claims, as it gratifies the other powers of the human mind.

These preliminary reflections will, we trust, not be deemed out of place in an article devoted to the consideration of France since her last revolution. They may serve to explain some events now passing in that country. For

* See his able pamphlet, "Democracy in France."

how else can we account for the fact, that a return to order is there accompanied with a revival of affection for monarchy; and that the friends of order are, with few exceptions, the friends of royalty? Why else does the people in its agony turn to this form of government as the only one capable of furnishing it with a clue out of the labyrinth of its political difficulties and errors? The people instinctively feel the truth which the force of evidence wrung from one of the fathers of Jacobinism, Robespierre, when he said, "France is a land too large for a republic." The Church most of them know to be the sheet-anchor of their country; but the Church alone cannot suffice for all the temporal wants of a nation.

We shall now address ourselves to the subject before us.

The monarchy of July, amid all its external splendour—its successful diplomacy abroad, and its vigorous repression of faction at home—contained within itself the germs of precocious decay. 1. It was the child of rebellion; it was founded in the anarchic principle of popular sovereignty, and therefore depended for its very existence on the caprice of the majority of the people, or rather of the factions that usurp and abuse the name of that majority. It wanted the sanctity of hereditary right; it wanted the "divinity that hedges in the rightful king;"* and thus was unable to command feelings of ardent affection and self-devoting loyalty even from its own partisans. Hence the Orleanists, though perhaps superior to the Legitimists in wealth and numbers, were, from the cause adverted to, unequal to them in that true moral strength, which no motives of self-interest, but high enthusiastic love can alone insure.

2. But the royalty of July might have atoned in some measure for the sin of its origin, had it honestly fulfilled its solemn engagements to the Church. The freedom of the Church, and freedom of education, were guaranteed by the Charter of 1830. Had this promise been redeemed, not only would the Legitimist opposition have been neutralized, and a large and growing number of French Catholics from all ranks of society have for ever rallied

* This the revolutionists seemed to feel; for though they hated the elder line of Bourbons more intensely than the younger, still they made much fewer attempts on the lives of the former than on those of Louis Philippe and his sons.

round the new dynasty ; but the foundations of the social edifice would have been strengthened, and the blessing of heaven called down on the new order of things. If under the critical circumstances in which France was placed, the Orleans monarchy, raised up as it had been by the revolutionary party, found it difficult to show favour to the Church, still nothing could prevent it from according to her the boon of liberty.

3. This policy of the new government naturally invigorated the Legitimist opposition. And how formidable was this opposition we may infer from the fact, that the Legitimist party includes in its ranks the largest landed proprietors—the remnant of the old French aristocracy—as well as the peasantry and lower orders of the western provinces, and a considerable portion of the southern population ; and that, moreover, powerful as it is in wealth and numbers, it derives additional strength from its devotion to the Church, and from its constituting, in the provinces especially, the nucleus of the Catholic party. But the policy pursued by the Orleans government towards the Church, forced this party—by every motive human and divine—by a sense of religious duty, as well as of political interest and affection, to unfurl the banner of opposition.

4. But if this government failed to satisfy the just claims of the Catholic and the Legitimist parties, it had to encounter the fiercest resistance on the part of the Republicans. The revolutionary origin of the monarchy of July, as well as its recognition of the principle of popular sovereignty, gave to the Republicans, in despite of their inferiority of numbers, and their anarchic doctrines, a decided advantage in the struggle. In their conflicts with that monarchy, they had less the bearing of rebels resisting lawful authority, than of rivals who deemed themselves dispossessed of their rightful heritage. Hence under the Orleans government this faction attained to an organization, and displayed an audacity and violence, such as it had never exhibited during the restoration. Plot succeeded plot, one attempt at regicide followed upon another, till at last, in a sudden revolt, the royalty of July was submerged, and the anarchic party, borne on the waves of popular tumult, grasped the helm of power.

5. But with such numerous and various enemies to contend with, what resources could the new royalty reckon on ? Its chief supporters were among the middle classes,

including a vast number of all ranks wearied of change, and hostile to anarchy. But these adherents, as we said above, were animated either by motives of self-interest, or by a sense of political expediency, rather than inspired with those feelings of devoted enthusiastic loyalty, which form the true enduring strength of monarchies. A royalty thus void of deep roots in the affections of any class, backed by no great historical recollections, unsustained by personal glory, was guarded by no hereditary peerage against the encroachments of democracy. The upper house, without the rights of hereditary descent, composed in great part of government officials, bereft of the heads of the noblest families in France, who either voluntarily or by compulsion had quitted it, was calculated rather to irritate than check the republican party. Nor was this defect supplied by a close union with the Church, which, robbed of her just liberties, regarded the government, and was regarded by it in turn, with jealousy and distrust. The Church had no direct political power; she enjoyed no honours, possessed no landed property; and though the moral influence, which in despite of restrictive laws she still retained, was considerable, yet was that influence chiefly confined to the portion of the population least favourably affected to the monarchy of July.

The chamber of deputies, though in its great majority ever attached to the government of 1830, would perhaps have proved a more efficient support to that monarchy, had the elective constituency been of a broader construction. In this constituency the middle classes had the decided preponderance; the classes, to wit, which are precisely the most importunate and clamorous in their demands for places and pensions, and that consequently render the governments dependant on them almost perforce corrupt. As these classes contain some of the most profligate men in France, and as their attachment to the monarchy of July was grounded in great measure on motives of self-interest only, the government of Louis Philippe was compelled to purchase their services by pensions and dignities. And this fact, as well as the conduct of these functionaries, often brought dishonour on their employers. Even M. Guizot, though himself a man of stainless honour, as well as of consummate talent, went latterly, we are told, on the wrong principle of selecting officials more from their character of worldly shrewdness,

and even cunning, than from a reputation for integrity. Of Louis Philippe we must in justice say, that his position was one of extreme difficulty; that though in the later years of his reign especially, he might, we think, have redeemed the pledge of 1830 in regard to the Church and to education, still we must not forget the formidable obstacles he had to encounter; and that where his hands were freer, as, for instance, in the matter of ecclesiastical patronage and episcopal nomination, he displayed not only considerable judgment, but great rectitude of purpose.

But if such were the outward political state of society during this monarch's reign, what was its inward moral condition? During those memorable eighteen years which it lasted, the Church, as we showed on a former occasion,* had been slowly gathering up her strength, as if in anticipation of the coming storm. The clergy, equally exemplary for its virtues as under the restoration, now multiplied its institutions, and added to its stores of sacred and profane science. The old nobility, that since the bloody expiation they had gone through in the first great revolution, had evinced the most sincere attachment for the Church, now removed from court, devoted their exclusive energies to the cultivation of religious and political literature, or to the increase and improvement of their family estates, and to the cherishing of friendly relations with their neighbours and tenantry. Numbers from the middle classes, and the liberal professions and learned bodies now rallied round the Church; and many political liberals, once so hostile to religion, renounced their prejudices, and sometimes even became its devoted adherents.

In this reign, however, public education in all departments, whether high or low, became still more corrupt, and the lower orders sank even deeper in vice and impiety. It is worthy of remark, that in France in the last century, where the schools were generally religious and the literature anti-christian, youths were brought up in sentiments of religion, but corrupted in later life; whereas, in the present age, the youth is generally perverted in the school, but the man, in consequence of the more religious tone in the upper ranks, and the sounder character of a large portion of the literature, is not unfrequently brought back to the fold of Christ.

* See the Article, "Religious and Social State of France," January, 1844.

If, as we said, in the reign of Louis Philippe, the Church, in despite of her stern bondage, made considerable progress, irreligion also made fearful advances. The old atheism of the eighteenth century was entirely worn out, and a pantheism, more or less gross, was substituted in its stead. As the purely negative atheism of 1793 had overturned religion without attempting to establish anything in its room, the new pantheism sought on the ruins of all moral and social order to realize its own extravagant theories. From the year 1830, when the monarchy of July sprang into being, down to that of 1848, when it was overturned, we see this fanatical sect busily at work. The theories of the Saint Simonians, of the Fourierists, Pierre Leroux, and Considérant, were successive applications of the doctrines of Pantheism to social order. Hence arose the hideous sects of Socialism.

As in the Church of Christ every dogma and institution must be successively assailed by heresy, in order that their divine truth may be tested and rendered more manifest unto men, so it is in society. The bloody atheism of 1792, after having overthrown the altars of religion, massacred her ministers, and sought to erase even her very name from the hearts of men, turned its rage against a royalty of fourteen hundred years, and all its thousand traditions, recollections, and affections; and against the aristocracy, which was bound up with the Church and the throne, and whose roots were intertwined with the nation's history. But before the work of social havoc could be consummated, it was arrested by the arm of an energetic soldier. The anarchic phantasy of Babœuf remained unrealized, and amid the moral convulsion, the family,—that last pillar of the social edifice,—together with its pediment, property, was still seen standing.

The time was now come when those parts of the moral and social edifice that had escaped the first revolutionary storm, were now to encounter the rage of angry elements, and thereby to evince their divine strength and endurance. The great enemy of mankind,—“that murderer from the beginning,”—who is ever lying in ambush for his prey, seeing that his efforts against the Church of Christ were unavailing, turned his assaults against the foundation whereon that Church and all human society depends. If some sects of Socialists openly professed pantheism, and with it the annihilation of all religion, others put forward

a more modest deism, and proffered full toleration to the Catholic Church. They flattered themselves, that under this specious disguise of tolerance, they would better achieve their nefarious purpose of introducing universal anarchy by the destruction of property, and universal demoralization by the dissolution of the nuptial tie, and the establishment of promiscuous concubinage.

There were other Jacobin writers, unconnected with the Socialists, (like a once illustrious, but now fallen ecclesiastic,) whose later writings have tended to mislead the minds, and embitter the feelings of the lower classes against their superiors in station.

Such was the condition of French society when the storm of February burst over it. That storm had, indeed, been anticipated, and even foretold by not a few, who knew that righteousness was the only sure foundation of thrones. But how it came unawares on all those selfish voluptuaries, who imagined that society was framed only to minister to their own sensual indulgences! How it took by surprise all those arrogant speculatists who thought they could build the city up without God! How must the citizen monarch at that dread hour have felt himself in more "than the solitude of kings!" How could he fall back upon the Church, whose most equitable rights he had helped to withhold; or on the ancient nobility, with whom he had so long warred; or on the lower orders, who had been taught by the constitution that they were virtually the sovereigns, as all power emanated, according to that document, from the people; or even on the middle classes, that had raised him to the throne, and were bound to him by no other link than the fragile tie of temporary expediency?

Our readers are too well acquainted with this recent and too memorable history, to require from us a detail of facts. Abuses and corruptions there undoubtedly were under the late government, but such only as were the natural, and almost necessary result of the position of Louis Philippe, as well as of the state of French society. Still less were those abuses such as to justify a revolution in order to put them aside. The cry of Parliamentary Reform had been artfully raised from one extremity of France to the other, by the Radical party; and in this cry the leaders of the Liberal Opposition, called Dynastic, more perhaps from ambition than conviction, had joined.

The Opposition insisted on holding political banquets in despite of the government; the latter called forth a large array of military force; many of the National Guards on service allowed themselves to be carried away by the cry for Reform; and even common workmen, disguised in the uniform of National Guardsmen, stole into their ranks. The Dynastic Liberals, after having by the most inflammatory speeches in Parliament, enkindled a popular conflagration, sneaked away in the moment of danger, and withdrew from all participation in the political banquets. But the Radical party could not let an opportunity so favourable to their designs pass by, and turned this popular agitation to account. A formidable insurrection was organized throughout France; many of the National Guards, believing the movement was for Reform, and not for Revolution, were foolish enough to be led away by it; the popular exasperation was artfully fomented by the carrying about of dead bodies of men and women, slain by the soldiers in self-defence; a portion of the National Guards wavered in their fidelity; and the troops of the line at last yielded to the bad example set them by the civic force. The result is known. In despite of two successive changes of administration, and his own abdication in favour of his grandson, Louis Philippe was unable to preserve the monarchy. The right of the young Count of Paris to the throne was, notwithstanding the courageous conduct of his mother, set aside by the legislature, shorn of the greater part of its members, and bearded and coerced by the Republican faction, and its armed satellites. The Republic was formally proclaimed, and the royal family expelled from its palace under circumstances of unexampled ignominy.

The writers of the journal "*Le National*," were chiefly instrumental in bringing about this revolution of February; but their very success surprised and embarrassed them. They found formidable allies, on whose co-operation they had not reckoned; and so in the very infancy of this republic, we see opposite and conflicting elements and tendencies. Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, and Louis Blanc, were the leaders of three opposite parties, that divided the young republic. Of Lamartine, we confess, we find it difficult to speak with patience. When we consider the great gifts, spiritual and temporal, which this man had received, the high religious tone of his youthful poetry,—

when we bear in mind that he had enjoyed the friendship of illustrious Christian philosophers, like a De Bonald and a Count Maistre, and then see how, in his maturer years, he has prostituted all those great gifts, and cast all the fruit of those glorious opportunities away,—how the once loyal, chivalrous, and religious bard has proved false to his God, to his king, and to society, and all this so much from overweening vanity and love of notoriety, we are inclined to feel more indignation than sorrow. The deep-feeling poet, whose soft-stringed lyre once so well responded to the divine harmonies of religion, has now condescended to retail a vapid, puling pantheism.* The loyalist, who erst sang the misfortunes of dethroned royalty, is become a political incendiary, joining with the meanest and most reprobate of men in the work of social destruction. We deny not to Lamartine the possession of good qualities of heart, but it is precisely those qualities which render us more impatient with him than with such a thorough-going Jacobin as Ledru Rollin.

It was Lamartine who first talked of tearing up the map of Europe; who, in his history of the "Girondins" had, with a sophistical eloquence, first palliated the crimes of Robespierre, and the monstrous aberrations of 1793, and had the effrontery to throw ridicule on the martyr-king himself. It is true that, when raised to power, he afterwards endeavoured to allay the storm which he had helped to raise; but he would have done well to remember the words of a great writer: "Woe to those who trifle with the passions of the people; it is like playing with the hidden powers of nature."

If the nobler and more generous qualities of Lamartine prevented him from realizing those destructive theories, which, in a spirit of wanton speculation, he had thrown out, his colleague, Ledru Rollin, was under the control of no such feelings. What this violent reckless demagogue is capable of, the reader who remembers his atrocious and convention-like circulars of last year, as well as the profligate commissaries whom he sent out into the provinces, to corrupt and intimidate the electors, cannot fail to discern. He headed the Jacobin portion of the Provisional Govern-

* Whenever Lamartine attempts to speak of religion and politics, he utters the most arrant nonsense that it is possible to conceive. He perpetually mistakes a metaphor for a syllogism.

ment; intrigued incessantly against his more moderate colleagues; was in secret understanding with the most atrocious leaders of the clubs; and even, contrary to the solemn pledges of the government, and the wishes of the majority of its members, secretly abetted a revolutionary expedition against a neighbouring state.* His subsequent conduct has revealed his character and principles in their true light. Though no believer in the follies of Socialism, he has joined the party from motives of ambition, and declaims with violence against what he is pleased to call "the infamy of capital." After having for a year convulsed France by his revolutionary harangues in parliament and in public meetings, he has at last dragged his party into open rebellion, and fortunately, defeated in his designs, has been compelled to flee a country which he had brought to the very verge of destruction.

The third of this triumvirate, Louis Blanc, was in many respects the most dangerous of all; for he aimed not only at the subversion of government, but at the overthrow of all society. He had previously indulged in violent declamations against property, and in invectives against the bourgeoisie, and now demeaned himself as if he conceived he were a prophet deputed by Heaven for the deliverance of the Fourth Estate. In the meetings of the Luxembourg, the minds of the workmen were perverted, and their passions heated by the wildest and most culpable theories. The national workshops, founded either at the suggestion of Louis Blanc, or of his friends, by enticing artisans away with the lure of higher wages and shorter work, had the effect of ruining many establishments of private industry, already shaken to their foundations by the shock of a violent revolution, as well as by the spread of Communistic doctrines. In these workshops, where the artisans learned to know their numbers and discipline their forces, was formed the nucleus of that insurgent army, which in the disastrous days of June filled Paris with desolation and bloodshed.

These were the leaders of the three parties represented in the Provisional Government. But though M. de Lamartine and the more moderate of the Republicans had for a time the upper hand, yet was it easy to foresee that they could not dam up the revolutionary torrent which

* The expedition of "Risquons-tout" against the Belgian government.

they had let loose ; and that their more violent, but more consistent colleagues could not fail, for a time at least, to carry their designs through.

It is needless to recount to the reader the sad tale of 1848. He knows that, in the first outbreak of the February revolution, there were comparatively few popular excesses ; the fire glowed only with intenser heat beneath the embers. Soon were the most subversive doctrines proclaimed in the press, and from the tribune, and indirectly supported by a portion of the government ; soon did the clubs exercise their terrorism over the capital and the provinces ; soon did atrocious proclamations, worthy of 1792, spread dismay through France ; soon was class arrayed against class ; soon did Socialism rear its hideous crest, striving to pluck up the three main pillars of human society,—religion, marriage, and property ; till at last France, with a sunken revenue, an almost annihilated commerce, a famished population, a degraded army, a divided government, presented the awful spectacle of divine chastisement reserved for a people, that had for a hundred years turned its back upon its God, and for sixty years trampled under foot the eternal laws of social order.

If in 1791 the aristocracy of France, from the example of irreligion and licentiousness set by many of its members, from the neglect of their tenantry and forgetfulness of their duties towards God and man, received so severe a retribution from Divine Justice, so now, (as the prescient genius of Count Maistre had foretold thirty years ago,) the day of reckoning had come for that selfish, arrogant, godless portion of the middle class, which had so long revelled on the spoils of nobility. The nobles had been overthrown and proscribed by the bourgeoisie, whom, either by doctrine or example, they had helped to debauch. Now, in its turn, was that bourgeoisie to be trampled down by a lawless populace, from whose minds they had sedulously striven, for sixty years, to efface every vestige of religion, and every sentiment of loyalty. A permanent ascendancy this new Fourth Estate could at no time, and under no circumstances maintain, still less at the present time, when it strove to realize the impracticable theories of Communism. The elevation of these proletarii would be the certain prelude to their downfall ; for their triumph would be the very destruction of human society. Thus was the great revolution of 1789 destined by Divine Provi-

dence to convulse and disarrange successively every stratum of human society ; till each class, humbled one by the other, should bow down before the common Chastener, repent its transgressions, acknowledge God alone to be great and unchangeable, God alone mighty enough to refix society on its true foundations.

The parliament, gathered together in a hurry, amid the general panic of a revolution, and under the terrorism of Ledru Rollin's commissaries, was composed in great part of new, untried men ; the Red Republicans, or Jacobins and Socialists, mustered in a strong minority ; the more moderate Republicans formed indeed the majority, but were disunited ; the real Conservatives were not strong in numbers ; and a tolerable number of waverers, giving their votes alternately to the cause of order or of anarchy, lent an unsteady, vacillating character to the proceedings of the whole assembly. This assembly, however, such as it was, was too conservative to satisfy the men of destruction. The clubs determined on bringing about the dissolution of the legislature ; and hence the half-tragic, half-comic occurrence of the 15th of May, last year, which must be too fresh in the reader's mind to require any detailed notice here. This audacious outrage on the National Assembly, which was the result of an understanding between the leading clubbists and many of the agents of public authority, evinced, perhaps more than anything else, the state of utter weakness and distraction in the French government. In the first French revolution, there was a tragic grandeur of crime that inspired a certain amazement, mixed with horror ; but in this abortion of February, there is something indescribably mean, ludicrous, and contemptible in the pretentious, ignorant, fanatical, and often reprobate creatures, "drest up in a little brief authority," that strutted and fretted for a moment on the stage. We seem to dream when we remember that the most important affairs of the most influential country in Europe were intrusted to shallow incapables like a Bastide and a Volabelle ; to arrogant and fanatical charlatans, like a Louis Blanc and an Albert ; or to men of low vulgar cunning, like a Sobrier and Caussidière.

The leaders in the criminal attempt of the 15th of May, were, indeed, apprehended and confined ; and it is only just to say, that on this occasion M. de Lamartine displayed considerable courage and resolution ; but the

wretched, rickety, and disjointed thing, misnamed the government, was incapable of sustaining for a week the cause of social order. At length the long pent-up torrent of revolution burst through its flood-gates, and threatened to sweep down for a time all the dams and bulwarks of civilised life. For four days was the affrighted capital in a state of anguish; the legions of destruction, which had inscribed on their red banners "Rape and Pillage," intrenched themselves behind formidable barricades; blood flowed in torrents; five general officers were killed or severely wounded; the most insolent proposals were made to the legislature; and the triumph of order seemed still uncertain, till the prayers and the blood of an illustrious Archbishop appeased the wrath of Heaven against the guilty city. The triumph of General Cavaignac over the rebels of June, was one of the most signal graces ever vouchsafed to France, and to Europe. For had those insurgents obtained but a momentary triumph, what direful scenes of havoc and desolation would have occurred, not only at Paris, Lyons, and other chief cities of France, but at Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, perhaps even at Milan and Naples, at a time when the German and Italian governments were in a state of utter disorganization! This victory of General Cavaignac's was the first blow given to the February revolution,—the revolution of the proletariat, and one from which it has never since rallied. Its effects were felt in every corner of Europe; for it dispelled the fatal illusion of popular omnipotence, before which the statesmen and sovereigns of Europe were quailing. The members of the Provisional Government, from the coxcombical Lamartine down to the desperate, tyrannical Ledru Rollin, who had all more or less winked at, or pandered to anarchy, were cast aside by aroused and indignant France; and the National Guards, who from all points had flown to the succour of the capital, declared, on returning to their homes, that they felt only one regret, namely, that they should still leave the republic behind them.

But while the conspirators against human society were, by violent harangues and popular tumults, by secret plots and open insurrections, labouring to accomplish their nefarious designs, what was the course pursued by the friends of order? Soon after the revolution of February, when all the pillars of the social edifice seemed tottering to their

base, men of the most opposite political parties, rushed by a spontaneous instinct to sustain its quaking walls. The four leading parties in the late reign that were so often marshalled against each other in fierce conflict,—the Legitimists, the Free-Church party, the Conservative Orleanists, the Dynastic or Orleanist Liberals, severally represented by the distinguished names of Berryer, Montalembert, Molé, and Thiers, were now (O happy omen!) joined together in a common league for defending the most sacred interests of humanity. Under the auspices of these statesmen, the association of the Rue de Poitiers, composed of the parliamentary members of the above-named political parties, was formed, and has ever since exerted a no less decided than happy influence on the course of public events. Not only in defence of the mighty interests of religion, property, and the family, are these parties united against the Socialists, but on the more debateable questions of freedom of the Church, and freedom of education; the parties once most hostile to religion are disposed to make the most equitable terms. What a great change has come over the mind of M. Thiers we had occasion to notice in a former article. His public declarations show that he is prepared to make the most liberal concessions to the demands of the Church of France; and we believe we may assert with confidence that he will go the full length in carrying out the views of Count Montalembert, in respect to ecclesiastical and educational freedom. There is no reason to suppose that his followers, over whom he exercises so much influence, will be more backward in their advocacy of these great measures, since some of them are members, and all supporters of an administration pledged to carry them through. The altered tone, too, in the organs of the old Liberal Opposition, such as the *Constitutionnel*, the *Courrier Franco*is, and the able periodical, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, in all that relates to religion and her ministers, is not one of the least remarkable results of the February revolution.*

But besides these momentous questions of freedom of the Church and freedom of education, whose imperious necessity has pressed itself on the minds of men, hitherto

* The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has, in its recent numbers, frequently enforced the necessity of a freer and more religious system of education in France.

the most hostile or indifferent to religion, there was another topic, second only in importance to these, which warmly agitated the provinces. This was the question of their emancipation from the administrative despotism of the capital, that bound down and fettered all their movements, kept them in a state of perpetual insecurity, as well as bondage, and ever and anon drew them down into the vortex of its periodical but ruinous revolutions. Soon after the February revolution, there were in the different departments public meetings held, numerous attended, and presided over by large land-owners, and eminent political characters. In these, amid general applause, the boldest language was uttered against the centralizing domination of the metropolis, and the most energetic resolutions for bringing about the administrative enfranchisement of the provinces were agreed to. Shortly after, the editors of all the Legitimist journals in Paris, as well as in the provinces, had a public conference, in which they came to the determination of strenuously insisting on freedom for the Church, freedom for education, freedom for religious association, freedom for the press, and lastly, the decentralization of the provinces, or full liberty secured to the commune and the municipality for the administration of their own local concerns.*

On the immense advantages which would result to religion and to society from the adoption of these measures, it is surely unnecessary to enlarge. First, as to the liberty of the Church. If, in the age of Louis XIV., when the court and parliaments, as well as the people, were still so deeply impressed with the truth of the Catholic religion, the restrictions then imposed on ecclesiastical liberty, proved so hurtful to the best interests of religion, what calamitous consequences in the altered condition of France, must not ensue from the servitude of her Church! When the government is often so hostile, almost always indifferent, to religion, when impiety and licentiousness are so widely spread through all ranks, when irreligion, by means of the press and of secret societies, has such for-

* We are glad to see that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives its powerful support to the advocates for provincial enfranchisement. The *Journal des Debats*, on the other hand, the old organ of the Bureaucracy, unconverted by the direful events of 1848, still doubts the expediency of the measure!

midable instruments for propagating its tenets, it is more than ever necessary for the Catholic Church to have free, unimpeded intercourse with its Head; for the Bishops to confer together in synods, and to possess the power of condemning in council doctrinal errors, framing disciplinary regulations, and founding or encouraging such institutions of devotion or charity, as the wants and circumstances of the time may require.

It is surely needless, too, to point out the blessing of freedom of education to the Church in a country, where for forty years impiety has enjoyed a perfect monopoly of teaching. Liberty of education once established, the Catholic schools, founded by the secular and regular clergy, would multiply on every side; most of the bad schools would be abandoned, for even parents indifferent to religion would not send their children to such institutions. More especially at the present time, when, partly from conviction, partly from interest, such a salutary religious reaction has occurred among the middle classes, we should see such sound educational establishments patronized even by those who were formerly their most bitter opponents. The same remark will apply to the religious orders of men; these doubtless, so soon as they shall obtain from the legislature the promised boon of liberty, will spread with the same rapidity, and be productive of the same abundant blessings, as the long tolerated communities of women.

But if on these points there can be no difference of opinion among well-thinking Catholics, there is another matter needing more careful examination in its moral and political bearings: we mean the subject of provincial de-centralization,—the emancipation of the commune and the municipality from the control of the metropolis.

First, as to its political bearings. What can be conceived more adverse to freedom than a system which excludes the province, the city, and the commune, from the management of their own affairs; which will not permit a hospital to be built, a bridge to be constructed, or a by-road to be cut, without the sanction of a board sitting at the distance of many hundred leagues? How under such a system can the practical skill and judgment of the citizen be called forth and developed? And how, without the useful training furnished by the administration of provincial and municipal concerns, can he be qualified for the

exercise of political rights? Must not the elector, so unpractised, so inexperienced in affairs, become too often a mere passive tool of the government functionaries for the time being; or on the other hand, of the emissaries of revolutionary societies? All the local influences, so necessary for the guidance of political opinion—the advice and the example of the clergyman and the magistrate, the nobleman and the landed proprietor—are enfeebled by this system; it cramps the activity of the will, as it arrests the exercise of the mental faculties. In peaceful and ordinary times, it is calculated to engender a spirit of passive acquiescence in all acts of government; and in periods of political commotion, a sort of helpless, inert, imbecility.

On commerce and industry, literature and science, the system of centralization exerts an influence equally pernicious. How many plans of local improvement may be carried out—how many institutions for the encouragement of agriculture, trade, and manufacture may be set on foot, or promoted by provincial and municipal authorities, and even by private enterprise, which are utterly beyond the scope and capability of a central Government, overburthened with occupation, and distracted by such various cares.

The arts and sciences, too, require local encouragement, local establishments, local patrons, unless we wish to see, as in France since the Revolution of 1789, intellectual languor and inertness in the Provinces, and an overweening literary excitement in the Capital.

It may be objected, that within the last sixty years France has made considerable progress in husbandry and manufactures, arts and letters. In answer to this objection we must observe, that the partition of landed property which occurred in the great Revolution, by creating a new race of proprietors, gave no doubt for a time a strong impulse to agriculture. But how fatal such a partition of property, by annihilating the class of large landowners, is not only to the political stability of a state, but to its material prosperity also, inasmuch as it prevents the accumulation of capital so necessary for the promotion of agriculture, trade, and manufactures, the experience of the last sixty years in France may suffice to show. The progress which that country has made in some branches of industry, is owing to the rivalry of other nations, and the general spirit of the age; but her ancient manufactures have not been surpassed in solidity or brilliancy. Her maritime

commerce was greater in the eighteenth century, than at the present day. The trade carried on formerly between Marseilles and the Levant, and between Bordeaux and the West India Colonies, exceeded, in the magnitude of its operations, the commercial transactions of France since her first Revolution.

Science and literature in that country have, doubtless, felt the mighty concussion, which the great catastrophe of 1789 gave to the European mind. Accordingly in Theology and Philosophy, the Belles Lettres, and the Natural Sciences, we see a certain number of eminent spirits far superior to any that France can exhibit in the last century. She had then no philosophers and theologians to compare with Count Maistre, M. de Bonald, the Abbé de la Mennais (before his fall,) the Pères Lacordaire and Ravignan—no writers like Chateaubriand and Montalembert—no philologists like Sylvestre de Sacy, and Abel Rémusat—no savans like Cuvier, and Cauchy. But although the eighteenth century was one of intellectual decline when compared with the preceding age, still the clergy, nobility, and magistracy of that period, were, as bodies, better educated than their successors at the present day.

It was acknowledged by M. Salvandy, the minister of Public Instruction, a few years ago, that the number of French Colleges and Institutes for affording a liberal education, was, irrespective of the population, considerably greater in the last century than in the present age. The fact is, that knowledge was then more generally diffused; and if the Capital possessed less literary excitement and activity, there was far more intellectual culture and refinement in the Provinces.*

If now we look at this system of centralization under its moral aspect, we shall find its results equally pernicious.

* We were twenty years ago in a provincial city of France, possessing a population of twenty thousand souls. There was not any large bookseller's shop in it; nothing but the most ordinary publications were on sale; and before any valuable work could be procured from Paris, many months must have elapsed. Yet this was the capital of a province, and before the revolution of 1789, it possessed not only a parliament, but states general of its own. It is quite common to hear the provincials say: "In the provinces we know nothing." Of late years, however, a spirit of intellectual activity has there shown itself.

cious. Can any thing be considered more disastrous, than that a Capital, so long a stronghold of impiety and revolutionary principles, should be allowed to exercise so great a control over the Provinces? For *political power* necessarily insures *moral influence*. When all offices of Government are centred in the metropolis,—when all Boards of Provincial administration must receive all, even the minutest, directions from that quarter, it is only to be expected that in taste, opinion, manners, and doctrine, the Capital should be found to give the tone to the country. Accordingly we see that under the Restoration, and the monarchy of July, the revolutionary party ever made Paris the centre of its operations; there its leading Journals were established; thence issued the mandates of its secret societies; and thence also, in all periods of agitation, were the watch-words of rebellion given.

Destroy this system of centralization—restore freedom to the municipality and the commune, and you restore at once the local and legitimate influences of rank, property, education, spiritual counsel, and municipal control in all political transactions. The spell of the demagogue is dissolved—the stern severe discipline of the secret society is broken up,—and the clergyman and the magistrate, the landowner and the master manufacturer, can more easily obtain a hearing on political topics from the lower orders.

Thus in every point of view, moral, intellectual, and political, is the system of administrative centralization productive of the most fatal results. It deprives the Provinces of their sense of independence, and thereby renders them more obnoxious to the evil influences of the Capital;—it facilitates the success of revolutionary propagandism; renders the citizen void of that political skill and forethought which self-government insures, and engenders by turns a spirit of servitude and of anarchy.

Let us now return to the history of events. The Government of Cavaignac was a transition from a state of anarchy to one of comparative quiet. When the insurrection of June was put down—one of the bloodiest in the long and bloody drama of the French Revolution—the state of siege, amid the loud applause of the National Guard, was proclaimed at Paris. Military tribunals were forthwith erected for judging the delinquents; those guilty of murder were reserved for the civil courts; the leaders and chief instigators of rebellion were, after sentence, transported to

the colonies, and the less guilty condemned to temporary confinement, or graced with amnesty. But the policy of the General continued weak and wavering. He would not take up his ground on the side of Conservatism, but flattered and irritated by turns the revolutionary spirit, following herein the suggestions of the Coterie of the "National," which, though it will not push its principles to an atheistic communism, still holds in their utmost latitude all the fatal doctrines of 1792. If this party does not, with the Socialists, demand the extirpation of all Religion, the spoliation of the wealthy, the promiscuous concubinage of the sexes, the uprooting of all the fences and land-marks of social life; yet it exhibits, in most of its members at least, the same enmity to the Church and her ministers, the same levelling spirit, the same attitude of aggressive hostility towards the European monarchies, in a word, the same arrogant fanatical Republicanism, which distinguished its predecessors of 1792. Whether it will or not, *moderate Jacobinism must end in Socialism*. The eyes of the lower orders have in this respect been opened, and without the prospect of a division of plunder, they will not risk their lives in the cause of Revolution. They will no longer spill their blood for the aggrandizement of a few ambitious demagogues, pettifogging attorneys, or ranting journalists. They eagerly insist on a repartition of property—on a resettlement of society, in order the better to secure their own share in the spoils of victory. Hence these *moderate Republicans*, as they style themselves, have been pushed aside by the stream of events; they have been defeated, nay, almost annihilated in the elections, and as a necessary consequence, have been driven from office, driven from the Legislature, less by their own personal incompetence, than by the utter inadequacy of their political doctrines to the crisis of affairs.* In this party there are honourable men, such as General Cavaignac himself, and M. Bastide, the latter of whom is said to be a sincere practical Catholic.

This party it was that brought into existence the new Republican Constitution:—a puny, sickly, rickety, ill-fa-

* As a proof of the tendency of this modern Girondism to terminate in Socialism, we may observe that the organ of this party, the *National*, has, since the defeat of its friends in the elections, hoisted the red flag.

voured thing, which the parents themselves were tempted to disown. Yes, we verily doubt whether the authors of this Constitution believe in its durability. What can be expected from a Republic founded on universal suffrage, unsupported by a Senate or Upper House, unlinked with any system of Provincial confederation, recognizing no orders or corporations, proscribing not only the political rights, but the very titles of nobility, and running counter to all the manners, customs, and traditions of the nation? On the danger and absurdity of such a system it is the less necessary to enlarge, as these points were fully discussed in a former article.*

Two good articles in this constitution, those respecting the freedom of the Church, and the freedom of education, tend to redeem in some degree its other absurd and dangerous enactments. These stipulations are not, we think, destined to remain a dead letter, like the similar ones in the charter of 1830.

The election of Prince Louis Buonaparte to the Presidency on the 10th of December of last year, put an end to that sad state of suspense and anxiety which France had so long been kept in. The Prince hitherto known only as an obscure political adventurer, apparently not overburthened with discretion, shone out now on his elevation to the Presidency as a man of sound principles, clear strong sense, and straight-forward character. Never perhaps in history was there an example of such a successful popular election. This success is to be ascribed not only to the veneration in which the name of the great Napoleon is held, but still more to that thirst, that longing after social quiet felt by the great majority of Frenchmen. It is, however, not to be denied, that the notion of the Prince's enormous wealth, with which the common people were possessed, and which it was hoped would enable him to bring about a considerable reduction in the public taxes, tended to procure him not a few votes from that quarter. In his Manifesto, Prince Louis Buonaparte declared, that after the example of his great uncle, he would, if raised to the Presidency, strive to put down anarchy, and uphold order, maintain peaceful relations with the powers of Europe, defend the temporal sovereignty of the Pontiff, as necessary to his spiritual independence, and carry out the

* See Article entitled "Political State of Germany," July, 1849.

freedom of the church and freedom of education as guaranteed by the constitution. Certainly nothing can be more frank as well as equitable than this declaration; and it must be confessed, that as far as the difficult circumstances which he was placed in would allow, the President has honestly endeavoured to fulfill the pledges of the candidate.

Prince Louis Buonaparte, as we observed in a former article, has consulted and followed the suggestions of the Conservative coalition represented in the Association of the Rue de Poitiers. He has selected his ministers from every shade of conservatism; and the nomination of M. de Falloux—the most Catholic-minded minister France has possessed since Matthieu Duc de Montmorency—to the ministry of public instruction, is an act which Christian France cannot be too thankful for. The ministry had to encounter an opposition, sometimes violent, sometimes insidious, on the part of the late assembly; and they were in consequence often reduced to a negative course of action. But considering the great difficulties which surrounded them on every side, they have curbed and repressed with considerable vigour and skill the secret manœuvres and armed insurrections of the anarchic party. The last elections, indeed, have not turned out so favourable as had been expected; but the fault of the enemy has completely repaired any damage which the cause of order might have thereby sustained. The leaders of the Red Republic have, by an insane rebellion, completely thrown away all the chances of success, which a more cautious policy might have insured; and the consequence has been, that the conservative party, by the flight or imprisonment of so many members of the Mountain, as well as by the more fortunate turn of some elections subsequent to that event, has gained immensely in strength.

The ministers have introduced laws for bettering the condition of the lower classes, and promoting the interests of trade and agriculture. Measures such as these, coupled with the freer spread of religion, and the more vigorous assertion of the law, will, it is trusted, secure the people against the seductions of the socialist levellers. The new Bill on education will, we hope, satisfy the just claims of the long-oppressed Church of France, and of Christian parents. The expedition to Rome, which, whether from the difficulties of the French Cabinet's position in regard

to the late National Assembly, or from the internal conflicts of that Cabinet, bore at first a selfish, equivocal character, is now likely to terminate in the full, unqualified restoration of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope.

Order is solely maintained in France by the co-operation of the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the moderate Buonapartists. The report recently spread that the Orleanists and Buonapartists would form a coalition in order to bring about a marriage between Prince Louis Buonaparte and the Duchess of Orleans, is perfectly absurd. For what would be royalty without legitimacy? And is it possible that the monarchists of July can have so soon forgotten the bitter lesson taught by the February Revolution? Again, any attempt on the part of the President of the Republic to re-establish by a Coup d'Etat the imperial despotism of his great uncle, would be equally fruitless. In the first place, such an attempt is likely to find few supporters out of the army; and secondly, such a despotism depends *on the personal merit and military glory* of the founder, is from its nature little compatible with a regular state of society, and consequently is not lasting.* Such a system, far from offering any guarantee to the friends of order, would shock and wound too many feelings, opinions, interests, and institutions in the country, would leave the great political problems unsolved, and after a momentary compression of anarchy, bring it back again with tenfold violence. The good sense and sound principles which Prince Louis Buonaparte, since his accession to the Presidency, has manifested, forbid us to entertain any suspicions of this kind. Equally monstrous is the opinion that the Legitimist party, or the great majority of it, (for of course we cannot answer for some

* The military despotism of Cromwell and Napoleon perished with themselves. If the first Cæsar, who subverted the constitution of his country, was followed by descendants who established for a time a dynasty, that dynasty sprang out of revolutionary principles, served to perpetuate them, and at last gave place to governments equally revolutionary. Doubtless, if France is to perish, she will be oppressed by an alternation of anarchic republics and military tyrannies. But if she is to be saved, she can be saved not only by a return to the Church, but by a return to legitimate, free, temperate, well-regulated monarchy.

hot-headed individuals), would league with the Mountain and Socialist party for the purpose of preventing an Orleanist restoration. Woe to the defenders of human society, if they become divided on questions, important indeed in themselves, but still subordinate to the other vital interests of social order! Monarchy, as we have shown, is necessary for the permanent existence of social order in France, and Legitimacy is indispensable to the consolidation of Monarchy. But unless preceded or accompanied by the perfect reconciliation of the Orleanist and Legitimist parties, the restoration of the rightful monarch would not be established on a secure and lasting basis, nor productive to France of all the promised blessings.

We doubt, however, whether this union of parties, now so auspiciously begun, be yet sufficiently matured to render a restoration at this moment expedient. It is desirable, too, that the important questions respecting the freedom of the church, freedom of education, and provincial emancipation, should be finally settled before the strife and passions necessarily enkindled by a restoration, should arise to mar such an adjustment. And this task we hope to see accomplished by the instrumentality of the parties now happily acting in friendly co-operation, and which are represented by the honoured names of Berryer, Montalembert, Molé, and Thiers. When these preliminary matters shall have been adjusted, when the reconciliation of the two leading parties throughout the country shall have been perfected, then will the acclamations of an exulting people call back from exile the descendant of their ancient kings, and restore him to the heritage of his fathers.

Thus, after sixty years aberration, France returns to the point from which she started. In 1789, notwithstanding all the delusions current at that period, the major part of the French constituency instructed their deputies to reform, but not to destroy their constitution. But those deputies, heedless of their instructions, gave their country not reform, but revolution; and we have witnessed the result. France demanded that the rights and claims of the monarch, the clergy, the nobles, and the commons, should be respectively adjusted and defined. But how were those wishes, those demands responded to, on the part of her revolutionary rulers? Their reply history gives in characters of blood. The nobility robbed of their estates, liberty,

and lives ; religion proscribed, her temples desecrated, her ministers plundered and massacred ; monarchy overthrown, a most virtuous king brought to the scaffold ; honest citizens of every rank marked out as objects of suspicion and hatred ; credit and commerce annihilated ; the bloodiest and most atrocious tyranny which history records, coercing the cowering dumb-struck population ; and famine, pestilence, and foreign war smiting down the miserable multitudes that had escaped the guillotine, or the sword of civil butchery. Nor was this all. After the political edifice had fallen to the earth with a tremendous crash, and the groans of the victims whom it crushed had been followed by a lugubrious silence, all attempts at reconstruction (and the architects have been many and various) have proved ineffectual. No seed cast in that agitated soil has ever germinated ; no plant there put in has ever brought forth fruit or blossom. Constitution after constitution, dynasty after dynasty, has been tried, but all to no purpose. And why ? Because the principles on which those reconstructions were made, were either radically false, or else too one-sided and exclusive. The best result of the February Revolution—one of the most memorable lessons, doubtless, ever given to mankind—has been to prove to all classes their mutual dependance and their necessary subordination. The priest and the magistrate, the noble and the burgess, the artisan and the peasant, now feel, and feel deeply, that they are all members of one body politic, that the destruction of one is the destruction of the other, and that their mutual concord and hearty co-operation are necessary to the well-being of society.

France returns, as we said, to the point from which she started in 1789. But she returns with all the wisdom gathered by experience, and with the altered conditions of existence which the deep memorable Revolutions she has undergone, during that long interval of time, have brought about. The mighty problems she had then to solve come back upon her, and imperiously demand solution. The Church must be rendered free—free with that freedom which her Divine Founder hath bought for her with His own most sacred blood—free in her internal economy—in her relations with her spiritual Head—in the holding of her synods—in the institution of orders and congregations—in the establishment of schools and

colleges of every kind and grade. But she must, withal, be bound in holy wedlock to the state, sanctifying the relations of the state, and receiving in return from the latter that homage which, as is ordained, all divine things must obtain on earth. Royalty, legitimate royalty, must be restored, free, powerful, resting on its own personal responsibility, hallowed by the unction of the church, invested with the halo of ages, not subjected to all the humiliating restraints of the modern representative system, but bound and attempered by a national Parliament, where the three estates are duly represented, and by Provincial and Municipal Corporations, the organs of an everywhere active, energetic body politic. The Nobility—that representative in every country of national traditions, feelings, character, and honour—the Nobility, we say, if the French monarchy is to be saved—if popular liberty is to possess a bulwark of defence, as well as a dike against its excesses—if the great interests of agriculture and trade which best flourish under the shelter of large properties,* and the accumulation of capital, insured by such properties, are to be promoted and encouraged—if refinement of manners and elegance of taste are not to be for ever banished from society—if, in fine, the nation is not to break entirely with its past—then, we say, must the French Nobility be raised from its ruins. The middle classes, that is, the literati, and the monied and commercial men, brought back, like the nobles forty years ago, to the feet of the Church, must no longer arrogate an exclusive predominance in the state, but must be content with that important position to which their wealth, knowledge, talents, and practical energy entitle them. The lower orders, by a sad experience disabused of the false doctrines which had led them astray, seeing the folly and wickedness of that chimerical equality they had sought after, *and which exists not even in heaven*, (for in heaven there is a hierarchy and subordination of intelligence, love, and felicity;) and above all, reformed in newness of mind and heart by the holy influences of religion,—the lower orders, we say, will become again

* This truth, long denied by French liberalism, begins now to be recognized. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has in a recent article ably shown how very beneficial an influence the large landed properties in England have exercised over her foreign and internal commerce.

what they once were, the support and buttress of the social fabric. But in proportion as the spirit of religion pervades French society, the moral and material interests of those classes will be in every way protected and promoted. And with their advancement in religiousness, morality, education, and physical well-being, will their social importance and indirect political influence increase. The foot cannot direct the eye, nor the hand govern the head. It is therefore clear, that those orders of men who are doomed to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, whose subsistence is so precarious, and who have but few moments to improve on that slender stock of knowledge they acquired in youth, ought not to possess the same degree of power with their superiors in station. False, therefore, is any constitution which gives undue weight to these classes, or which practically withdraws them from the influence of those ranks of society that by birth, education, property, leisure, experience, authority, spiritual and temporal, are qualified for forming a judgment on political matters.

The mighty social regeneration whereof we speak must be the work of time; but the beginnings have already been made. The beginnings have been made, when the false doctrines that have given birth to so many political catastrophes are forsworn. The Church had long been winning multitudes back to her fold; and since the February revolution the scales have dropped from many an eye, and even those who have not yet returned to her embraces, are yet willing to concede to her the full measure of her rights. All the false idols of the political revolution must fall to the ground. The sovereignty of God must be substituted for the sovereignty of the people. The reign of might must yield to that of right. All exclusive and one-sided theories, too, must be thrown aside. For those parties who wished to set up royalty without the title of legitimacy, and those who were for excluding aristocracy from their monarchical system, and those who were for establishing democracy with a nominal kingship, and those even who demanded freedom for the Church, yet spurned her connexion with the state—all those parties are now unequal to the great crisis in which their country is involved. For the time has arrived when all the faculties and energies of the social man must be brought into play and harmonious co-operation. The Church and royalty, the aristocracy and the commons,

each preserving its own sphere of action,) must be bound together in the bonds of an indissoluble union.*

* Even the best and most intellectual men may, especially in times of great party-conflict, easily fall into mistakes. Thus the Count de Montalembert—a nobleman who may be held up to Catholics as a model of genius, learning, piety, and zeal—occasionally made, in his otherwise admirable speeches, dangerous concessions to the principles of the revolution. He sometimes used to speak of the glorious revolution of 1789, or of the free and glorious principles of 1791. The context of his speeches, as well as his known religious and political doctrines, forbade a literal interpretation of his words. He merely meant to say that the revolution of 1789 was glorious, inasmuch as it consecrated the principle of parliamentary representation, or, to speak more accurately, revived a principle of the old French constitution that had for two centuries lain dormant. Even the religious toleration, often ostentatiously claimed as a peculiar merit of the revolution, was preceded by the Edict of Nantes in 1598, and the Ordinance of Louis XVI. in 1787, restoring freedom of worship to the Protestants. But how were such loose, equivocal expressions likely to be understood by the people? How were they, in fact, understood by a large portion of Legitimists, in whom they excited suspicion and distrust, and whom they for many years kept aloof from that sacred struggle in behalf of ecclesiastical freedom, whereof the Count Montalembert was the acknowledged leader? Accordingly, it was in perfect keeping with the noble character of this statesman, that, profiting by the lessons of experience, he this year declared at the tribune, that if he repented of one thing in his public career, it was that he had not always sufficiently respected the principle of authority in political matters. In the last years of the July monarchy his language had been more guarded; but he is now all that we could wish him. May his life long be spared by Divine Providence for the defence of the Church, and the salvation of his country!

As to a small knot of French Catholics, who recently made an attempt to engraft revolutionary doctrines on Catholicism, their failure has been so signal, that the less that is said about them the better.

It gives us great pleasure to add, that, amid the storms which have recently convulsed their country, the writers of the *Univers* have not only sustained their old reputation for religious orthodoxy, as well as literary talent, but have evinced a rare political sagacity, and have defended their views with singular prudence, tact, moderation, and courage.

Among the other daily journals of France with which we are acquainted, the *Union* is also for its religious and political principles, as well as for the talent and moderation with which it defends them, deserving of the highest commendation.

ART. V.—*The Island of Cuba : its Resources, Progress, and Prospects, considered in relation especially to the influence of its prosperity on the British and West India Colonies*, by R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.
London : Charles Gilpin ; Dublin, James B. Gilpin, 1849.

THIS is a new work disclosing the horrors of slavery in the island of Cuba, by a man who there, as well as in every part of the world visited by him, has been unceasing in his endeavours to mitigate the miseries endured by slaves, and put an end to that which is the source of such miseries—the Slave Trade.

We have deemed it to be but justice to the author to state at once what was “the moral” of his work ; but we should do him great wrong, if we did not add, that the perusal of his work will prove it to be a valuable collection of facts with respect to the past history, and the present social, statistical, and political condition of Cuba ; as well as a clear exposé of the existing state of the slave trade. Regarded in this view, the work is one deserving of the attention of the politician and the philanthropist. It has been published at a moment when the Court of London and the Cabinet of Washington are trembling with the apprehension of being alike unwillingly involved in war, on account of the Island of Cuba ; for the ministers of both countries are now aware, that in Cuba, as in the United States, a formidable conspiracy has been organised, having for its object the transference of Cuba from the Spanish crown to the American Republic, and this for the purpose of strengthening the slave-holding interest in both places. The fact of such a project being entertained, is only now recognized in England and America ; but it was detected by the author, Dr. Madden, so long ago as the year 1836, and it was then brought by him under the attention of the Colonial Office. Dr. Madden had prepared this work for publication with the intention of demonstrating that such a plan was in contemplation ; and yet, whilst the sheets are passing through the press, the American President issues a proclamation against the enrolment of an armed force to seize upon Cuba, and the *Times* sounds the alarm against its accomplishment ! It rarely happens that an author when labouring to show that an evil is to be apprehended, of which others are unconscious, can issue his work at the

very moment when every day's intelligence demonstrates that his sagacity has been wisely exercised, and that his forethought is proved to be the realisation of events.

In political literature we know of nothing more curious than the following passages in Dr. Madden's book, warning his readers as to what was sure to happen ; and then sending them forth to the world, at a moment when messengers, arriving from a distant quarter of the world, announce that the events so predicted are at that moment occurring.

In quoting these passages the reader will bear in mind that the words *in italics* are so marked by their author, and show the importance attached to them by himself. The world now can judge how significant they are.

"The white people of Cuba having found their commercial interests not only benefited by intimate relations with the Americans, but their slave-owning interests apparently identified with those of the planters of the United States, they encouraged the latter to settle amongst them—suffered not their national prejudices to stand in the way of those interests—nor the ancient exclusive laws and prescriptive ordinances of the country to be raked up for preventing the establishment of foreigners amongst them.

"In 1779, the Spanish Government had so far favoured the North American merchants, exclusively, as to issue a decree authorising them to receive specie in exchange for their produce, in times of scarcity of provisions in Cuba. Of late years, the governors affected to consider this favour of 1779 as an evidence of a settled policy of the State, to give peculiar encouragement, not only to the traders, but to the settlers of the Union in Cuba.

"This indulgence to them was considered a privilege that made naturalisation in their case justifiable, and it has been accorded to them virtually, though not nominally, for many years past.

"A strange state of things arose from this connivance at the laws which forbade the establishment of foreigners in Cuba: as the latter were not supposed by the laws to exist, there were no provisions in them for subjecting strangers to those imposts to which Spanish subjects were liable. Consequently, the American settlers were exempt from a variety of taxes, personal contributions, and other imposts, which the former had to pay.

"This immunity drew great numbers of settlers to Cuba from the Southern States of America, so that some districts on the northern shores of the island, in the vicinity, especially, of Cardenas and Matanzas, have more the character of American than Spanish settlements.

The prosperity of the island has derived no small advantage

from those numerous American establishments. Improved modes of agriculture, of fabrication, of conveyance, were introduced by the Americans. Several railways have been made. In the course of ten years, no less than ten have been carried into effect. At the opening of the first, from Havana to Guines, in 1837, I was present. To American enterprise and energy solely, I have reason to know this great undertaking was indebted. The loan for it was made in England, but the projectors, the share jobbers, the engineer, and the overseers, were Americans. The expense of the Cuban railways, it is said, has not exceeded 17,000 dollars the English mile, in round numbers, £3,400 sterling, while the expense of those of Belgium and Holland is estimated at more than double that amount.

"The substitution in Cuba of the old grinding-mill, rudely constructed of wood, by steam-engine machinery, is also chiefly due to the Americans. To them, therefore, Cuba is indebted for the various improvements in the fabrication of sugar, and modes of conveyance of the produce of its plantations, which enable the proprietors to compete so successfully with those of the English colonies. Cuba, ever since I knew it, has been slowly but steadily becoming Americanised."*

"It is needless for recent political writers of Cuba to deny the existence of a strong feeling of animosity to the mother country, and a longing desire for separation. From my own intimate knowledge of these facts I speak of their existence.

"If England could have been induced, in 1837, to guarantee the island of Cuba from the intervention of any foreign power, the white inhabitants were prepared to throw off the Spanish yoke, to undertake the *bonâ fide* abolition of the slave-trade, and to have passed some measures for the amelioration of slavery. There was then a Spanish army, nominally of 20,000 men (Spaniards), in the island, but the actual number of native Spaniards in it did not exceed 16,000 men. The leading men of the Creoles, or Cuban white people, had then little apprehension of the result of an effort for independence. A liberal allotment of land in the island, for the soldiers who might be disposed to join the Independent party, it was expected, was a prospect which would suffice to gain over the army. The great apprehension that was entertained was of the slaves,—of their taking advantage of the revolution to get rid of all the whites, both Spaniards and Creoles. But the hope of

* "I pestered my superiors with my opinions on this subject in 1836-7-8-9. 'Liberavi animam meam' might be fairly said by me, if the star-spangled banner were floating to-morrow on the Morro-Castle, or flaunting in the breeze at St. Jago de Cuba. In the course of seven years a feeling, strongly prevalent in the colony, in favour of independence, has been changed into a desire for connection with the United States."—*Author's Note.*

obtaining any such guarantee as the one referred to was not likely to be realised, and the apprehension of a rising of the slave population gaining ground the more that time was spent in deliberation, at length all thoughts of independence were merged in considerations of interests that were thought of more immediate importance—those, namely, of life and property.

“Spain is indebted to these considerations, and to these alone, for the retention of the island of Cuba, ever since the period I have referred to.

“It is not to England, now, that the white natives of Cuba look for aid or countenance in any future effort for independence. *It is to America that they now turn their eyes, and America takes good care to respond to the wishes that are secretly expressed in those regards.*

“The American Government possibly and probably takes no direct steps—no official ones, I mean—through official agency, to hasten the flinging off the Spanish yoke, and the incorporation of that island in the Union of its States. But that the American Government contemplates this event, and looks approvingly on acts of its citizens in Cuba that are well calculated to produce this result, there can be no doubt. The opinion has been most industriously circulated by Americans in Cuba, that the interests of the planters of the Southern States of America and the white people of Cuba, who are proprietors, are identical, and that no other power but that of America can long maintain slavery in any part of the world.

“This is the feeling, I am sorry to say, which had already begun to gain ground among that intelligent educated class of Cuban Creoles in 1839, before I left the island,—among that class to which alone it was possible to look for any liberal sentiments, or just views, on the subject of slavery and the slave-trade. All the communications I have had with natives of Cuba, of the class I refer to, of late years, in other countries, and in the present year particularly, then, would lead me to imagine that the desire to link the fortunes of Cuba and the United States is now very generally and strongly felt; and that the annexation of Texas to the United States will be followed by that of Cuba to the same country, in the course of a few years, if slavery does not break down in the interim in Cuba, or England be not prepared to prevent the contemplated Texian game of conquest, and the machinations that are now pursuing for another annexation in the Gulf of Mexico. The American Consul in Cuba, Mr. Trist, does not officially stamp them with the sanction of his signature and the public seal, as he does the fraudulent papers of the Spanish slave-trade captains who sail under false colours, and with false papers, duly Americanised in his office; but he promotes them most industriously and perseveringly in his private capacity, and his Americanising policy in Cuba is progressing fast and surely.

"The annexation of Texas to the United States was an event of far greater importance to the interests of Great Britain, than was commonly supposed in the latter country. It involved the question of disturbed relations with Mexico and Cuba, and of an extended influence to American slavery in those countries, which was calculated to bear most prejudicially on our West Indian colonies."—pp. 82-87.

The readers of this periodical are aware that Dr. Madden filled at one time the office of "Superintendent of Liberated Africans" at the Havana, with which was combined that of "Acting Judge Advocate in the Mixed Commission Court."* It was whilst discharging the duties of those offices that he made the memoranda which form the substance of the work now published. With these he has combined the most full information respecting the changes in our West India Islands since the abolition of slavery, showing the comparative state of agriculture and commerce prior and subsequent to emancipation. These returns he has contrasted with the exports from other colonies, and especially from Cuba, where slavery exists. He has accumulated facts upon facts, for the purpose of compelling public opinion to make a "*pronunciamiento*" on the subject of the Slave Trade; and this not merely for the sake of humanity alone, but of humanity and prudence combined; for it is his deliberate conviction, that "if the present state of things in our colonies should endure for two years longer, without any effective efforts to ameliorate their condition, the cultivation of sugar must be totally abandoned in them."

Such an opinion from such an authority, and supported by statements that cannot be controverted, will, we trust, aid in attaining the end aimed at by the author: the attention of politicians may thus be fixed upon the events that are occurring around them in connexion with this subject; and that England at last, whilst making enormous sacrifices to put an end to the Slave Trade on the coast of Africa, will also look *at home*, and mark with the public indignation, if she cannot punish them as criminals, those merchants of her own by whose means there take place annually "vast exports from Liverpool, London, and Bristol, of gunpowder, muskets, cutlasses, shackles, and

* See *Dublin Review*, No. xlvii. pp. 59, 60, Art. *Madden's History of the Penal Laws*.

spirits, that are sold at the slave-trading factories of Whydah, Bissaos, the Gallinas, and the Rio Pongos, exclusively for the commerce that is carried on in those places in slaves."

Dr. Madden does not now, for the first time, call attention to this anomalous iniquity too long tolerated by England, and the knowledge of which is so injurious to her abroad, and gives to her policy on this question a character for selfishness and hypocrisy, of which, in point of fact, the government and the people are alike innocent. It is well, however, that the crime should continue to be denounced, that the public should be warned respecting it; because in its increased notoriety may be found the most sure and certain means for its suppression.

ART. VI.—*A Catholic History of England.* By WILLIAM BERNARD MAC CABE. Part I. England: (Its Rulers, Clergy, and Poor, before the Reformation, as described by the Monkish Historians. Vol. ii. London: Newby, 1849.

THE "Catholic History of England," as originally projected, is a work of which these days of ephemeral literature can hardly be deemed worthy. Such a work should rather have fallen upon the times of Mabillon and Muratori, when a division of labour made the most gigantic enterprises easy; when D'Achery or Bouquet would have explored every literary storehouse in Europe for materials, and Montfaucon's ready pen would have digested and arranged them; above all, when, in the taste for solid learning which distinguished the scholars of the time, and the spirit of cordial co-operation which animated them, the work would have possessed a European interest, and have found purchasers in every city, and readers in every library, upon the continent, no less than at home. The author of the Catholic History has done all that perseverance and industry could accomplish. Two massive volumes have followed each other in rapid succession, and the third is announced for publication about the commencement of the coming year. Nevertheless, we are not surprised that, with all his industry and all his

enterprise, he has found the task in its original integrity too weighty for a single individual, especially when it only forms one of many laborious occupations; and that he has resolved to suspend his labours at the date of the Norman conquest, and confine the work to the History of England during the Anglo-Saxon period.

Indeed, the work, if completed upon the original plan, and in accordance with the scale adopted in the volumes before us, would have been voluminous enough to take its rank with the ponderous collections of the olden historians. The first volume, though it contains nearly eight hundred large octavo pages, cannot be said to comprise more than about two centuries of the history properly so called. The volume now upon our table extends over about one hundred and fifty years. The third is intended to contain about the same number; and as, from the time of the Norman conquest, the materials rapidly accumulate, and the interest in many respects may be said to increase, it will easily be believed, that at least a dozen such volumes would be required to carry down the monastic chronicles as far as the date of the Reformation.

We have already recorded our opinion as to the merits of the first volume of the Catholic History; and we do not hesitate to say that the present volume fully realizes all the anticipations then expressed. There is the same evidence of learning, research, and impartiality; the same care in the selection and arrangement of authorities; the same ease and simplicity in the style of translation; the same skill in combining the motley materials which compose the work, and in dovetailing them into each other so as to form them into one uniform narrative, or at least to make them all subordinate to one common end. And when the reader remembers the extent and variety of the sources from which the History comprised in these volumes is derived; when he considers that it is drawn not alone from the more condensed and compendious chronicles,—as the Saxon Chronicle, the Chronicle of Melrose, of Peterborough, of Durham, &c.; but that it includes every name among the ancient annalists of Britain, Asser, Ethelwerd, Ingulf, Bromton, Higden, Goscelin, Matthew Paris, Nicholas Trivet, Florence of Worcester, William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, Roger de Hoveden, Roger de Wendover, William of Newbury; and is illustrated by frequent and copious references to the con-

porary chronicles of other countries,—to the history of the Popes, to the annalists of France, to the Northern Sagas,—and by a vast variety of historical, ethnological, and even polemical learning, he will be better enabled to do justice to the labours of this most meritorious author.

The period embraced in the second volume affords from its very nature more room for historical and controversial criticism than the earlier epoch. Sharon Turner's Anglo-Saxon History, Laing's Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, Lappenberg's Anglo-Saxon Kings, and several other equally popular works have supplied abundant materials for stricture. That ever-watchful hostility to the Roman Church, which is the prevailing characteristic of these historians, has left many traces upon their history of the men, the events, the institutions, and the laws, as well as of the religion, of those times; and Mr. Mac Cabe, while he details the facts fearlessly and without disguise, in the words of the contemporary chronicler, has never failed to repel the unjust and illiberal inferences which are deduced from them.

The second volume comprises eleven reigns, commencing with that of King Ethelwulf, A.D. 836, and terminates with the death of King Edgar the Confessor, in 975. And an idea may be formed of the minuteness of the narrative, from the fact that the period which occupies this entire volume of nearly seven hundred pages, is dismissed by Hume in about sixty, and, even in Lingard, does not quite fill a hundred octavo pages. The history of each reign is told in a series of isolated extracts from the most interesting and authentic of the ancient historians who have treated of the period; but such are the skill and taste with which these unconnected fragments are combined together, that even the most fastidious must admit them to form, generally speaking, not alone a solid and instructive, but an orderly and agreeable narrative.

In weaving his various authorities together so as to form a connected history, the author, generally speaking, has confined himself to a single authority for each event. But the notes will be found almost always to contain a reference to several of the contemporary chroniclers; and wherever any important discrepancy occurs among the historians, or wherever a well-founded doubt has been suggested as to the credibility of the particular writer on whose evidence the fact is related, the author has seldom failed to discuss

the question fully and impartially. And thus, although in the many controversies regarding Anglo-Saxon times to which Dr. Lingard's history has given occasion, Mr. MacCabe has added little to the materials collected by the venerable father of Catholic history, yet he has himself originated several interesting discussions; and even in those which are not new, his annotations will generally be found to contain, at least, a useful *resumé* of what has previously been written upon the subject.

We do not mean to enter here into any discussion as to the merits of the plan on which the Catholic History of England is compiled. It is plain that a history not merely founded on the narratives of the original historians, but related in the very language which they employed, should, in itself, possess a larger measure of their authority, than any mere compilation derived from a digest of their collective statements. And, if the selection of original authorities be judicious and impartial; if all the really important events which they contain be fairly and fearlessly put forward; if, after due examination of the conflicting accounts which occasionally present themselves, the best and most probable be uniformly adopted, irrespectively of every bias of party or of creed, and with an utter and habitual disregard of its bearings upon these interests;—it is impossible to deny the advantages of the plan, or to underrate its value. But it cannot be doubted, on the other hand, that there are few minds sufficiently unbiassed to acquit themselves with entire impartiality of the responsibility which it imposes. Few men, under the influence of general preconceived views, (and it is hardly possible, if it were indeed desirable, to find a man without such views,) can shut their eyes to the bearing upon these views which the statements of two conflicting authors irresistibly present. With a knowledge of these bearings, it is very hard to avoid even an unconscious leaning towards that which is favourable to one's own opinions. And when the license assumed by the compiler extends to the selection of facts and events, as well as of authorities, the temptation to use it for the interests of party is proportionably increased. It is impossible, therefore, to deny the existence and the amount of the danger thus involved in the author's plan. But we think it will be found that he has successfully avoided it; and that his History presents a fair and impartial picture of the times, such as they presented themselves to the minds of

the writers upon whom his narrative is founded. We do not mean to say that it would not, perhaps, be possible to draw up from the very same writers, and that, too, in the very words which they themselves employed, an entirely different picture of the same period; to throw all its better characteristics into the shade; and, by a judicious selection of original authorities, with occasional omissions and mutilations, to represent it as a period of barbarism, irreligion, and crime, scarcely redeemed by a single countervailing quality. We will even admit that it might not, perhaps, be necessary, in order to effect all this, to falsify a single quotation, or to fabricate a single authority. Still, it is equally certain that an attempt such as this, however it might for a moment deceive the unlearned and unenquiring, would meet with speedy and signal discomfiture. It could not long bear the ordeal to which the author's full, clear, and satisfactory system of references has subjected the *Catholic History*. And indeed, at the worst, it is plain that the charge of liability to fraud and dishonesty on the part of the compiler of such a history, applies with equal, or, in truth, with far greater, force to the ordinary historian, who compiles his history from the very same authorities, with this additional temptation to dishonesty, that he is exempt from the obligation of producing the words of the authorities themselves.

Mr. Mac Cabe, however, seems to have used the privileges of his position with a most impartial hand. Where he has, as sometimes occurs, omitted a statement which rests upon any ancient authority, or has adopted, upon the credit of one witness, an account of an event which is contravened by some of the other writers of the time, he has not failed to state distinctly, in his notes, the grounds upon which he has ventured to take this course; and if the reader is, in this way, occasionally deprived of a pleasant story from Roger of Wendover, or an amusing piece of scandal from William of Malmesbury,* he has at all events the means of judging for himself whether this has been done upon sufficient motives; and, at the worst, can gratify his curiosity by following the ample references to the original which he will never fail to meet in the margin.

* See pp. 350, 550, 551, &c.

Upon these points, however, we shall not dwell further, and in a former notice of the Catholic History we have explained our views upon other questions which may possibly suggest themselves. It only remains, therefore, that we endeavour to give a brief account of the general tenor and contents of the present volume. Among the reigns whose history it comprises, the first which will occur as a subject of interest, will, of course, be that of the great King Alfred, which is, in every respect, the most interesting in the volume. It is told, for the most part, in the language of his biographer, Asser. His text is occasionally interspersed with passages from Roger of Wendover, William of Malmesbury, and the Saxon Chronicle. But the main body of the history is told in the words of Asser's *Life of Alfred*, and a delightful old biography it is.*

The leading facts of the life of this great christian king are sufficiently familiar, even to those who possess but a very superficial acquaintance with early English history. But we must own that to us they have a fresh charm in the simple narrative of the old historian. What can be more beautiful, for example, than the following details of the private life of Alfred?

"Meanwhile the king, although entangled in many wars, embarrassed by the ever-recurring difficulties of his position, with the invasions of Pagans to repel, the daily infirmities of his body to endure, and the entire government of a kingdom to control, to check, and to superintend, did still contrive not merely to see that all matters pertaining to the chace were attended to, but he also saw that those who had the care of his falcons, his hawks, and his hounds, performed their duty, and when occasion required, taught them how to do it—and not only did he teach them, but also his goldsmiths, and all other kinds of artisans, so that he was able to erect, and in accordance with his own plans and contrivance, edifices which far exceed those of his predecessors in design, in grandeur, and in execution. And doing these things he was unceasing in his study of Saxon works, and especially endeavoured to commit

* We may mention, for the information of our non-antiquarian readers, that Asser's *Life of Alfred* is one of the "Six Old English Chronicles" published by Bohn in his *Antiquarian Library*. The authenticity of this most interesting biography was called in question by Wright in his *Biographia Literaria Anglo-Saxonica*. But Dr. Lingard, in the recent edition of his "*Anglo-Saxon Church*," has fully vindicated it against these objections. See Lingard, ii. 424-8.

to memory Saxon poems; whilst he enjoined upon others that as a duty, which he to the utmost of his powers performed as a task. He was too most diligent in his devotions—he daily heard mass, recited psalms and prayers, the holy hours and nocturns—and even in the night time, and without the knowledge of his attendants, was in the habit of visiting churches, in order that he might, in such places, offer up his pious aspirations. He was so bounteous in his alms-giving, that he might be considered, in his bestowal of them, as animated with an intense love for the helpless amongst his own subjects, and the destitute of all nations. He who was distinguished by a matchless affability and pleasantness in demeanour to all who came within his presence, was also a ceaseless inquirer into all matters that appeared strange, or had previously been unknown to him.

“Many Franks, Fresons, Gauls, Pagans, Welsh, Scots, and Armoricans—men of high ranks, as well as of low degree, adopted him as their sovereign lord; and all were treated by him as if they were his own countrymen; each and all according to their respective stations, were loved, honoured, enriched, exalted.

“He was untiringly attentive to the reading of the Divine Scriptures, whether that task were performed by persons of his own land, or, if it should so chance, that they were expounded to him by foreigners, and he was alike eager and solicitous to unite with them in prayer.

“His bishops, as well as all who were in holy orders; his ealdormen and his thanes; his public officers and his personal attendants he loved, with an exceeding great love. Even their children who were nurtured with the royal family, he bestowed on them as much affectionate tenderness as if they were his own offspring; for he never ceased to bestow his care in having them imbued with virtuous principles, and well instructed in letters.”—pp. 222–5.

Even the oft-told tale of Alfred's studies is placed in new light by the monkish biographer.

“Thus did he pass his time, and yet it was, as if he found no consolation in all these things; or as if no outward calamity and no inward grief could afflict him; and all this because of a single sorrow, for which he prayed to the Lord, and with respect to which he alone sighed and complained to those who were on the most affectionate terms of friendly intimacy with him. The single sorrow was this, that the Almighty God had been pleased to make him ignorant of Divine wisdom, and of the liberal arts. And in so thinking he might be likened unto the pious, most famous, and most wealthy Solomon, king of the Jews, who, despising temporal glory and riches, asked God alone for wisdom, and so asking obtained both wisdom and temporal glory, as it is written, ‘Seek ye therefore first the kingdom, and his justice, and all these things

shall be added unto you.' But God, who is the ever attentive watcher of the very innermost recesses of the mind, and of its meditations, and at the same time the Inspirer of its virtuous inclinations, nay, Who is also the bountiful Dispenser of pious desires; and Who never has instigated any one to wish for that which was good, and that it would be right and just to concede to him, Who has not bountifully bestowed it; thus also inspired the mind of Alfred, interiorly, and not by exterior circumstances, or as the Scripture expresses it, 'I will hear what the Lord God will speak in me.' That which he wanted was to have those who could aid him in carrying out the object of his pious meditation—who might assist him in gaining the wisdom he desired to possess, and in attaining the knowledge of which he longed to be the master. The course that he pursued was that of a sagacious bee, which, springing from its tiny cherished cell in the summer's earliest dawn, wings its rapid flight through the unknown pathless regions of the air, seeks out the flowers, however numerous and different they may be, whether of plant, or shrub, or tree, tries the flavour of each, and brings back to its hive that alone which is the most sweet and the most odorous. Thus did king Alfred: he cast his views abroad—he sought exteriorly, for that which he had not interiorly—that is within his own kingdom. And God was then pleased to afford some consoling assistance to the benevolent desires of the king—as if his kindly and well founded complaint were no longer to remain unattended to—for there were sent to the king those who might be esteemed as great lights of learning. For instance, Heaven sent to king Alfred, Werfrith, bishop of Worcester, a clergyman thoroughly informed in Divine learning, and who, at the desire of the king, translated for the first time from Latin into the Saxon language the books of dialogues of Pope Gregory and his disciple Peter—a work in which the sense and meaning conveyed in one language were clearly and elegantly rendered into another. The next person that came was Plegmund, the archbishop of Canterbury, by birth a Mercian, a truly venerable and wise man. The next were Athelstan and Werwulf, priests and chaplains, both Mercians and both great scholars.

"These four were invited by Alfred to come from Mercia, and all were exalted by him in the kingdom of the West Saxons to the highest honours and privileges it was in the power of a monarch to bestow—they had from him all things, and we may even include in these Plegmund's archiepiscopal and Werfreth's episcopal titles in Mercia. In their society, the desire of the king for the possession of wisdom and learning seemed as incessantly to increase, as it was constantly gratified. Day and night, whenever he could spare a moment from his other indispensable duties, he had these to read out of books for him. He was never unaccompanied by some one amongst them, and hence it came to pass that he gained a knowledge of all kinds of books, although thus unaided he could not

comprehend them, for there were some of them that he had not yet learned how to read.

"In the acquisition of learning he exhibited a right royal, most commendable, and ever grateful spirit of avarice—he sought to accumulate his knowledge by every fair and just means, and he sent, amongst other places, ambassadors to France to procure teachers. From thence it was that he invited Grimbald, the priest and monk—a person eminently entitled to veneration—a perfect master of singing—most learned in every species of ecclesiastical discipline as well as of the Holy Scriptures—a man too adorned with every virtue. There was also amongst those teachers a monk and priest named John, an individual possessing a particularly acute mind, most accomplished in all kinds of literature, and thoroughly skilled in a vast variety of arts. By means of these the wisdom of the king was increased, his knowledge enlarged, and his mind accomplished, whilst his teachers were endowed with great power, and enriched with splendid gifts."—pp. 225–30.

So also his administration of justice.

"For the sake alike of those of noble as well as of ignoble rank, king Alfred endeavoured by a diligent study to ascertain what were the proper judgments that ought to be delivered in each particular case; because it very frequently happened that in their assemblies, the ealdormen, thanes and reeves obstinately quarrelled with each other, as to the fitting doom that should be pronounced; so much so that scarcely one amongst them could be found to concede as true and proper, that which had been adjudged to be so by the other ealdormen, and thanes and reeves. Such obstinate, such pertinacious dissensions rendered it necessary that each case should be submitted to the judgment of the king—and such judgment every party was willing to aid to its due fulfilment. The man, however, who had done wrong, who was conscious that there was injustice in his plea, was not willing that it should be submitted to the decision of a judge like Alfred, and was alone by the force and stress of law to be coerced to an appeal to a tribunal, which voluntarily he never would have approached; for he well knew that his iniquity, whatever it might have been, would speedily be laid bare, because there it never could be concealed. Nor is it to be wondered at that such should be the case; for in the enforcement of his dooms, as in everything else that he did, Alfred was a careful enquirer and a diligent watcher. He enquired with equal sagacity and anxiety into all the judgments that were delivered in his absence—he ascertained what they were—made sure whether they were just or unjust; and if he discovered any want of equity in the decrees pronounced, he summoned in a friendly spirit the judges who had delivered them before him, and either by his own personal interrogatories, or through those put by his ministers on

whose fidelity he could rely, he penetrated to the cause, or reason, why a wrongful decision had been given—whether it originated in ignorance, or was attributable to malevolence—whether it was traceable to favour for, a fear of, malice against others, or that it had sprung out of a sordid cupidity for money.

“If those who were judges admitted that they had given improper decisions, because they were incompetent to know what was right, and what equitable in the complaints that came before them, then he with wisdom, with discretion, and with moderation, rebuked them for their want of sense, or want of knowledge, addressing them in some such words as these:—‘I do, in sooth, marvel at thy presumption, in taking upon thyself an office—emanating from God, and conferred by me—that office being one which requires knowledge and wisdom; whilst at the same time thou hast neglected the study of the one, and the attainment of the other. I command thee at once to resign those privileges and territorial possessions, which by reason of that office have been conferred upon thee, or devote thyself earnestly and diligently to the acquisition of that wisdom, which must first be mastered by thyself, before thou art fitted to impart it to others.’

“Such language as this filled with terror those to whom it was addressed—such a rebuke was regarded as a severe punishment, and it acted with all the force of a penalty upon ealdormen, thanes, and reeves, who thenceforth devoted themselves with all the energies of their minds and bodies to the study of all that might aid them in the propounding of equitable decisions. It was wonderful to see men who, though holding the highest offices and rank, had been illiterate from their childhood, now commencing, in the maturity of their years, literary studies. The reason for their doing so was this, that they preferred, whatever was the cost, the toil, and the trouble, to submit to a course of discipline, which however personally disagreeable, or difficult to attain, was still less grating to their feelings than the abandonment of power they had hitherto exercised, or the resignation of offices which they had previously possessed. And if there were amongst these great men, one who either from his advanced years, or from the total disuse of his faculties in the acquirement of knowledge, felt himself to be utterly incapable of undergoing the toil of study, then he employed his own son, or if not his son, a relation, or if not a relation, a man of his own, a free man, or else *one of his slaves, whom he had because of his literary capacity previously promoted to the rank of a free man*, in order that such person, whenever he had any spare time, might read aloud books for him in the Anglo Saxon language. Often and often was such a great man heard to sigh, and express aloud his deep and heart-felt grief, that he had not in his youth devoted himself to literary studies—declaring that the young men in Alfred’s reign were to be regarded as truly fortunate, because they had the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of every liberal

science; whilst on the contrary, those like himself were to be looked upon as truly unhappy, because in their youth they had not been taught, and because in their old age, however vehement was their desire, they were incapable of learning."—pp. 250–6.

The education of his children is detailed with equal simplicity. The son, Ethelward, was educated in common with the children of the nobility, and some even of humbler rank. In the school where they were taught in common, "books in both languages, the Saxon and the Latin, were read with great assiduity." Edward and Elfrith were brought up within the precincts of the court. They "won the love of all, strangers as well as their countrymen, by their humility, affability, and meekness; and whilst they acquired those things which were indispensable for their high position, they were not permitted to pass by inattentively or idly that which might be esteemed book-learning or intellectual proficiency. Psalms, and Saxon books and Saxon poems especially, were studiously learned by them, sometimes by oral recitation, but most frequently by written works."

We cannot pass by the original of the well-known anecdote of the "burnt cakes."

"One day it happened, that the neatherd, according to his usual custom, proceeded to drive the swine of which he had charge to their usual place of pasturage, leaving the king and his wife alone in his hut. Upon this day, it chanced that the wife of the rustic had placed some cakes of bread at the fire to be baked. The king was sitting close to the fire, and preparing for use a bow, arrows, and other warlike weapons, when this unhappy woman perceiving that her cakes at the fire were getting burnt, ran in a great hurry, moved them away, rebuked the invincible king, and said to him:—
'Oh! what a man thou art!

Canst set and see the bread burn thus (thou sot)
And canst not turn what thou so well lov'st hot.'

This shrewish woman little thought she thus spoke to king Alfred, who had waged so many wars against the Pagans, and had won so many victories from them."—pp. 190–1.

Our countrymen in the days of King Alfred appear to have been distinguished by the same love of enterprise as they are now. It displayed itself even in their acts of piety.

"In the year 891, three Irishmen, Dusblan, Mahbeth, and Mulinin, desirous to devote their lives to God as pilgrims, deter-

mined to abandon their native land. This project was secretly carried into execution by them, and in this manner. They supplied themselves with provisions for a week, and then having constructed for themselves a leathern boat (a corricle) which was made of two hides and a half, in this they, without oars or a sail, committed themselves to the sea, where they were tossed about for seven days, and finally were drifted upon the coast of Cornwall. From thence they proceeded to the king Alfred. By this sovereign they were graciously received, and from his court they travelled to Rome—thus imitating the example of so many other pious persons. From Rome, it was their determination to proceed on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.”—pp. 258–9.

The author dwells at considerable length upon the accounts given by the monastic historians of the long series of Danish invasions, of the numberless battles which were fought, and of the cruelties and atrocities which almost invariably accompanied the success of the stranger. Some of these narratives are exceedingly graphic and picturesque, as, for example, the following from Ingulf.

“A few young men, from Sutton and Gedeney, cast away their arms, and with difficulty saved themselves in the adjoining forest. From thence they emerged on the following night, to carry to Croyland monastery intelligence of the defeat of the Christians, of the death of brother Toli, and of the destruction of all his followers. The abbot, Theodore, and his monks, were engaged in the prayers appointed for the morning vigil, when the clamorous cries and the dismal howling of the fugitives announced their arrival at the doors of the church.

“All were cast into a state of confusion by this intelligence. The abbot determined upon retaining with himself in the monastery, the aged monks, and a few of the young boys, hoping that perchance, the helplessness of both might excite the commiseration of the barbarians; but in so doing, forgetting that which has been said by the poet;

‘Nor faith, nor pity moves the heart of him
Whose home’s a camp, and who lives by war.’

“All the monks who were in the vigour of life, as well as the younger men attached to the monastery, took with them the sacred relics of the monastery; amongst these were the most blessed body of St. Guthlac, the Saint’s Discipline and Psalter, with some of the principal jewels and documents, such as the charter of its foundation by King Ethelbald, the subsequent confirmations of the charter by different kings, and some of the donations of King Wiglaf. The monks who carried these with them, were desired by the abbot to betake themselves to the adjoining marshes, and there

await the event of the war. The monks, to the great grief of their hearts, obeyed these commands. They stowed a boat with the above mentioned relics, and with the memorials of former kings. The slab of the high altar, which was covered with plates of gold, and had been presented to the monastery by King Wiglaf, ten goblets, with hand-basins, foot-baths, dishes, tankards, and other brazen vessels, were cast into the cloister well, where all were concealed, with the exception of the altar-slab, an end of which, on account of its extreme length, appearing above the surface of the water. It thus became necessary again to remove this altar-slab ; but whilst extracting it from the well, the monks perceived the fires bursting out from the village of Kesteven, gradually approaching, and thereby denoting the advance of the pagans. Fearful of the instant arrival of the Danes, they were sent away by the abbots and the senior members of the monastery. The fugitives hurried off with their little vessel, and arrived at the wood of Ancarrig, which is close to the south of the island. There they remained, to the number of thirty, (ten of them being priests, and the others in minor orders), for four days with brother Toret, who passed his life in that spot as an anchorite.

"Meanwhile the abbot, with two of the old monks, carried the altar-slab outside the church, to the north of which they concealed it in the earth, but where or in what place no one has ever since been able to discover. The abbot and all the remaining monks then arrayed themselves in their vestments, and assembling together in the choir, they said the regular prayers of the Divine office, and afterwards recited the entire Psalter of David. The lord abbot next celebrated high mass, with brother Elget serving as deacon, and brother Savin as sub-deacon, whilst the acolytes were the brothers Egfred and Wlric. The mass had been finished, and the abbot, with his attendant priests, partaken of communion, when the pagans burst into the church, and at once, and by the hand of the cruel King Osketul, the venerable abbot was slain on the holy altar—a true martyr! a victim to Christ was he thus immolated! whilst all the ministering priests were beheaded by the barbarians. The young and the old men, in attempting to fly from the choir, were laid hold of, and again and again subjected to the most bitter tortures, for the purpose of compelling them to discover where the church treasures were concealed. Sir Asker, the prior, was killed in the vestry, Sir Lethvyn, the sub-prior, was cut down in the refectory. He had been followed thither by brother Tugar, who was then but a child ten years of age, and remarkable for the beauty of his face and form. When the boy saw his beloved old man thus slain, he eagerly prayed that he might die along with him, and be put to death in the same manner. But the jarl Sidroc, the younger, moved with pity for the boy, stripped him of his monk's cowl, which he replaced with a Danish hood, and then desired him to follow his footsteps whithersoever he went. Thus was

this boy, of all the old and the young that had remained in the monastery, the only one that had been spared—coming in and going out, amongst the Danes, the entire time that he stayed, as if he were one of themselves, and all this through the favour and protection of the before mentioned jarl.”—pp. 107-10.

The object, however, which the author proposed to himself in dwelling upon the history of the Danish invasion, is not merely the historical interest which attaches to these and other similar details. It is to disprove, by contemporary evidence, the assertion made by Mr. Laing in his “Chronicles of the Kings of Norway,” that the resistance which the small piratical bands of Danes and Northmen encountered in England was trifling; and that this fact is a convincing proof of “the abject state of the mass of the old christianized Anglo-Saxons;” and an evidence that “the spirit, character, and natural vigour of the old Anglo-Saxon branch of the people had become extinct *under the influence and pressure of the Church of Rome upon the energies of the human mind.*” Mr. Laing does not hesitate to ascribe the superior enterprise and energy of the northern pagans to their having been hitherto exempt from that debasing and enervating influence of the Roman Church, under which their enemies, once as vigorous in character as themselves, had unhappily fallen; and so far is he carried by this strange and almost unaccountable prejudice, as to yield to the Northmen a decided superiority over the Anglo-Saxon Christians in literary and intellectual activity, no less than in the ruder arts of war. “It might be surmised,” he writes, “by a philosophic reader of the history of those times, that all the vigorous action and energy of mind of those barbarous Danes or Northmen, could not be showing itself only in deeds of enterprise abroad, and that some of it must be expending itself at home, and in other arts and uses than those of a predatory warfare. It will not, at least, surprise such a reader that some of this mental power was applied, at home, in attempts, however rude, at history and poetry; but he will be surprised to find that *those attempts surpass, both in quality and quantity*, all that can be produced of *Anglo-Saxon literature during the same ages*, either in the Anglo-Saxon language or in the Latin.” (vol. i. p. 15.) Nothing can be more complete than Mr. Mac Cabe’s refutation of this strange and unaccountable

statement. The writer whose prejudices could blind him to such an extent as this silly paradox would imply, deserves that he should be subjected to the punishment which is best suited to the lover of paradox, by being compelled to the ignominy of refuting himself. Mr. Laing is made to do this, and with the most signal effect.

"The reader will observe that the period of history at which we are now arrived is approaching the close of the ninth century; and that previous to that period there had been the Anglo-Saxon poet Cædmon—a considerable body of Anglo-Saxon literature,—that amongst the Latin poets were Aldhelm, Bede, Boniface, Leobgitha, Cena, Ethelwald, Alcuin—that amongst the historians and scholars, whose writings are still read with pleasure, were Gildas, Nennius, Aldhelm, Bede, Boniface, Eddius, Alcuin, Asser. And with these we must bear in mind, not only the mass of Saxon literature destroyed by the Danes, but that Saxon manuscripts were diligently sought after by the Normans for the purpose of being destroyed. See Preface to PETER LANGTOF'S *Chronicle*, § 8, pp. xxix, xxx.

"During all this period of time, what was the amount of literature possessed by the Northmen? Mr. Laing himself shall answer the question. '*Until the beginning of the 12th century,*' he says, it was '*an oral not a written literature.*' (*Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*, vol. i. p. 27.) And so far were the Northmen, as he has asserted, (vol. i. p. 15,) from being engaged in literature whilst carrying on a predatory warfare, that it is not until that horrid practice fell into disrepute, that they commenced having anything deserving of a name of literature. Mr. Laing thus proves both these points:—

"'It is known that in the 12th century Are, Frode, Sæmund, and others began to take their sagas out of the traditionary state and fix them in writing.' (Vol. i. p. 24.)

"'The last piratical expeditions were about the end of the 12th century.' (Vol. i. p. 112.)

"But as to the literature itself of these Northmen, which Mr. Laing (vol. i. p. 15,) declares surpasses 'both in quality and quantity, all the writings of Bede, of Alcuin, Aldhelm, Boniface and Cædmon, not to mention a single author during the ninth and succeeding centuries, let us see what he himself says of *that*, which he affirms is *so superior* to 'all that can be produced of Anglo Saxon literature!'

"The curious assertion is made by Mr. Laing; and he has, in the following passages, had the kindness to afford a most satisfactory refutation to it. This is his own description of the literature of the Northmen:—

"'The extraordinary metaphors and mythological allusions, the epithets so long-winded and obscure, the never-ending imagery of

wolves glutted, and ravens feasted by the deeds of the warriors, arise evidently from the necessity imposed on the scald of finding alliteratives, and conforming to the other strict rules of their versification. The beauty of this artificial construction is lost even upon the best Icelandic scholars of our times; and it appears to have been the only beauty, many of these pieces of poetry ever pretended to, for the ideas so expressed are not often in any way poetical.' (Vol. i. p. 208.)

"It will not escape the observation of the English reader that in the ideas there is a very tedious monotony in the descriptions of battles and bloodshed, in the imagery of war, in the epithets applied to the warriors and kings; and in general, there is a want of sentiment or feeling. The spirit is altogether material.' (Vol. i. p. 210.)

"Torfæus, who was himself an Icelander, and was unquestionably the first of northern antiquarians, declares that much of the scaldic poetry is so obscure, that *no meaning at all can be twisted out of it by the most intense study.*' (Vol. i. p. 206.)

"Thus it is that Mr. Laing refutes himself! his assertions are contradicted by his facts—and these facts are irrespective of others of which he is not aware: for when he declared, that the Icelandic scalds have produced a greater impression upon the literature of Europe, than any of the Anglo Saxon writers (vol. i. p. 64), he seems to have been utterly unconscious, that the composition of one of them, the humblest, and the poorest of all, the herdsman-monk, Cædmon, constitutes what may be regarded as the groundwork of the noblest poem in any language, Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' (see TURNER's *History of the Anglo Saxons*, vol. iii. pp. 314, 324.)

"We have dwelt at much length upon this point; but when an able writer like Mr. Laing, lends his talents to the propagation of error, he is worthy at least of refutation, *in his own words.* He attacks the ancient writers of England, because they were monks; and we have desired to shew that their fame could be vindicated, even by the admissions of their assailant, who having first disparaged the priests of Christianity, and attempted to prove that they were inferior to the pagan scalds, at last, under the pressure of an undeniable truth, is compelled to acknowledge that when the two came in contact, the scald had to give way to the superior learning, abilities, and genius of the catholic clergyman.

"Before the introduction of Christianity, and with Christianity the use of written documents, and the diffusion by the church establishment, of writing in every locality, the scald must have been among the pagan landowners what the parish priest and his written record were in the older christianized countries of Europe.

* * * The scalds of the north disappeared at once when christian priests were established through the country. They were superseded in their utility by men of education, who knew the art of writing; and the country had no feudal barons to maintain such a

class for amusement only. We hear little of the scalds after the first half of the 12th century.' (Vol. i. p. 51.)

"This is a most important admission; for it shews first, that the Northmen, as pagans, had, previous to the establishment of Christianity, nothing deserving of the name of literature; secondly, that with the spread of Christianity came the first attempts at taking the sagas out of the traditionary state, and fixing them in writing, (see vol. i. p. 24); and thirdly, that with the extending influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, we can identify the decline of piracy, and the destruction of domestic slavery.

"The last piratical expeditions were about the end of the 12th century, and in the following century, *thralldom or slavery was*, it is understood, *abolished by law*, by Magnus the law improver.' (LAING'S *Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*, vol. i. p. 112.)

"We shall add but one more observation upon the literary merits of the Anglo Saxons, as compared with the Northmen, and that observation is taken from a writer, remarkable for his anti-catholic prejudices.

"The pen has ever triumphed over the sword, the olive over the laurel, mental culture over barbarian violence; written language always prevails over unwritten, and even the *home of the Northmen is indebted for its alphabetic writing to the Anglo Saxons*.' LAPPENBURG'S *Anglo Saxon Kings*, vol. ii. p. 15. (Translated by THORPE.)—pp. 151-4.

We shall not weary the reader with any observations upon the manners, laws, and institutions of the period comprised in the volume before us. Dr. Lingard's profound and interesting work has made them familiar to every student of the history of ancient England. But we cannot help referring even the cursory reader to the short and simple abstracts of the laws of Alfred, (280), of Edward the Elder, (332-9), of Athelstan, (421-6,) and of Edgar, 622-8), which the monastic writers have left. They are at once an interesting monument of the manners and usages of the times, and a satisfactory evidence, that through all the simplicity, and, we may add, barbarism of the period, the saving and hallowing influence of Christianity never failed to be felt in every relation of life, public as well as private; and that, notwithstanding Mr. Laing's peremptory and unhesitating assertion, it is almost exclusively to this salutary influence of the Church that Anglo-Saxon England owes her best institutions, and the precious constitution of modern England, its happiest inheritance of rights, of privileges, and of laws.

We would gladly transcribe, as an illustration of the

manners of the times, and, at all events, as an example of the notions then entertained of what should be the leading elements of the character of a christian, the charming accounts of Oswald, of Dunstan, of Swithin, of Abbo, of Fleury, of the Chancellor Turketul, and many other eminent ecclesiastics. But we have already exceeded our proposed limits, and we shall close, in preference, with a picture which may appear strange in these degenerate times,—a Lord Chancellor retiring from the world, and closing his days in a monastery. Few modern chancellors, we fear, will be found to imitate Turketul, the chancellor of the good king Edred.

“This pious king perceived that the holy desire expressed by Turketul daily acquired strength, and fearing that opposition might destroy this pious soul;—for Edred was a monarch remarkable for a conscience which excelled in purity that of his predecessors;—he one day called Turketul into his private chamber, and there throwing himself at the feet of him, who was his own subject, he with tears supplicated and adjured the chancellor that he should not abandon his king in times of tribulation and perplexity.

“The chancellor seeing his lord and master, the king, in fact, of all England, on the earth, and at his feet, cast himself upon the ground, and kneeling, besought of his sovereign to have pity upon him. With deep sighs, with loud sobs, and with abundant tears he entreated Edred to accede to his wish, and he even besought that he would do so as he venerated St. Paul, a saint to whom the king had a special devotion. Thus praying, and thus adjuring his sovereign, he at last obtained the assent for which he had so long sought in vain.

“Both rose from the ground. They appointed a day on which they should go to Croyland together, and when the holy vow might be carried into effect, in a manner the most befitting, and the most becoming for a chancellor to make, and his sovereign to sanction.

“Only a few days had elapsed from the time that the king had given his assent to Turketul's becoming a monk, when the venerable chancellor caused a proclamation to be made by the mouth of a herald through the streets of London, that if any person considered that any thing was due to him, the chancellor was prepared on a certain day, at a certain place, to pay that person the full amount of whatever he claimed; and it was moreover declared, that if at any time he had done injury to any person, he promised to pay a compensation to treble the amount of the damage he might have done—thus acting like another Zaccheus, satisfying every exigency of justice, and indemnifying, beyond the amount which human tribunals would accord, every damage that had been inflicted.

"When all creditors and claimants had been satisfied, he bestowed upon the king his lord, his sixty manors—reserving, however, in perpetuity, every tenth manor for his Lord Jesus Christ. Of the sixty manors he possessed, he reserved six—these were the manors most closely adjoining to Croyland; viz., Wendlingborough, Elmyngton, Worthorp, Rotenham, Hokyngton, and Beby. All the rest were given by him to the king."—pp. 479-81.

What a contrast with the retiring pension and peerage wherewith our chancellors are wont, now-a-days, to console their learned leisure! Only think of Lord Lyndhurst resigning his seat at Wimbledon Common, and his town house in George St., Hanover square, into the hands of "the king his beloved lord;" or of Lord Brougham sending a herald through the streets, to proclaim to all whom it might concern, and especially to the unlucky suitors in his Court of Chancery, that he would "pay compensation to treble the amount of the damage he had done!"

But we must have done; and, in conclusion, we cannot help expressing a hope that the purpose conveyed in the preface, of bringing the work to a close at the end of another volume, may, even yet, be abandoned. The period which would still remain, is more important, if it be not more interesting, than what has already been written; and it is a period in which the monastic historians are especially valuable as witnesses. Nevertheless, if the author should persist in his resolution, the public will, even still, have reason to be deeply grateful for what he has accomplished; and his work, though not realizing all that had been originally intended, will, notwithstanding, be a complete and independent book:—the *Monastic History of England during the Anglo-Saxon times*.

ART. VII.—*The Supplement to the Times.*

TH**ERE** is nothing, however mean and contemptible in itself, which does not become either wonderful or terrible when it appears on a gigantic scale. Drops of water make a deluge, grains of sand make moving mountains, and puffs of wind make a hurricane. And to a hurricane have those once gentle puffs come, which of old used

blantly to fan the stroller's sense as he walked the streets, or greet the traveller as he approached the British metropolis. Those were the quiet, lazy days of advertizing, when it partook of the monumental character, and a quarter-of-a-mile of park wall was only sufficient to deploy the long, sea-serpentlike announcement of one single commodity. How associated is the remembrance of those slowly-trailing words with scenes now passed away! As morning broke upon the chilled and sleepy outsides of the coach, on the great north or the Bath road, they needed not to ask if they werē approaching London. It was not the long avenue of poplars, no less sleepy than themselves, as it might have been in France, nor the drawbridges and palisades of a strong place, as in Flanders, nor the long line of announcements of *Salons de 100 couverts, ici on loge à pied et à cheval, Noces et festins*, that flanks every entrance to Paris, which formed the out-posts of the mighty city. It was the alternating defiances that passed from one side of the road to the other, between "Day and Martin" of the one side, and "Warren" of the other. To a foreigner it must have seemed that the first, the only thing one had to do on reaching London, and scrambling down the side of the top-heavy vehicle, was to run to one or the other of these rival emporiums, and provide oneself with blacking. And all this is now a dream! coaches and travellers, and those huge uncial, or rather cubital letters in white upon the wall, which those that ran might read, of which, however, as yet a fragment here and there remains, over which you may sigh, as over a defaced inscription of the Pharaohs. And as the cheery tenor of the guard's bugle has *trebled* into the shrill shriek of the steam-whistle, and the stamping of the mettlesome team has changed into the iron rattle of the furious driving-wheel, and all this is but one form and kind of puff; so has the ancient quiet advertisement, which is another kind, multiplied and swelled, and surged and roared, till it threatens to take society by storm, and to invade every peaceful nook, as well as every public thoroughfare. It is creeping up the columns of our newspapers, as an encroaching sea, gradually absorbing them like those of the temple of Pozzuoli; till a supplement will soon be wanted to contain the news.

Yes, indeed, things have changed their face not a little since those quiet old times. Advertizing is no such a

calm, stagnant matter now as then. Instead of the traveller moving, and having time to spell the portentous announcement while the team went at full speed, the advertisements have acquired life, motion, activity; they come before you, they defy you to miss them, they impertinently stare you in the face, they stop you as you attempt to cross the street, they pass athwart you like Macbeth's ghosts, all looking alike, and all saying the same thing. See that huge van which stops the way. You cannot help staying and looking up. What does it say? "It tells me that to-night is Jullien's last night but fifteen. What is that to me?" But before you can cross there comes another, and another, and another, slowly, deliberately before you, impeding your path, and compelling you to read each time the same important communication. Now what does this mean? Why simply that M. Jullien is fully resolved that you, and every one who may have as little music in his soul as you, and who has no more desire than you to have the drum of his ear drummed out of his head by colossal *grandes caisses*, nor blown out by Titan ophycleids, still shall know, in spite of yourselves, that M. Jullien's concerts are going on daily *diminuendo*, and that he will honour and favour the public only fifteen times more; and he is determined, that you shall have no excuse of ignorance for not accepting the honour at his hands, and that if you are barbarian enough not to value it, at least its thought shall cross your path waking, and haunt you sleeping; for surely you will dream of those enormous vans, as in hideous nightmare they drag themselves over your chest. Some time ago a huge red hat, almost large enough for a conclave to be held in, used to parade the streets; not long since there was a sort of "revolver" on a cart, which fired off a new advertisement at you at each turn of its barrel. Tom Thumb was announced on a gigantic scale, while Signor Pancrazio Gambalunga, the Calabrian Goliath, should he come over, may never get beyond a biped placard. And even this is no joke, either for the living form that animates it, or for the wayfarer that encounters it. Sometimes the animal, or sensitive and locomotive, portion of the advertisement, is as safely ensconced in a quadrilateral, well-angularized shell, as any of the crustacea, and may walk in perfect safety through the most crowded thoroughfare, unmindful of knocks, and with all the chances of giving them on its

side. Like a hollow square at Waterloo, it presents the front and face of its offending on every side, up the street and down the street, towards the house, or towards the carriages. Next in the scale comes the genus, which, like a *Janus bifrons*, presents only two faces; the other being manifestly the *Janus quadrifrons*; the living portion, as in other bivalves, being not so well secured against aggression. Like a herald in his tabard, emblazoned before and behind with portentous representations; or like an unfortunate culprit in the east, screwed down between two boards, ready to be sawn through with them, the unhappy being parades the edge of the pavement, and, in addition to the weight, suffers the intolerable torment of hearing himself read on both sides, in the same manner, the entire day. The next is the mere *signifer*, or standard-bearer, who, armed with a huge placard on the top of a pole, seems to consider it the perfection of his avocation so to carry it poised upon his shoulder, as that one side can only be read from the garret, and the other from the gutter. But woe to the foot-passenger, should rival tea-marts or conflicting bonnet-emporiums have sent forth their skirmishers so armed, to warn every passer-by against the foe. For he must run the gauntlet of some forty on a side of these desperate decoys.

But all these modes of imparting life and action to an advertisement are at best but slow. The dashing omnibus affords an opportunity for more rapid communication. What is that strange representation on it, occupying the place of a window, and carefully excluding the light of day? It is "Child's night-light," exhibited as magnified by the hydro-oxygen microscope at the Polytechnic; or as it is made in execution of a large order just received from Brobdingnag. Such a thing would set one's house on fire, instead of being the little innocent baby of a candle, which has to stand up to its tiny black shoe-tops in water all night, in a saucer.

So much for the most approved modes of imparting information, to the most unwilling, who perambulate the English metropolis. Come we now a little to study the composition and interior structure of modern advertisements. They form a literature of their own; they have a grammar of their own, rules of construction of their own, words, phrases, parts of speech of their own. They care nothing for Lindley Murray or any other pedant, who pre-

tends that any necessary connexion exists between the parts of a period, or that every verb must have a nominative before it — or any such stuff. A good advertiser snaps his fingers at grammar. Give him a *definite article*, and he will make you a present of all the other parts of speech. Mrs. Gamp herself could not make more glorious confusion of antecedents and relatives than the more successful advertisers of the day. The following may be taken as a fair specimen of the grandiose advertising style which is now greatly in vogue.

"FIRE-INSURANCE SUPERSEDED. Every one endued with human sensibility, and which forms the brightest ornament of our nature, that thrills with exquisite delight round the heart-strings of our affections, but must have been wrung with a throb of commiseration at the wail of helpless infancy, degraded to the very height of human suffering. The RAMONEUR dispenses with these inflictions on tender years, by discharging their functions with far greater accuracy. Combining the advantages of mechanical skill with scientific construction, it grapples at once with the most tortuous architectural arrangements, and nevertheless diffuses cleanliness through the most perpendicular flue. Apply to — —, &c. Chimneys swept by contract by the year. Smoky chimneys cured. N. B. Observe the number. No connexion with any other house."

But if our advertising style plays at ducks and drakes with the parts of speech, and sets all grammar at defiance, it is the most active contributor by far to the dictionary of our language. A Dr. Todd may yearly publish a new volume of supplement to Dr. Johnson, to keep pace with the "world of new words" which daily spring up beneath the prolific hands of tailors and barbers. For no saying of his has poor Shakspeare been more roundly rated, than for his impertinent question, "What's in a name?" Your advertiser will tell you, "everything." Think you the youth who daily lubricates his luxurious ringlets with incomparable oil "Macassar," at five or seven shillings a bottle, would have any faith in its virtues, or admit it "between the wind and his gentility," were he plainly told that it is precisely the same substance wherewith the peasants of Lucca oil *their* locks: that is the locks of their doors, when stiff? Or that the one who lays the flattering unction of bear's grease, or *gras de lion*, to his almost bare poll, would persevere in its application, if fairly told, that he is only each day giving himself, and his thin crop, a top-dressing of honest hog's lard, whereof two penny-

worth, with a little cheap colouring, and a few drops of any aromatic essential oil, would replenish his half-crown pomatum-pot, and leave some over? "What's in a name?" Why, all the difference between lime-water and Carrara water: the latter conveying to the drinker the charming illusion, that he is swallowing the solution of a marble chimney-piece, or refreshing himself with the infusion of an ancient classical bust. "What's in a name?" Why the very essence, life, existence of things. Why did the Adelaide Gallery go down, but because it had not a name beginning with *Pan* or *Poly*, or ending with *on* or *rama*? Its rival the *Polytechnic* has stood its ground. Call it the "Regent-Street Scientific Exhibition," and it could only last a season. The reason is clear; English names are for annuals,—exhibitions are all annuals; but exotics are perennials. Cosmorama, Panorama, Diorama, Cyclo-rama; Pantechnicon, Panopticon, (announced to be) Panklibanon, Harmonicon, Apollonicon; Pantheon and Colosseum, all stand the wear and tear of time and *ennui*, because they are bronzed over with the Corinthian brass of classical titles. We wonder at the daring of Madame Tussaud and sons, to keep her most interesting historical gallery open, without bestowing on it some prodigious fine name of four syllables, from the Greek; especially with that terrible Panklibanon under the same roof. We would suggest, for instance, most respectfully, the name of "Acroceraunian Exhibition," as displaying the summit or acme of wax-work art. The inmates of the "chamber of horrors," might be described as the *infames*, connected by Horace with that long name.

But the Panklibanon naturally reminds us of pans; from which, no doubt, half the people that enter, derive the name; its latter part being, by the decidedly pious, considered scriptural, with an epenthetic, or euphonistic, K interposed. Out of the many singular illustrations there to be found of the value of a name, let us take only one. It is advertised as "the Hecla coffee-pot." Do they make good coffee in Iceland? or do the people there boil it on Hecla? or do they save the trouble, by filling their coffee-pots from the boiling fountains, which it supplies? We own we are puzzled. But Hecla having now been secured for a coffee-pot, we fully expect to see advertisements going the round of the volcanoes; we may have a Vesuvius shaving-pot, a Mongibello (better than Etna)

tea-urn, and, with a small variation of orthography, a Strong-bowl-o'-punch-kettle. The tea-pot we were going to say we would spare. We had indeed hoped, that this sacrificial vessel of English domesticity and sociality would never be profaned by any attempt to hellenise or to latinise it; we would not even allow the Chinese to meddle with it, though their rights are great in the matter of tea. But to our horror, while we are writing, we see a sacrilegious attempt to Gallicanise it; which is worse. For we read the following advertisement: "THE TEA-POT SUPERSEDED. Loysel's *Machine à Thé* comprises in one vessel, urn and tea-pot, &c." *Machine à thé* indeed! Will this be tolerated? Shall our most household words be thus scouted from our language, and all their associations be at once obliterated? We firmly trust that the "mothers and daughters of England" will rise against the attempt: and that the tea-pot, sacred to so many recollections, from the nursery to the sick-bed-side, from the cup sipped luxuriously over the newspaper, to the hearty draught, mingled with more substantial fare, after a hard day's work, will not allow itself to be superseded by a *tea-engine*, to speak plain English, analogous to a vulgar beer-engine. It is true, indeed, that the French call an urn a machine, just as we and they call anything else of which we do not know the name; but surely, after we have taught them how to make tea, how to drink tea, how to like tea, after we have taught them the very names of things connected with the mysteries of tea-making and tea-drinking, we are not going to submit to the yoke of these foreigners, in this the almost solitary department of domestic cookery, in which they have not presumed to dictate to us. We are not going to reject a most genuine, expressive, Saxon-shaped, English compound, a thorough home-word, a rapid dissyllable, for three clumsily-joined outlandish words, which will even help to vulgarise *tea* into *tay*, if the words be rightly pronounced, and into a quaker *thee*, if wrongly. And all this in deference to a people, who, a few years ago, bought their tea by the scruple at the apothecary's, and *confected* it, as they would say, according to a physician's formula!

But if we wish to study thoroughly the vast inundation of monstrous words with which our language is threatened, by the advertising torrent that has attacked its precincts, we must look to those departments of industry which

thrive upon human vanity ; and which most perseveringly, and most loudly appeal to its weaknesses. The portentous names by which the most simple "garments" (for *clothes* seem to have gone out of fashion) are called, almost make one shudder at the thought of wearing them. The hardest names are sought out for what ought to be the softest wear. The shirt seems most particularly suggestive of uncongenial appellations. First, there was the *corazza* shirt : that is the cuirass, or hauberk, or coat-of-mail, shirt. Now we should have thought that no two articles of clothing could be more diametrically opposed to one another in weight, texture, comfort, fit, and position in relation to the rest of one's apparel, than a good shirt and a good cuirass. But this name, after all, was but an Italian name, and not learned enough by half for the *tailleurs pour chemises*, as the French call them. Nothing less than Greek would content them. Hence, 47, Cheapside, advertises regularly in the "Times" the *Zetetique prize shirts*, which may imply that good shirts, like

"The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek :"

as Porson sung. But then next comes 145, Strand, and cries out : "I have found them:" i. e. *Ford's Eureka Shirts* ; a title which we presume was given in reference to Archimedes's extreme and shocking forgetfulness of the *article*, on the occasion when he uttered that emphatic word. Immediately following, in the column before us, comes "*The Sans-pli Shirt*," which is described as a "garment made entirely without gathers." This name rather contents us, as containing security against every possible contingency of mistake. For should it turn out that, upon being worn, it makes itself into just as many *gathers*, and crumples, and puckers, as an ordinary *garment*, and the unlucky vendee, (the man sold,) should apply to the vendor, (the man selling,) and make complaint thereof, the latter might indignantly ask : "Pray, Sir, what did you intend to buy?" Answer, "Why, a *sans-pli* shirt to be sure." The young man's retort courteous : "Well, Sir, and you have it :—a *cent-plis* shirt." Certes, he has got a *hundred-folds'* worth more than he bargained for ! Finally, to close this list of white-boy raiment, besides a *new yoke shirt*, we see just announced the *Porizo shirt* ; the peculiar excellences of which we have yet to learn.

This last name reminds us of a marked peculiarity in the literature of advertisements. The manner in which these learned names are bestowed is easily ascertained. It will be observed that a considerable number of them consist of verbs in the first person singular, present tense, active voice; or of substantives or adjectives, in the nominative case singular; should both of these parts of speech occur, it is a mercy if they happen to agree in gender. Now there is an unlucky want of accordance in Latin Dictionaries and Greek Lexicons, between the English and the classical verb, in tense. The English is in the infinitive, and the Latin or Greek verb in the first person, as above. The searcher after a learned name looks out for the word he wants on the English side: e. g. having invented a new brace, of a *compressing* character, he looks out for the word in Latin, and finds *comprimo*, "I compress." Hence comes forth the hideous hybrid, *the comprimo brace*. Another wants to express a new ring-brace; looks out for *new*, and for *ring*, and thinks he has achieved a marvel, when he has advertised the absurdity called a *novus annulus brace*.

This we consider too great a national disgrace to remain longer unremedied. There must be an act of parliament to put an end to it. There must be a permanent commission appointed (one more will not make a great difference) to regulate the issue of new names from the mint of the Queen's English. We have even thought there should be a regulated scale of payments for taking out certain licenses to call common things by uncommon names. There should be a heavy fine for a Greek title, and a lighter one for Latin, and so in proportion. Or perhaps a joint-stock company might make a good thing of it, by engaging to furnish new names for old things, at a proportionate remuneration. The Sanscrit might be turned to advantage, and perhaps the Chinese; and we really think, that if some Privatsdocent Schmetterzähne could be engaged to explore the early Teutonic dialects, with the help of the Grimms' researches, some most delightfully unpronounceable polysyllables might be profitably attached to very simple garments. As the case stands at present, everybody is pulling at the *paletot*, and claiming its invention; so that in a few years, "who invented the paletot?" will be a question involved in as

fearful an obscurity, as "who wrote *Junius*, or 'Ikon Basilike?'" or, "who was the man in the iron mask?"

Posterity too, in reading our history in our advertisements, will really wonder to what race we belonged, and whether we were Greek, Roman, or mediæval. Suppose the following description of a fashionable youth of our days to be embalmed in one of those novels of the day, which delight in miniature portraiture, and give the features and dress of each character with the minuteness of the "Hue and Cry:" and suppose that one stray copy of the book happened to be preserved, in some circulating library in Australia, or rather that this very page of it only fell into the hands of the antiquarian. The problem to be solved would be, to what period of history does the book belong, which contains a hero so described....." He rose early, and prepared himself for his journey. He first applied to his face a copious supply of *Euxesis*, and having carefully rubbed his *Plantagenet* razor upon his *Canton strop*, or *quadrilateral Chinese razor-sharpener*, he therewith smoothed his chin, and refreshed his face with the fragrant *Kalydor*. With the help of *rhyphophagon* and *amandine*, he completed his ablutions, and then adjusted to his head, his *gentleman's real head of hair*, which had the rare advantage of being *invisible*. His shirt was an *Eureka*, his stock, the *Albert*; his trowsers the *aptandum*,* a splendid *vesting* encircled his breast, over which he drew on the graceful *chlamys*. His feet he clothed in *inpilia Prince Georges*, or *pannus corium Oxonians*. Then he equipped himself for out of doors, by encasing his legs in *antigropyloi*, placing on his head an *idrotobolic* hat, and throwing over his arm his *aquascutum*. A *cheeroot* in his mouth completed his fashionable accoutrements."

Now if we knew whereabouts Dr. Johnson's ghost haunted, and could get with it a dialogue of the dead, (on one side only,) we should like to have his opinion on the above precious compound of new-fangled words. The shade of the old lexicographer would melt away in despair, at seeing his own pomposity of diction so outdone by the grandiloquence of advertisements. But his horror of

* This *singular* epithet, must mean, if any thing, that the trowsers never actually fit, but are to be fitted on, as well as they can. We would recommend a rival to correct the error in number and tense, and advertise *aptata* trowsers.

Jacobinism would lead him, with us, to indignation against the clear tendency of one class of artists (we believe that is the phrase) to socialism, and levelling—revolutionary demonstrations. We have observed, with pain, that your boot and shoe-maker alone invariably selects his names from among illustrious personages, as Wellington, Blucher, Albert, Prince George, and that highly respectable and Tory class of men, the Oxonians, (we think it suspicious that the Cantabs have been spared,) as though he wished these persons to be trodden under-foot, pressed in the mire, and walked over by every one. This should be looked to; it is a sign of the times.

But we must not leave our friends the advertising "finishers of men," so lightly. They contribute more than any other class to the enrichment of our tongue and letters, by the fertility of their invention, and the ingenuity of their announcements. They suggest, in the keenness of their rivalry, problems to solve, much more puzzling, than occur in any Cambridge Examination-paper. As thus: Abraham clothes you at 25 per cent less than *any other* house in London. Benjamin sells his garments for 25 per cent also below *any other* house. *Qy.* How much cheaper than Benjamin does Abraham array you; how much cheaper than Abraham does Benjamin? But it is not merely in the scientific department that these advertisers shine. They deserve our national gratitude for having afforded the last refuge to the Muses. Like the Druids, who retired before the encroachments of Roman roads through our island, into the fastnesses of Wales, the poetry of England, scared by the railway usurpation, seems to have retreated beneath the shelter of Moses's pacific rule. Whether his name and that of the Muses have any mutual attractions we know not; but this is certain, that while their inspirations seem to have been withdrawn from our literature, while Wordsworth appears to have hung up his harp, and Moore's, we fear, is unstrung for ever, while Alfred Tennyson is oblivious of "the days of good Haroun El Raschid," and has allowed "Little Lillian" to grow too big to "clap her hands any more above her head," while even Monckton Milnes perhaps finds his muse restive amidst sewage legislation, and Magyar diplomacy; there does live a poet whose golden visions are undisturbed by public clamour, and whose haunts have not been desecrated by the crossing of the

iron-road to ruin. We should like much to see that poet, whose quarterly review of novel productions is so liberally showered into the window of every cab, issuing from certain privileged stations. He knows not the changes of nature's vesture, as do others of his craft, as a passing from winter's snowy robes, to the green of spring, the russet of summer, and the brown tints of autumn; to him it is a series of transitions from the corded tweeds of winter, to the alpaccas of spring, the sylphides of summer, and the doe-skins of autumn. The goose, and not the swan, is the symbol of his poesy—

“ — argutos inter strepit anser olores.”

He must believe all creative powers to be concentrated in the cutting-rooms of his employers. He cares not for verdant lanes wherein to roam, so long as he may freely stroll through their vast avenues of “invisible green.” He sighs not after azure-skied Italy, so long as his eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, lights upon the broad expanse of “double-milled blue Saxony.” Flowered vests strew his path, and he delights in contemplating the well-folded stock of fleecy hosiery. And thus kindling the spark of his poetic enthusiasm, he indites an elegy on an over-coat, or a sonnet on a pair of trousers. It must be to genius thus inspired that we owe the wonderful nomenclatures of various articles of raiment, which appear as novelties every season, of which we have already culled a few specimens. We see now on the list of the celebrated encyclopedists of clothing just referred to, something called the *Bulwer Pacha over-coat*. That the gentleman alluded to may deserve the title of an Effendi, we do not pretend to dispute. But we really are at a loss to divine when or how he was created a Pacha, unless he be the dignitary described by Marryat as the “Pacha of Many Tales.” As a fair specimen of advertising grammar, we may note the very title of a common announcement, headed “Waterproofing Facts.” How facts can waterproof, or what they do waterproof, might be interesting questions, if first we could ascertain from the advertisement, what facts it contains as waterproofing agents.

We should hardly know where to end this subject, were we to indulge fully the vein which it excites. There is only one sort of trade-advertisements more to which we will allude,—the kind proposals daily made to supersede

entirely the precious metals. "The only substitute for silver"—"nickel silver"—"German silver"—"albata plate"—are familiar to the attentive student of Bradshaw's Railway Guide, that labyrinth of figures without a clue. There would be a very simple way of getting rid of these absurdities; namely, by compelling the gentry who put them forth, to receive back their own base metals at the value which they set upon them. Silver, when bent, broken, or pounded, is still silver, and will fetch its worth. Let these debasers of its value be obliged to swallow their own fictions, and sweep into their tills, as payment for their trumpery wares, the fragments of them when broken, at the value of that of which their material is proclaimed a real substitute.

Upon looking over what we have written, we find we have been guilty of a great omission. Our paper should certainly have been prefaced with learned observations on the early history of advertisements. It is usual so to handle such grave subjects. No doubt the Egyptians advertised extensively. Rhamnes made known, in the columns of the "Dendara Lotus," that he had discovered a new, and economical, Shillibeer-sort of, mode of conducting funerals; whereby several hundred yards of linen rollers were saved, and mummy-cases, being cut out by patent machinery, were 25 per cent. cheaper than at any other house: and Sheshonk announced, in the supplement to the "Memphis Papyrus," that gentlemen desiring to have leeks for purposes of domestic devotion, would find them more fragrant at his establishment than elsewhere; adding, that he had a bed of spring garlick in prime condition, as also a fine ichneumon and two lively young crocodiles. We do not exactly remember in what museum, or what library, the basalt stone, or funeral roll is preserved, on which these interesting advertisements are alluded to; but not less wonderful things have been discovered. And we certainly do remember a marble advertisement (though it may have been a *post mortem* one) in the portico of the temple of Minerva at Assisium, of a man who professed to be "medicus, chirurgus, oculista, dentista," all which compounded together make up "a quack"—a much briefer description—who no doubt had his *mineral succedaneum* for decayed teeth, and his *pearl dentifrice* for sound ones, and his *herbaceous eye-snuff*

(which by-the-bye cures *cholera*) for the eyes, and his ointment for all-but-wooden legs.

Roman advertisements, it is well known, still remain on the walls of Pompeii: but so poor a hand did they make of our noble art in those days, that a man who advertises a house to let, does not even tell us that it had "a dining-room and drawing-room, and four best bed-rooms, besides servants' ditto, and excellent offices," all which we suppose the "Times" keeps stereotyped, for its advertisements of semi-detached villas, at Clapham or Croydon. But how was it possible for advertisements painted on a wall, (though they yet have them in Paris,) to come up to the developments which nothing but the art of printing could have produced? And hence it must have been in reference to this, by a sort of poetical vaticination, that Horace wrote:

"Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba."

"It throws off puffs, in words a half-yard long."

For, we care not what critics may think, but we feel sure, that *ampulla* here means the glass, inflated into a huge glass-bubble, by the glass-blower's puff. But speaking of Horace, in connection with this modern branch of letters, reminds us of another felicitous allusion of his to one of our most popular places of entertainment, celebrated for bringing out every year a fresh succession of "lions," weaned from their own countries, the last of whom was "Dickens's Juba," as immense placards told us. For, to what else but Vauxhall can he allude, when he speaks of "The land of Juba,—the dry-nurse of lions?"

"Jubæ tellus—leonum
Arida nutrix."

One is certainly inclined to laugh at the crude nonsense which inundates the country, covers its walls, and fills its journals, in the shape of advertisements. But it is with the same mirth with which one catches oneself sometimes laughing at the vagaries of a drunkard. The moral sense immediately revolts, and inflicts a double reproof, on the merriment and on its cause. And so it is here. To plain, truthful, honest advertising, far from any one objecting, we have all reason to be thankful. We are by it put in possession of valuable information; we learn where we may procure that which is useful, or even necessary to us.

The fair tradesman who informs us of new works, new wares, or new improvements, confers on us a real and solid benefit. Nor can any one be opposed to that honourable rivalry, which instigates him to state his claims upon public patronage. Although the old proverb may still hold good, that "good wine needs no bush," it may really need an advertisement; for how are the lovers of such vanities to know, that Xeres and Co. have sherry twenty years in bottle, and that Oporto and Co. have crusted old port, unless they tell them so? and let them tell it, *if true*. But that mass of advertisers, who openly proclaim what they know to be a lie, who state that they extract from oriental herbs what grows in Europe, who offer as an exotic and delicate tooth powder what they have compounded from charcoal or chalk, who advertise as silk what they know to be cotton, as French what they have had made in England, as superfine what they know is coarse, and as superior what they know is vile; who invent hard and big names for the commonest trumpery, with the deliberate intent of taking people in,—that class we have no hesitation in denouncing as demoralizers of our commerce, and the underminers of its character. While they are deforming our language with their merciless importation of foreign sounds, and at the same time glutting our own and foreign markets with worthless trash, they are unhappily no less enriching our speech with a variety of terms which it would be a blessing to have it spared. We have been appalled at the number of strange words that have crept into our language, indicative of over-reaching, cheating, ruining, and being ruined. Slang words they may be; but when "to sell" has become equivalent in a language to, "to cheat," we may begin to fear that honesty is not always the regulator of our business transactions. However we trust that, after all, honesty will be found to be the best policy—a real policy of insurance, in advertisements, as well as in all other ventures. For our parts, were we reduced to the last of our last dozen of inward "garments," we could not find the face to go into a shop, and ask for one of those Greek monstrosities that are daily advertized. We should feel at once, if we did so, in the position of a dupe, of one taken in by a senseless name, coined by an ignoramus for that purpose. Our pride would revolt at asking for a

Eureka, when we wanted a shirt,* knowing that that name described neither good materials nor decent workmanship, and would be much more applicable to a screw-steamer than to the next human integument after the skin. Nay, our very Eton grammar would choke us, if we attempted to utter the solecism required for the demand; and as we stood confronted with the merchant, the thought of *As in præsentis* would effectually bar all further communication.

Here we would gladly close; but we must advert to two other classes of advertisements, the one most immoral, the other most painful. Under the first head we allude to a strange, but often-repeated, offer "to make the literary reputation" of any aspirant after fame, by composing, and allowing to be published under his name, any sort of work, from a three-volume romance to a shilling pamphlet on any imaginable subject. As much nobler as is literary eminence than mercantile success, so much baser is this sordid proposal than any excess of bragging announcement which we have hitherto selected for notice. It debases the noblest of gifts, wisdom, (if the name can here be used without desecration,) to the lowest purpose, that of making it subservient to another's passions, to produce from so unnatural a parentage, gold. It perverts the loftiest acquisition of man's soul to the basest end, that of playing with the pride and stupid ambition of any dolt with more money than brains, who has a fancy to be thought learned, if he cannot be clever; it tries to hook him by this folly, and to get him into a conspiracy to cheat the public and himself; to inveigle him to be the sleeping and sleepy partner in a swindling joint-stock. The man of education, of genius, of universal acquirements, advertises for a young gawky, to join him in a lie, and to pay him well for it! Never were intellectual advantages so prostituted, unless it was by the man who used to advertise in Church periodicals, that he made and sold to clergy manuscript sermons on all subjects; whose only motto was apparently, "bid me discourse;" and who seemed as ready to compose a high-church homily on apostolical succession, as an evangelical "improvement" against baptismal regeneration. Such advertising men are a reproach

* We take this as a *name*, not pretending to judge of the merits of the *thing*, which no doubt is worthy of a better appellation.

to the name of science, and of letters; far more baneful to society than the sellers of gamboge pills as a universal remedy, or of mercurial compounds as purely vegetable medicines; than the quacks who pretend to make up the recipes of old Parr or Methusalem, or who employ the names of eminent men to give credit to what, otherwise, would be a mere *drug* in the physic market.*

With very different feelings we turn to those advertisements which we have characterized as painful: towards which the eye almost instinctively glances, when we take up the "Times." There, in its second or third column, is to be found, in a few lines, more pathos than is in many a tragedy, and the suggestive sketch of a feeling romance. The widowed mother there often pursues the only son, to whom she looked to be the stay of her old age, appeals to his feelings, broken-hearted herself, promises forgiveness of all, and restoration to affection, if he will only return. What antecedents of gentle forbearance and of reckless profligacy does not the request imply! What years of unremitting kindness, and of unfeeling sport with ever-yielding affection! And then the foundering of every hope, the ruin of the home, the blight of the heart, which has just taken place in the unkind flight of the prodigal! Shall we wish her success? shall we pray for her that he may return, probably only when he has squandered what he has robbed her of, more debased, more heartless, more worthless than ever? Or rather, shall we not leave the reckless and godless scapegrace to find his own way to Norfolk Island, and content ourselves with sincerely hoping, that a better balm than that of Gilead may be dropped into the wound of the mother's heart?

Verily, this vast region of advertisements is one wherein the two rival philosophers of antiquity might meet, not as on neutral, but as on common, ground; where, if one might laugh to his heart's content at the follies of mankind, the other might find cause to weep over their real miseries.

* Thus *the* Dr. Locock has no more to do with the wafers or pills that bear his name than the man in the moon. Another eminent physician, Dr. Frampton, has been made godfather to another batch of quack pills, of which he knows nothing. A recipe for cholera has just been fathered on Sir James Clark.

ART. VIII.—*Jesus and Mary; or, Catholic Hymns.* By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: Burns, 1849.

AMONG the problems of which this wonderful era is rapidly forcing on the solution, the adaptation of Catholicism to our national character, circumstances, and wants, is likely to be neither the least interesting, nor the most remote. The three centuries which have elapsed since the great schism, have done comparatively little towards the elucidation of it. During the greater part of that dreary period, the Catholic Church in England has been rather struggling for existence, than putting forth her energies or calculating her resources. Truly "her life has been to her as a spoil," hastily and surreptitiously snatched from the enemy. The barest toleration has been all she craved at the hands of the world; and, little as she asked, it was less than that little which she received. Browbeaten by politicians, and taunted by the multitude, she has withdrawn from the gaze of men, and exercised herself in secret. The scantiness of her acquisitions has relieved her from the difficulty of dealing with them; instead of being called to deliberate about the management of her converts, she has almost been afraid of making them. The justification of these prudential courses has been found in the absolutely unparalleled anomalies of our position; and far from condemning, or even criticising, the policy of those who have preceded us, our predominant feeling is that of gratitude for the precious heritage of the Faith, which, by whatever means, they have preserved to us.

The result, however, of the disadvantages under which the Church has laboured in England, since England ceased as a nation to be Catholic, has been an almost inevitable stiffening of her form, and curtailment in her liberty of action. She had been, as it were, bed-ridden so long, that she had all but lost the use of her limbs. While she has been suffering and meditating like one compelled to a painful restraint, the world has been actively pursuing its way on the line of advance, or at least in the process of expansion; and now that Holy Church wakes up and walks abroad, she neither finds mankind as she left them,

nor presents to their view the appearance of commanding greatness, and the full traces of her ancient beauty. So crippled by confinement, so emaciated by suffering, what wonder if her very lovers and friends can scarce recognise her as the Church of the olden time, and if the world, which she is born to subdue, should arrogantly plume itself upon its power and intelligence, and exult, almost in the heathen poet's words, over the supposed decrepitude of its former conqueror?

" — te victa situ, verique effæta senectus,
O mater, curis nequidquam exercet, et arma
Regum inter falsa vatem formidine ludit.
Cura tibi, divum effigies et templa tueri :
Bella viri, pacemque gerent, queis bella gerenda."

The time, however, has now come when the Catholic Church may doff her garb of mourning, and put on her beautiful vesture, and re-assert her dominion over the world; that dominion which, of course, she has never relinquished, but only in appearance suspended. She has a two-fold mission, and must make the first use of the liberty which she has hardly won to carry out her great purposes. One part of her office is to rule the intellect; another, no less important, is to gain the heart. In the execution of the former part of this trust, she will sooner or later be required to cope with the formidable hosts of evil who are now arraying themselves on the side of a material and God-denying philosophy; and, in pursuance of the latter, she will have to draw upon those manifold resources of influence which accrue to her from her command over creation, and her knowledge of all that is in man. At one time, by cutting appropriate and heavenward channels for the current of rushing thought and onward invention; at another, converting to her service the powerful and versatile capacities of art and literature; now refining sense and sanctifying imagination by her august and soul-thrilling ceremonial, and now unlocking the affections with the key of her deep devotional science, she must gradually dislodge the enemy from one after another of his strongholds, and so bring every haughty "understanding," perverse faculty, and rebel inclination into the obedience of Christ.

Many circumstances conspire to mark out our own England as a probable arena of this great contest between

the powers of light and darkness. The very greatness of England is in some sort a token of promise in her favour. Mighty destinies appear to await her; she must greatly rise or greatly fall, and in either case may involve many in the issue. Her power abroad, and restlessness at home; her extensive commercial relations, and widely-scattered empire; her control over all that wealth can purchase or skill effect,—all these point her out with scarcely mistakeable distinctness as a mighty instrument in the propagation of good or evil; while the stirring of thoughtful and inquisitive minds within her social body, is enough to prove that her mission will not be independent of great moral and religious effects in the quarters to which it may extend. At such a crisis it is interesting to reflect upon the prayers which almost throughout Catholic Christendom are doing violence to heaven in England's behalf; of the more than pious conjectures and enthusiastic anticipations which have made her so prominent an object in the interests of holy men; but, above all, of the influence which the "Island of Saints" will never cease to vindicate to herself in the courts of the blessed by reason of the large and precious contributions which she has ere-while made to their glorious and prevailing company. It cannot be that the "child of so many prayers" should ultimately fail.

But the Church must gain England, before England can gain the world; and no one who adverts for an instant in thought to the place which the Church has occupied in England's later history, but must feel how much she has to do and to suffer before she can rightly acquit herself of her high embassy. Hitherto it has been open to statesmen to despise her, and possible for heretics to ignore her; but the time is coming on when she must make herself known and felt, and when men will have to choose between loving and hating her. There is absolutely no weapon of influence which she must not wrest from the enemy's hand, and sharpen on the anvil of the Spirit; there is no field of exertion which she must not appropriate, no avenue to men's hearts which she must not pre-occupy. Her prerogative it is, and her province it must be, to elevate literature, to theologize philosophy, to purify art, to reform, refine, and christianize all the works of human genius and all the impulses of popular thought. Yet heretofore, in the external aspect of Catholicism among us, how little

has there been to draw either the masses or the educated towards it, or to make it plain to the world at large that the Catholic Church, rather than any of the countless sects which it has associated with her august name, had a divine commission to instruct and sanctify it! Here and there, indeed, the virtues of some self-denying priest who was seen to stand in the breach which the pampered beneficiary had forsaken, might have excited the interest, and won the sympathies, of the more candid, or even led them to deeper enquiries into the nature and doctrines of that religion which had the power to make its ministers do their duty, or to supplant the world in the affections of its children. But much as there was to interest, what was there to strike and win, the English people in the external manifestations of Catholicism amongst them? A Church of which they had read as essentially aggressive, was seen by them to be stationary and unambitious; they beheld priests with the name indeed, and not rarely with the spirit, of Missionaries; yet coming into no visible contact with the masses in our crowded cities, and producing no conspicuous effect upon the religion or morals of the multitude. It must have seemed to them that the names of "field" and "street" preacher—names ugly and unpopular, indeed, but still but other names for offices which Saints and Apostles were not ashamed to fill—were almost as unwelcome to the Church of St. Augustine and St. Boniface, as to the Establishment itself. Nor did our "places of worship" present to the popular eye the distinctive marks of the Catholic faith in any sufficient prominence. They neither symbolized, on the one hand, the majesty of the Catholic religion, nor, on the other, did they conspicuously express the nature of its relation to the poor. It was not because these structures were devoid, as they were, of architectural correctness and graceful embellishment; for in truth many a building, in comparison with which some of them might have been styled magnificent, would have represented a great Catholic idea as well as the most gorgeous cathedral. But what struck the better sort of Protestants was, that our religious edifices wanted a character of their own; that they neither typified worship, nor charity; that while they were destitute of the architectural beauty of the old Catholic structures, on the one hand, they equally lacked, on the other, the free and popular air of the Meeting-House; that their

arrangements had much of the stiffness of the Establishment, without the *prestige* attaching to a church wherein Saints had worshipped; and much of the vulgarity of the sectarian chapel, without the set-off of an apparent heartiness and rough-handed English simplicity in the character of their congregations. The sad consequence of this failure in externals, was, that while Anglicanism held fast the lovers of order and the adherents of the ancient traditions, Wesleyanism took captive the more enthusiastic and unworldly spirits of our agricultural and provincial population; while London, poor London, (with the exception of the comparatively few who clung to the ancient Faith, and of those who, wherever they might be, did their duty, according to their light, in the station to which they had been called,) was made over hand and foot, as if in very hopelessness, to the ministers of Satan.

But the Catholic Church in England is rapidly assuming a new attitude, more consistent with her character and claims. She is by degrees adopting the bolder, in the place of the safer, policy; and thus extricating herself from the reproach, necessary though it were in its day, of sitting solitary, or making herself the companion of those who alternately flattered and contemned her.

While the sects are breaking up or dividing afresh, she is daily adding to her numbers and consolidating her strength. While she is attracting the educated of other bodies, she is at the same time fulfilling the still more important function of binding to her side by closer and closer ties the Poor of her own. While in every large city she can now point to one church at the least in which her soul-subduing rites are celebrated with becoming splendour, she can also rejoice in the multiplication of buildings set apart to the chief purposes of Divine worship, whose plainness of character and meagreness of decoration serve but to set in all the stronger contrast the majesty of the Presence which inhabits them. Heretofore the Church has concerned herself but little with the characteristics of Englishmen, for the plain reason that she has had but little to do with them. Conversion upon any large scale has not till recently been her effect, and scarcely even her aim. With a supply of labourers utterly inadequate to their work, she has rightly judged that her duty lay far less in the line of extending than of keeping her possessions; and

it is well known how very small a proportion of our Catholic population is exclusively English.

Moreover, the Church has not only been unpractised in dealing with the English character, but has been mainly conversant with another character almost its opposite. She has found a population ready to her hand, and one predisposed, nay eager, to be led by her. To the hearts of the Irish our holy Religion is so congenial and so dear, that the difficulty would be, not to implant, but to eradicate it. The task of gaining England is one as difficult as it is new; yet who can doubt that this conquest is the particular destiny of the English Catholic Church? Hitherto she has fulfilled a most important office in witnessing to the Faith amongst us, and in ministering to the spiritual necessities of a large population of foreigners whom necessity has forced to exchange their Catholic home for this wilderness of heresy and sin. But the work which now opens upon her is one demanding, not merely the prudence to retain, but the zeal to acquire, the wisdom to devise, and the charity to win.

Among the instruments which Divine Providence is raising up to our need at the present crisis, it will hardly be questioned that an important place must be assigned to the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Relieved by the conditions of their institute from some of the more laborious duties of missionary life, the English sons of St. Philip have the leisure to employ in the service of the Church so dear to them, those high intellectual gifts, graceful accomplishments, and practical talents, which, by a combination as rare as it is valuable, are united in their body. They bring also to their work a thorough knowledge, and an evident love, of the English character, and an experimental acquaintance with the modes of influencing it, not the less serviceable to their present object because it was gained in a state of exile from their true Home. But if their English habits and preferences seem peculiarly to fit the sons of St. Philip for the work they have undertaken, their noble loyalty to the Holy See is a sufficient safeguard against the danger of an exaggerated nationality. It seems a paradox to say it, and yet we are convinced, that a Church is not necessarily national in proportion as it is not ultra-montane. It may conceivably be neither; loose, at once, in its attachment to the Centre of Unity, and in its hold upon the affections of its own people. It would,

we think, be far truer to say that a Church fulfils its national office in proportion as it is intimately bound by the ties of love and duty to the Roman See, than that it is apt to gain in true nationality what it loses in true Catholicity.

If the English sons of St. Philip bring many and great personal qualifications to their work, the character of their institute forms an additional ground of the hope which their establishment among us is calculated to awaken. Of its peculiar genius and primary scope, as it originated with its great founder, Father Faber says:

"St. Philip devised a changeful variety of spiritual exercises and recreations which gathered round him the art and literature as well as the piety of Rome.....Sanctity in the world, perfection at home, high attainments in common earthly callings, such was the principal end of his apostolate. He met the gloom and sourness and ungainly stiffness of the puritan element of Protestantism by cheerfulness and playful manner; which he ensured, not in any human way, but by leaving to his children the frequentation of the Sacraments, as the chief subject of their preaching, and their chief counsel in the spiritual direction of others, and he represented in the Church the principle of love.....what was mediæval and suited to the mediæval state of things, passed away; and there appeared in the Chiesa Nuova and the Gesù, the less poetical but thoroughly practical elements of modern times, the common-sense which works and wears so well in this prosaic world of ours."—*Hymns, Preface, p. x.*

The Oratorian Institute, as we understand it, combines many of the advantages of a Religious Order, with far greater opportunities of acting upon the world in other besides directly religious ways, than is allowed by the rules and constitution of most Religious Orders properly so called. Although living in community, bound by rules, and wearing a religious habit, the Oratorians, we believe, regard themselves chiefly in the light of coadjutors to the secular clergy; they do not, at least in London, take part in visiting the sick, nor at present (and this we regret) in the education of the poor; nor does it enter into their prescribed duties, to "hunt up" sickly or dying souls from the dens of vice and the nests of squalid wretchedness. On the other hand, their freedom from all duties among the sick, leaves them at liberty to devote the more time to the Confessional, to preaching, to religious exercises with their people, and to personal intercourse with applicants out of

confession, than is ordinarily practicable on the mission. And, no doubt, in each of these most responsible relations with their congregation, they are aided to an incalculable extent, by the joint protection of rules and common-life; the one promoting habits of order and punctuality, which enable men not merely to do their work better than others, but to do more of it; the other sustaining the spirit of religious cheerfulness, and creating the habitual consciousness of sympathy in those around them. But the frequentation of the sacraments it is which sustains and poises their work in the world, while "the greater glory of God" is kept in sight as the end of all their pious inventions for gaining on mankind by them no less than by that great Society, one with them in heart and object, of which those words form the motto.

The beautiful little volume which has suggested this train of reflection is, we believe, the first original offering which its accomplished author has made to the Church of his affection, since he joined the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Hitherto he has been chiefly known among us as the editor of the series,—which we rejoice to see quietly and steadily pursuing its way—the "Lives of the Modern Saints." In the composition of these poems he has had, as he tells us,

"A double end in view; first, to furnish some simple and original hymns for singing in Catholic churches; secondly, to provide English Catholics with a hymn-book for reading, in the simplest and least involved metres."—*Preface* vii.

The Catholic Church, in its separate national manifestations, has two great objects at heart; the one to maintain intact both the body and the spirit of the Faith; the other, to gain a hold upon the affections of the people among whom she resides, by accommodating herself in every possible way which the Faith allows, to its peculiar genius and circumstances. There is a power of expansion and a principle of elasticity within her which renders this always a practicable, though rarely an easy, work. It is precisely this pliancy and expansiveness which distinguish her from the sects which are by the very law of their being national and local. But the Church, on the contrary, can be truly national, for the very reason that she is Catholic. She is so strong that she can afford to yield. The Establishment dares not, as well as wants the

genius, to be free and flexible; the dissenting bodies, on the contrary, care not what extravagances they commit, for they have no faith to lose; it is their nature to move in eccentric orbits. The consequence is, that while the Church of England is stiff and pedantic, they are loose and vulgar; but after all, it is they and not the Church of England, or the Church of England so far only as it deviates into their track, with whom resides, (so far as it resides anywhere but in the Catholic Church,) the secret of influence in England. The Church of England has nowhere the power, as a body, which Wesleyanism exercises in Wales and Cornwall. Out of the Catholic Church then, the way to peoples' hearts seems to be gained in proportion as the dogmatic principle is waived or contradicted; but with the Catholic Church it is otherwise. The upstart lordling consults his spurious dignity by a haughty and unbending deportment; the reckless adventurer purchases popularity by lowering himself with his companions; but the Queen of the nations is affable and gracious; she can make herself as one of the people without sullyng the lustre of her ancestral rank, or compromising the majesty which awes while it wins. In fact, besides those essential and common characteristics of worship which form the bond of union between national Churches, and make the Catholic at home everywhere, there is, in the Church, an almost exhaustless store of subsidiary devotions, to supply the demand of every character, and to meet the necessities of every time. These are the golden fringes of the Church's vestment, which encircle her with so beautiful a variety; and by these it is that her national diversities are made to consist with her essential unity and uniformity.

So wise a legislator as the Catholic Church will not be apt to overlook the value of soul-moving poetry, and appropriate music, as one of the engines of influence among the people with whom she sojourns. Bound to the use of an universal language, in the fixed and more solemn portions of her august ritual, she has always been allowed to consult the predilections of particular countries in those tributary and subordinate devotions, and expressions of devotional feeling, which are in their own nature more accidental and variable. Hence, in England as on the continent, it is customary to recite the Rosary of our Blessed Lady, and even the litanies (out of solemn services) in the

vernacular; while, in country missions especially, the Latin offices are often preceded, (and sometimes even superseded,) by a series of prayers and other religious acts, in English. On the continent the same license is generally extended into the province of psalmody as well as of prayer. Those who have attended the church of our Lady of Victories at Paris, are aware of the enthusiasm which is thrown into the popular "Cantiques." In Italy, the "Laudi" are pieces of the same character, commonly sung, we believe, at the evening offices of the Church; while in Germany, the use of hymns in the vernacular, is permitted even during the Holy Sacrifice, and often, we understand, the Mass proceeds with no other musical accompaniment than that of these national religious melodies. In England, as far as we know, (certainly in London,) the introduction of hymns in the vernacular during solemn services of the Church, dates from the establishment of the London Oratory, and is at present confined to it. The experiment, if successful, is not unlikely to be tried elsewhere, always, of course, supposing the approbation of authority.

Father Faber's volume is intended in part to supply this conceived deficiency in our present Church services, by providing a sample of metrical compositions, capable of being set to music, which if well received may be followed up by a larger contribution.

The application of the word "Hymn" to compositions like those in Father Faber's volume will be new to the Catholic reader. We Catholics are accustomed to think of no "Hymns" but those of which the praises of God or the blessed Saints are the direct subject; whereas many of the pieces in the work before us, are rather meditations in verse than commemorations of mysteries, or addresses to the court of Heaven. Even in the Established Church, such a use of the term "Hymn" is, as far as we know, confined to the school called "evangelical." In the Establishment indeed, there is no collection of authorized Hymns. Lately, we are told, they have introduced (though without authority) translations of some in the Breviary; but within our own memory, the very name of a Hymn was hardly more bearable to high-church ears than that of the conventicle, with which it was associated. The Psalms of David, done into very humble verse, were (with one or two exceptions) the staple of metrical psalmo-

dy in the Established Church; and doubtless it must have been through an excessive dread of innovation, that so inadequate a substitute for Christian Hymns was able to keep its ground at all. To our Catholic ideas, there is something preposterous in descending from the original Psalms of Inspired Scripture to an indifferent translation of them, and this in the course of the very same religious service. The dissenters and "evangelicals" went into the other extreme, and, dropping or putting on one side the inspired psalms, replaced them in their affections at least, if not in act, by metrical compositions on the doctrines of Christianity, (according to their interpretation of them,) or on subjects of a mere personal nature. The most celebrated of these collections, called the "*Olney Hymns*," contains many beautiful pieces of the poet Cowper and his friend Newton; and represents altogether the golden age of Evangelicalism, when it expressed the struggles of pious minds feeling after a truth which they could not reach. Father Faber, who evidently retains a pleasing remembrance of the *Olney Hymns*, has sought in the present volume to incorporate their simple and affectionate spirit in the language of the Church.

The Oxford school, rejecting at once the palpable heresies of Evangelicalism, and the cold formality of the elder High-church party, struck out a middle course; using poetry as an outlet of devotional feeling, which, if vented through any less sacred medium, might have spent itself in empty and irreverent declamation, yet keeping clear of any attempt to innovate upon the established usage of their communion. Thus were suggested in succession, the "*Christian Year*," the "*Lyra Apostolica*," and the "*Cathedral*," the "*Thoughts in Past Years*," the "*Baptistery*," and other volumes of Mr. Isaac Williams. Of these publications the "*Christian Year*" is the most popular, but the "*Lyra Apostolica*" the most ascetical, and therefore the more Catholic.

In prominent distinction from all these meritorious attempts to meet the religious needs of various bodies or parties outside the Church, stand our own time-honoured treasures, the *Breviary* and *Missal Hymns*, embodying the devotion of saints and uniting in the same language of jubilant worship the past and the present, the far and the near; all who in all times and all places profess the Apostolic doctrines, and gather under the shelter of St. Peter's

See. Differing at once from the inspired psalmody and from all extra-ritual melodies, the compositions of individuals, which the Church admits as tributary to her public offices, the "Hymns" of the Breviary and Missal constitute one of the three great branches of sacred song recognized by the Apostle in his Epistle to the Ephesians. They are also themselves specifically divisible into at least the following classes. 1. Metrical prayers, such as "*Veni Creator Spiritus*." 2. Eulogistic or pathological commemorations, like "*Pange lingua gloriosi Lauream certaminis*," or the "*Stabat Mater dolorosa*." 3. Metrical *creeds*, (so to call them,) such as "*Lauda Sion*." 4. Aspirations of love in the form of hymns, such as "*Jesu dulcis memoriæ*." But, varying as they do from one another, the Hymns of the Church agree in the two following characteristics; 1. in being objective; 2. in being corporate. 1. They do not detail what are called "spiritual experiences;" they are not confessions or personal exercises, but acts of the mind towards God; and 2, they express the needs, and embody the sentiments, not of this or that worshipper, but of the Church at large.

Father Faber's compositions are of so mixed a character that we could almost regret his choice of a title which sets them the more strikingly in contrast with the authorized Hymns of the Church. Many of them are evidently not constructed for use in public worship; they are the expressions of an individual, and even of a particular mind, which will find responses in many a devout heart, but which could not be introduced into a mixed congregation without danger of forcing the feelings, in some instances, into an unnatural state. Some of them represent sentiments of piety and contrition, which on the lips of the casual worshipper would be unreal; some embody particular devotions, and so are necessarily partial in their application; while all but a very few are more subjective in their character than we should fancy suitable to public worship, even as outlets of informal and auxiliary devotion: This, or some of it at least, is true of the seventeen latter hymns, which, accordingly, we infer to be those excepted in the Preface from the number intended for congregational use. After this deduction, there remain in the volume three very distinct classes of composition; the first dogmatic, such as the Hymn to the Most Holy Trinity, and several others; another historical, such as those on some of the

glorious Mysteries of the Redemption; and a third simply commemorative, such as that on "The Blessed Sacrament."

It is the hymns comprehended in these three divisions which correspond more than others with the strict ecclesiastical type; keeping sufficiently clear of personal characteristics and local devotions to present claims for adoption into an ordinary congregation. Of this number there are about eight which strike us as eminently fitted for the purpose of congregational worship; we had noted them down before making anything like a formal analysis of the contents of the volume, and we find that they come, with one exception, from the "commemorative" class, and that they include none of the "dogmatic." Our own preferences, looking to the objects of a congregational service, are drawn especially to the lines headed "Corpus Christi" (No. 12), the "Hymn to our Blessed Lady" and the "Immaculate Conception" (15, 16), "the Assumption" (19), the "Hymn to our Blessed Lady for the Souls in Purgatory" (20), two to St. Joseph (21, 22), and to "My Guardian Angel," (24.) Several of these admit of verse and chorus singing, and are therefore extremely well fitted to give vent to congregational feeling. For instance, that for Corpus Christi:—

"Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous Gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?
Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore;
O make us love Thee more and more!"

And the latter words are repeated at the end of each stanza, like the chorus in "Adeste fideles." All experience is in favour of this form of song, as a medium of enthusiastic feeling; and if Father Faber makes another contribution of sacred poetry to the Church, we hope he will bear this fact in mind. Many of the "cantica," too, or subsidiary choral pieces actually in use, are constructed on this model. Two of these we happen to remember, of a grave character, "Adoremus in æternum," and "Rorate cœli desuper;" and we fancy something of the same character in the pieces sung at Benediction and other occasional services in the continental churches.

On the other hand, the dogmatic hymns in Father

Faber's collection, beautiful as they are, appear to us to trench too closely upon the authorized hymns of the Church, to find their proper place in a collection of popular psalmody. The province of direct doctrine is so sacred and so slippery, that we should be for leaving it exclusively to the Church herself. It must always be remembered, that those very same hymns which keep up the religious feeling in Protestant bodies, have tended for that very reason far more than books, sermons, and formularies, to insinuate and recommend doctrinal error. Jansenism, too, has prolonged its existence in some of the Hymns of the Parisian Breviary, after it has ceased to infest the Church as an external plague. And with these warnings before our eyes, we should not be surprised if the Holy See were slow to sanction the congregational use of doctrinal hymns, especially in the vernacular. The commemoration of the Divine mercies, the joyful celebration of mysteries, and the praises of our Blessed Lady and the Saints, do not appear to stand on the same shifting ground.

It is rarely indeed that the high subjects of our Faith will be entrusted to a hand at once so free and so delicate as that of Father Faber. His grasp of true doctrine seems to be so firm, that he feels himself almost at liberty to play upon it, like a skilful musician who varies his theme indefinitely without once losing the basis of the melody. From several specimens which we had marked for quotation, but which our limits preclude us from citing, we select, as to our taste a pre-eminently successful instance of the union of good theology and good poetry,—

“THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS.

“In pulses deep of threefold Love,
Self-hushed and self-possessed,
The mighty unbeginning God
Had lived in silent rest.

“With His own greatness all alone
The sight of Self had been
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys,
Before His Eye serene.

“He lay before Himself, and gazed
As ravished with the sight,
Brooding on His own attributes
With dread untold delight.

"No ties were on His bliss, for He
Had neither end nor cause ;
For His own glory 'twas enough,
That He was What He was.

"His glory was full grown ; His light
Had owned no dawning dim ;
His love did not outgrow Himself,
For nought could grow in Him.

"He stirred—and yet we know not how
Nor wherefore he should move ;
In our poor human word it was
An overflow of love.

"It was the first outspoken word
That broke that peace sublime ;
An outflow of eternal love
Into the lap of time.

"He stirred ; and beauty all at once
Forth from His Being broke ;
Spirit and strength, and living life,
Created things, awoke.

"Order, and multitude, and light
In beauteous showers outstreamed ;
And realms of newly-fashioned space
With radiant angels beamed.

"How wonderful is life in Heaven
Amid the Angelic choirs,
Where uncreated Love has crowned
His first created fires.

"But see ! new marvels gather there,
The Wisdom of the Son
With Heaven's completed wonder ends
The work so well begun ;

"The Throne is set : the Blessed Three
Crowning their work are seen—
The Mother of Her First Born Son,
The first-born creatures' Queen."—pp. 103-7.

We are not sure that in the whole range of sacred (uninspired) poetry we have ever met with any thing more simply sublime than the earlier stanzas of this hymn. In addition to any other reason we may have for not wishing it set to music, the impossibility of finding among known composers, any hand to do it justice, is a very practical

objection to the attempt. It would require the spirit of a Beethoven to give it expression.

With the few exceptions we have noticed, this beautiful volume appears to us far better fitted to supply food for meditation than materials for the choir. Most of the pieces strike us as far too recondite in sentiment for congregational singing. The simplest homeliest stave in honour of our Blessed Lady; a sustained "Ave," or a joyful oft-repeated "Viva," would carry hearts away (we should fancy) better than many a more finished composition. How bald, as poetry, are the national "rhymes," of which it has been said that they bind a people far more strongly than its laws; how few and rough the words of those loyal or republican airs whose influence has erewhile rallied hearts around the person of an exiled prince, or uprooted in a night the traditions of centuries! A few loving words oft repeated on a popular theme, and set to a strain buoyant and simple, are all that is wanted to arouse a nation's spirit. It is with the greatest diffidence that we offer any criticism on a work of such rare merit as that before us, and we do it only because its author modestly invites it. But we cannot help thinking that if for the future this accomplished writer would divide his great powers of metrical composition—giving us, on the one hand, something exceedingly simple for the Church, and, on the other, carrying on the work of meditative poetry, in which he so excels—he would do a service in two distinct lines, which the present volume, from the very circumstance of attempting both at once, has but partially accomplished.

As an aid to meditation and a vehicle of the soundest, most reverent, and most affectionate religious feeling, we do not think that the claims of Father Faber's volume can be easily exaggerated. In the few latter compositions especially, there is a depth and reality of devotional spirit which must commend itself to every pious heart. All will have felt what Father Faber so truthfully and so sweetly expresses; as, for instance, in the following stanzas on

"DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

" Ah, dearest Lord, I cannot pray
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come
And force my thoughts from Thee.

"The world that looks so dull all day
 Glows bright on me in prayer;
 And plans that ask no thought but Thee
 Wake up and meet me there.

"All nature one full fountain seems
 Of dreamy sight and sound,
 Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
 And makes a deluge round.

"Old voices murmur in my ear,
 New hopes start into life,
 And past and future gaily blend
 In one bewitching strife.

"My very flesh has restless fits;
 My changeful limbs conspire
 With all these phantoms of the mind
 My inner self to fire.

* * * *

"Had I kept stricter watch each hour
 O'er tongue, and eye, and ear,
 Had I but mortified all day
 Each joy as it came near:—

"Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
 But in the thought of Thee,
 Prayer would have come unsought, and been
 A truer liberty.

"Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord,
 In weak distracted prayer;
 A sinner out of heart with self
 Most often finds Thee there.

* * * *

"The surface troubles come and go
 Like rufflings of the sea;
 The deeper depth is out of reach
 To all, my God, but Thee."—pp. 150-55.

Specimens like these seem to bring us near to the reality of a vision which we have long indulged; of a Catholic counterpart to the "Christian Year," or "Lyra Apostolica" of the original Oxford school. The province of religious poetry is one almost unoccupied in the Catholic Church of England, and we know of no way more likely to refine, elevate, and deepen devotion amongst us, than an attempt by some master hand to supply the deficiency. The Eng-

lish Oratory includes one at least of the contributors to the Oxford "Lyra," and by the present volume, Father Faber has established his claim to a chief place among Catholic poets. The subjects of such a collection as we could imagine press round with a multiplicity and variety which would render not invention the difficulty, but selection. The Calendar and Ritual of the Church, the Lives of the Saints, the holy Sacraments, the Religious State, all are full of poetry. Even the work of the Mission, monotonous and irksome as it may appear, is essentially poetical; indeed, all duty is so, where we have eyes to see through "this dull prosaic world of ours," into the realities beyond it.

As a specimen of Father Faber's power in a somewhat different department of poetry from any into which we have as yet followed him, we will quote, in conclusion, the magnificent and touching appeal in behalf of

"ST. PHILIP'S HOME.

"O Mary, Mother Mary! our tears are flowing fast,
For mighty Rome, St. Philip's home, is desolate and waste;
There are wild beasts in her palaces far fiercer and more bold
Than those that licked the martyrs' feet in heathen days of old.

"O Mary, Mother Mary! that dear city was thine own,
And brightly once a thousand lamps before thine altars shone;
At the corners of the streets thy Child's sweet Face and thine
Charmed evil out of many hearts, and darkness out of mine.

"By Peter's Cross and Paul's sharp Sword, dear Mother Mary,
pray!

By the dungeon deep where thy St. Luke in weary durance lay;
And by the Church thou know'st so well beside the Latin Gate,
For the love of John, dear Mother, stay the hapless city's fate.

"For the exiled Pontiff's sake, our Father and our Lord,
O Mother, bid the angel sheathe his keen avenging sword;
For the Vicar of thy Son, poor exile though he be,
Is busied with thine honour now by that sweet southern sea.

"O by the joy thou hadst in Rome, when every street and square
Burned with the fire of holy love that Philip kindled there;
And by that throbbing heart of his which thou didst keep at Rome,
Let not the spoiler waste dear Father Philip's home!

"O by the dread basilicas, the pilgrim's gates to heaven,
By all the shrines and relics God to Christian Rome hath given,

By the countless Ave-Maries that have rung from out its towers,
By Peter's threshold, Mother ! save this pilgrim land of ours !

"By all the words of peace and power that from St. Peter's Chair
Have stilled the angry world so oft, this glorious city spare !
By the lowliness of him whose gentle-hearted sway
A thousand lands are blessing now, dear Mother Mary, pray !

"By the pageants bright whose golden light hath flashed through
street and square,
And by the long processions that have borne thy Jesus there !
By the glories of the Saints, by the honours that were thine,
By all the worship God hath got from many a blazing shrine,—

"By all heroic deeds of Saints that Rome hath ever seen,
By all the times her multitudes have crowned thee for their Queen,
By all the glory God hath gained from out that wondrous place,
O Mary, Mother Mary ! pray thy strongest prayer for grace !

"O Mary, Mother Mary ! thou wilt plead for Philip's home ;
Thou wilt turn the heart of Him who turned St. Peter back to
Rome ;

O thou wilt pray thy prayer ; and the battle will be won,
And the Saviour's sinless Mother save the City of her Son."

pp. 206—11.

ART. IX.—*The Four Gospels, translated from the Latin Vulgate, and diligently compared with the original Greek text, being a revision of the Rhenish translation, with notes critical and explanatory.* By F. P. KENRICK, Bishop of Philadelphia. 8vo. New York, 1849.

ANY work from the pen of Bishop Kenrick, must be received with interest and with respect by every Catholic who speaks the English language. His varied and extensive learning, his great researches, his distinguished abilities, and his sound orthodoxy, combined with his high position in the Church, must give weight to all that he publishes. The work before us is another proof of his lordship's zeal, and another monument of his learning ; and as such we sincerely welcome it. The object of this new version, with its commentary, appears to be two-fold. First, it is intended to vindicate the Catholic Vulgate, and shew its superiority to the Anglican ; secondly, it is

directed, both by modifications of the ordinary Catholic translation, and by short notes, to remove difficulties, and facilitate the reading of the gospels. It is by no means a controversial work; the notes do not undertake to meet those misrepresentations which result from erroneous doctrine; and on the whole, they will be probably much valued and read by Protestants as well as Catholics.

This work acquires, in our minds, an additional importance from another consideration. It is the first attempt to bring before the notice of ordinary Catholic readers, the critical study of the text. It is an undoubted fact, that all modern judicious critics will give great weight, and even preference, to the vulgate, or Latin version, beyond the ordinary Greek text, where the two differ. The reason is simple. On these occasions, the oldest and best manuscripts, and the most ancient versions, almost invariably agree with the vulgate; and their concurrent testimony establishes the fact, that the vulgate represents manuscripts more accurate, than have been used to form the received Greek text. When we consider the scorn cast by the reformers upon the vulgate, and their recurrence, in consequence, to the Greek, as the only accurate standard, we cannot but rejoice at the silent triumph which truth has at length gained over clamorous error. For in truth, the principal writers who have avenged the vulgate, and obtained for it its critical pre-eminence, are Protestants. But though such a judgment has long been passed by the learned, the great bulk of readers, including men of education, no doubt fancy as yet, that the Greek must always have the preference; and even Catholics may not be free from this opinion. Now Bishop Kenrick has taken the simplest mode of removing it. He shows, in few words, that where the Anglican version agrees with the Greek, but differs from the Latin, the best modern Protestant critics give the preference to the latter.

We have no doubt that this exposure will do much good. At the same time it suggests to us the fear, and shall we add, the shame, that we are not altogether prepared for these critical remarks. We do not believe that Catholics are worse off than their neighbours, who profess to draw all their faith from scripture. But as it is not our place to think for these, we naturally confine our remarks to our own body; and we regret to say, that we have not an English Catholic elementary book of biblical introduc-

tion. Little or no study is made in our schools of the preliminary matter requisite for reading the Bible, although we are sure that the subject could be made as interesting as it is important. Upon this topic we would willingly dilate, did we not view it in connection with deeper considerations, and a wider range of defects than we can at present dwell on. But whoever has paid attention to biblical critical studies, and knows the niceties of the questions in which they get involved, and has tried to unravel the perplexities of *recensions*, and their theories, and has experienced how difficult it is to fix the date of a manuscript or a version, or to weigh conflicting evidence about any text, will fear, we think, with us, that very few indeed of such readers as Dr. Kenrick will secure, will be able to appreciate the critical portion of his notes, or to understand their drift. Nor can we hope that the very brief "Explanations" at the beginning of the volume, containing necessarily so many hard names, and allusions to matters with which ordinary readers are not familiar, will very effectually assist them. If Dr. Kenrick, or any other sound theological scholar, who could sift the chaff from the wheat in modern scriptural writers, would supply the want to which we have alluded, he would confer a lasting advantage on our body.

The second object proposed in the learned Bishop's notes is, we think, of greater practical utility: and we do not hesitate to say that many readers will derive great benefit from their perusal. They will find many terms and phrases explained which they have possibly often read without attaching any very definite idea to them; they will see apparent discrepancies very simply reconciled, and obscure passages briefly but ably illustrated. It will in many cases dispense with the necessity of consulting larger commentaries.

And again on this subject we will express a hope, that this work will lead to others in scriptural learning, and those not merely introductory, but deep, earnest, and solid. For we are fully convinced that the field belongs exclusively to Catholics, and that they alone can properly occupy it. After all the boasted researches of the moderns, what has been done? What are the commentaries of Kuinoel, Rosenmüller, Campbell, or Bloomfield? Sapless, heartless, devotionless, merely critical and philological notes, which help one not a step to taste and relish the

sweetness of the divine narrative, or to learn its true lessons. There is in them neither breadth of view nor depth of penetration; they walk you over the surface, and, if anything, deaden the perception of those inner and hidden treasures, those rich mines which lie beneath the letter. And this must be the case with all Protestant scripture learning. The tender mysteries of our Saviour's nativity and holy childhood, associated at every moment with His Blessed Mother; His kindness towards sinners, and his familiarity with the poor; the sorrowful scenes of His passion, in their details, as meditated upon by Catholic Saints;* all these it is impossible for a Protestant mind to view or dwell on with the intensity and affectionateness that a Catholic heart requires. Then what can a Protestant do with the evangelical counsels, poverty and chastity, and renouncing of all possessions; with the apostles, sent without scrip or staff to preach to heathens; with celibacy and virginity; with fasting and watching; with the forgiveness of sins, and the eating of Christ's Body; with miracles and wonders to be wrought in the Church? He must try to show that some of these things are figurative, and that others only applied to the apostolic times; and that, in fact, they are nothing to us. Only the Catholic can fully and lovingly enter into the heart of God's word, and feel its whole truth and perfect reality. The others must be ever reasoning, while we are content to receive impressions.

We feel, therefore, deeply convinced, that if we would only take full possession of scripture, and place it before those who love, or affect to love, it, in its true and catholic light, and draw from it its practical, yet most moving lessons, in the catholic spirit, we should easily convince our adversaries that ours is the only religion of Scripture, and our inheritance its interpretation. But perhaps we shall best explain our meaning, by endeavouring to exemplify what we have said. Let us take, for instance, one characteristic point of our Saviour's teaching, and endeavour to

* A curious enquiry to pursue, but not here, would be the following: How far has the rejection and condemnation, by Protestantism, of pictures and sculptures conduced to the suppression of meditation, which is a mental representation? We believe much. To take one instance—could a person who has never seen a crucifix possibly realise to his mind the crucifixion?

develop in it, and through it, the principle which we have laid down: that it requires a catholic view of it, to do it full justice, while yet this does not exclude those modes of illustration which may be deemed the common property of every scholar, though they require the chastening hand of orthodox Religion safely to apply them.

Were any one asked, what is the peculiar feature of Our Saviour's teaching, as preserved for us in the Gospels, he would naturally answer, that it consists in His constant use of parables and similitudes. The answer would no doubt be correct, so far as comparison with other known methods of instruction can lead us. Not only the Fathers and later teachers in the Church pursue a system that may seem the very opposite, but even the Apostles, who naturally imbibed the Spirit of their holy Master, and sought to be like Him, disclose no traces of this mode of delivering doctrine. Nor can this be the result of want of genius or of imagination, or of any other faculty. For they wrote under the influence of Divine inspiration, and the Holy Spirit who breathed in, and through them, and who guided their pens, could have suggested to them parables and illustrations, as easily as simple dogmatic teaching. If He did not so, if in this respect they were guided to depart from the model of their Lord and Teacher, there must have been reasons why that mode should remain sacredly His, and not be considered suitable to them. Again, this could not be, because the Apostles had to address, in their writings, a different class of disciples. Several of their epistles are directed to the same Jewish people, *whether still living in their own country, or dispersed in distant lands.* In every respect these compositions bear the Jewish stamp, in style, in reasoning, in quotations, in allusions, in illustration, in figures of speech, in cast of thought. The strongest internal evidence of their *genuineness results from this decisive mark of origin, combined with the novelty of their doctrine, and their connection with the Gospel system.* If therefore our Saviour chose the mode of instruction by parables to gratify a Jewish taste, or to gain the Jewish mind, we might naturally expect, *that after His justification of such a course, it would have been pursued by His first followers.* And if we say, on the other hand, that the Apostles wrote rather for the Church in after times, we shall surely belie our best thoughts and feelings, if we do not consider that every

word which our blessed Lord spoke was as completely addressed to His spouse, as to any unbelieving Jew.

We cannot be surprised that this peculiar choice by our Redeemer, of His method of instruction, should have engaged the attention of religious minds and ecclesiastical writers. Good and solid reasons have been given for His preference; the beauties of His different parables have been unfolded by many an eloquent pen; and the lessons which each contains have been expounded, illustrated, and inculcated, with an almost endless variety of explanation. Each may be likened to a simple theme in music, upon which many composers will elaborate many variations, through all which the original strain will be heard, though one may seem to droop in mournful key, and languid measure, and another to sparkle in all the brilliancy of the wildest caprice. Every parable has been preached upon, commented upon, meditated on, written on; chapters, essays, volumes almost, have been devoted to several of them; their literal, their allegorical, their spiritual, their doctrinal, their ascetic sense has been fully drawn out, sometimes into a very wire of extenuated detail, sometimes into beautiful "chains of gold inlaid with silver," the chaste delicacy of the commentary enhancing the rich brilliancy of the text. In so well reaped a field, what can we hope to glean? Can we, for a moment, flatter ourselves, that we can add another thought, or even another fancy, to the luxuriance of past illustrators; or that we can throw any additional light upon the method itself of parabolic teaching, after all that has been written concerning it?*

We would not put such questions into our reader's thoughts, did we feel ourselves compelled to answer them directly; were it necessary either to give a presumptuous affirmative reply, and so forfeit his confidence; or, at once, by a self-condemning negative, cut off our right to pen another line on the subject. We will do neither; but will rather trust ourselves to his indulgence and generosity, to take it for granted that we would not willingly waste the pages of our Review, nor trifle with his patience; and that, therefore, if merely taking our suggestion from the volume before us, we venture to lead him on so beaten a road, it is not without the hope, that we may draw his attention to

* Cant. i. 10.

something which he may have passed by before. There is no great merit in this. *It may be that we have travelled it over more frequently than he, because our business and duty led us regularly that way; it may be that we have had more leisure than he in going along it, and so have sauntered, and loitered, and looked about us more; it may be that we have walked on it in the company of the wiser than ourselves, who, in oriental phrase, may have dropped the pearls of their sage words upon it, and we may remember where, and pick them up, as we go on; or it may be that we have held in our hands, as we journeyed, some quaint old volumes, that collected its histories, its traditions, its associations, and hidden sources of interest. If so, there can be but small pretension in embodying the results of such slender and such pleasant industry, and offering them to others.* And having got thus far, let us conclude these introductory remarks, by boldly stating, that we think there are some views of this method of teaching, which have not received their full elucidation, and which yet present a strong attraction, that the system, both in its principles and in its details, bears powerfully upon the evidences both of christianity in general, and of catholicity more particularly; and that, moreover, many of the aids to appreciating the full beauty of our Lord's method of instruction, are locked up in works too much out of ordinary readers' way to be familiar to them, or are derived from sources not likely to reach them; which yet are not sufficiently brought forward, as they might be, to enhance the interest, or deepen the impressions, of these sacred lessons.

If we take any portion of our Saviour's discourses in the three first gospels, we are struck at once with the richness of its texture. It is like a beautiful piece of tessellated work, composed of rich designs of imagery, each of which is beautiful in itself, but runs into the next, while, perhaps, in the midst, to continue our image, comes a fuller and more finished picture, set as in a rich border. There is hardly a sentence that descends to what we should call prose; every thought is conveyed in a sententious, proverbial, and easily remembered form; or it is a beautiful and perfect simile, or comparison with natural objects, or ordinary usages, such as conveys the lesson familiarly, and gives it a hold on the mind and memory; or it is a more formal and complete allegory, corresponding point by point with

a more solemn lesson. Now, to every one of these forms of speech, the term PARABLE is applied. For we may observe that the terms *proverb* and *parable* are almost convertible in scripture language. In the three first Gospels, the figurative instructions of our Lord are called *Παραβολή*: in St. John this word does not occur once, but the word *Παροιμία* is always used instead.* It is true the latter means a similitude as well as the former; but it is the title given by the Septuagint, to what we call the *Proverbs* of Solomon; and these again are called in the text *Παραβολαί*,† though they exactly correspond to what we should call *proverbs*. Besides the philological reasons for this commutation of terms,‡ we may assign a very natural one. It is that what we call a proverb, a similitude, and a parable, is only a more or less condensed form of the same species of speech. A proverb or sentence saying, containing in it deep meaning and practical truth, may be easily considered as the moral of a fable or parable, and its frequently figurative form would very often give, at once, the clue to such an illustration. This building of stories upon proverbs has been so often done, that it would be almost childish to dwell upon it. Franklin's story of "paying dear for one's whistle," will suffice as an instance. Again, to return to our subject, when our Lord thus addresses his fellow-townsmen: "Doubtless you will say to me this similitude, (*παραβολήν*): physician,

* We may likewise here remark, that only in St. Luke is the word *παραβολή* rendered by *similitudo* in the Vulgate, seven or eight times. In St. Matthew and St. Mark this is never found.

† Prov. i. 1; xxv. 1.

‡ The Hebrew word whereby the Proverbs of Solomon are called, מָשָׁל *mashal*, corresponds to the Arabic مَثَل *methel*, like. It is curious to observe what an influence on all modern European languages the corresponding word in Latin has exercised. From *fabula*, a fable, comes *fabulari*, to converse; hence the old Spanish *fablar*, (now, by an ordinary conversion, *hablar*;) Portuguese *fallar*, Italian *parlare*, French *parler*, and hence our *parlour* and our *parliament*! This proves that wherever the Latin language was vernacular, the ordinary word in conversation for to speak was this. And hence we may trace back to the oldest period of the language, the familiar use of apologues and fictitious narratives. In fact, Livy calls Memmius's apologue on the Mons Sacer, the *priecum et horridum dicendi genus*.

heal thyself."* It is plain that this expression corresponds exactly to what we should call a proverb, yet who does not see in it, at once, a full parable, which scarcely requires development? A physician loudly proclaims his skill in curing every, or some particular, complaint: a patient sends for him, and sees at once that he is as sick as himself, and that his boasted method of cure has not answered in his own case. He very naturally rejects him as an empiric, and bids him first cure himself with his nostrums, before he tries them on others. "Physician," he exclaims, "heal thyself." *It matters not whether the phrase arose out of an apologue, or leads to it; whether it be the fruit or the seed, is all one.*

If, therefore, among the Jews, a proverb, a similitude, and a parable, were considered as but different degrees of the same form of expression, and if our Lord's discourses were almost entirely made up of the three, we can easily see how literally those words of the sacred text meant to apply; "all these things Jesus spoke in parables to the multitude, and without parables he did not speak to them."[†]

It is manifest that a marked difference may be expected, as to novelty, between those shorter proverbial phrases, and those poetical comparisons by which our Saviour conveys simpler moral and dogmatic truths, and those longer parables which contain in them a complete system of doctrines. No one, however wise, when conversing with ordinary men, will always employ original phrases, nor even deliver original ideas. He must be understood, and to keep up the interest of an audience, say many things which have been said before. Proverbs, which carry in them the thoughts and experience of the good and the wise, have become a public property; they will be used by the very best and wisest; but they will be used aptly, happily, more strikingly than by others; and what is still more important, they will receive new strength and higher meaning, and be made to contain some new and great truth. In examining the shorter parables of our blessed Lord, there is danger of two extremes; of considering every thing as new, and so rejecting all illustration from other sources, on the one hand, and of trusting too much to the light which

* Luc. iv. 23.

† Matt. xiii. 34.

these may throw upon them, on the other. The latter was the crime of that wretched school of biblical literature, which rose in Germany in the course of the last century, matured to avowed rationalism in this, not so much poisoned, as withered up, the last fibres of faith which protestantism yet held by, tainted this country with a venom which has not yet fully developed; and then seems to have gone out, like a noxious vapour, kindled for a time by an infernal flame. In its insidious beginnings, this was one of its worst deceits: that overlooking or rejecting ecclesiastical teaching and tradition, it sought, with preverted erudition, for all its illustrations of God's word, out of it, and of the natural channel of interpretation. But on the other hand, to reject totally the aid of such secondary sources of illustration, is, in truth, not merely to reject such light as they can cast on the sacred text, but to exclude what helps much to raise the character of our Lord Himself to its true dignity. *Let us examine a few instances.*

Our Saviour makes use of a most appropriate illustration in the following passage:—"How sayest thou to thy brother: let me cast the mote out of thine eye, and behold a beam in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thy own eye, and then thou shalt see to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye?"* Now we can hardly doubt that this was a proverbial expression among the Jews, for we find it quoted as such in the Rabbins, but with very different effect. "It is written, that in the time of the judges, if any one said, 'cast out the mote (stalk) from thy eye;' the other would answer: 'cast out the beam from thine.'"† "Rabbi Tarphon said: 'I wonder if in this age there be any one who will receive correction: for if any one says to another, cast out the mote from thine eye, he would answer him, cast the beam out of thine.'"‡ Similar passages occur elsewhere. As here used, the expression was clearly one of retort, and he who used it is evidently blamed. The haughty pharisee, the unbelieving Sadducee, the scandalous priest, was no doubt generally the reprover of others' failings, (for they were not "as the rest of men,") and to them was the retort frequently and justly addressed. Now our Lord exactly takes part with those who make it, but He goes

* Matt. vii. 4, 5.

† Bava Bathra f. 10. 2.

‡ Erachin f. 16. 2.

further still, and takes it in God's name, and brands with the terrible name of "hypocrite," him who dares to incur the injustice of correcting others, while he is guilty of even greater sins. His treatment of the accusers of the woman taken in adultery,* is the best illustration of this meaning. But Christ's application of the familiar proverb rises higher; it goes to teach, what Jewish doctor never thought of, mutual forbearance, gentleness in dealing with others' defects, strict scrutiny into our own failings rather than into theirs, and self-correction before we undertake the delicate office of directing others. And thus, as in that same sermon on the mount, He took the texts of the old law, and amended them for the new, in all that regarded charity; so did He no less those familiar and traditional phrases current among the teachers of the people.

Let us take another example, which has given rise to much strange discussion. "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."† Even in ancient times, as appears, from marginal notes on manuscripts, there was a disposition to modify the apparent harshness of this text. A camel passing through the eye of a needle seemed almost incongruous; and hence by changing κάμηλος into κάμιλος, a "camel" into a "cable" a more natural connection was sought to be given between the two terms employed: "a cable passing through the eye of a needle." Drusius warmly espoused this reading;‡ and others followed him. But no sensible commentator would now adopt so useless an attempt at emendation. There can be little doubt that the expression was a proverbial one, to imply an impossibility. For with the exception of the animal mentioned, we find the same proverb in use in central and eastern Asia. In those countries the largest beast of burthen was the elephant, and the image in the comparison was naturally drawn from it. In the *Bava Metsia*, one of the Talmudic treatises, a person thus addresses another who dealt in wonders: "Perhaps you are from the city of Pumbeditha, where they make an elephant pass through the eye of a needle."§ And in another work it is written:

* Jo. viii.

† Matt. xix. 24.

‡ In loc. and in his Treatise on Heb. proverbs in Crit. sac. tom. v.

§ Fol. 38. 2.

"They do not show a golden palm, nor an elephant going through the eye of a needle."* Dr. Frank has given a similar proverb as Indian: "as if an elephant were to try to pass through a small opening."† What the elephant was to the oriental Asiatic, the camel was to the western: the proverb would naturally present this substitution of animals, yet be substantially the same. Hence, the Arabs have the proverb, with the camel, as in the gospel.‡ But what an awful severity, what a definitely acute edge does not this vague and general expression, more of incredulity than of impossibility, receive, when applied, as by our Lord, to the difficulty, for the rich, of entering His kingdom. And how encreased is the strength of the figure, by the appeal, which follows it, to God's omnipotence, as the sole power that can reverse or modify the sentence. "With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible,"§ and therefore this. So firmly welded and rivetted have the two parts of the sentence become, in our Saviour's mouth, that no power will ever again separate them; it would be profane to reduce again to a general expression of difficulty, or human impossibility, that which has been definitely appropriated by Him, to declare the most terrible moral truth of His divine Religion.

We can easily conceive how this familiarity with the proverbial forms of speech in use among the Rabbins and learned men of His nation, this apt and elegant use of their favourite expressions, and this power of giving them new and peculiar beauties gained Him at once the respect and confidence of the people, associated Him, of right, with their admitted teachers, shut the jealous mouths of these men, and delighted and charmed all, till they would remain whole days, regardless of food, in His society. Hence even in that very place where He was no prophet, the people "all gave testimony to Him: and they wonder-

* Beracoth, fol. 55. 2.

† 50th. Continuation of the Accounts of the E. I. Missionaries, Halle, 1742.

‡ It occurs in the Koran, Sur. vii. 38. "They who charge our signs with falsehood, and reject them, the gates of heaven shall be closed against them, and they shall not enter Paradise, till a camel pass through the eye of a needle."

§ Matt. xix. 26.

ed at the words of grace that proceeded from His mouth, and they said, Is not this the son of Joseph?"* But what doubtless added still further to enhance the beauty and gracefulness of His discourse, was the readiness with which His illustrations and comparisons seemed to spring from the objects around, or from the most homely subjects. How important this consideration is, when we study our Saviour's more formal parables, we shall see later: but in the shorter images, the *fabellæ breviores*, as Quintilian calls them, this obvious facility of taking them up must have rendered them much more striking and interesting. The whitening corn-fields suggest the thought of the spiritual harvest ripe for the sickle; † the fig-tree putting forth its fruit furnishes a lesson on the coming of God's Kingdom. "See the fig-tree, and all the trees, when they now shoot forth their fruit." † When discoursing on the mount, how beautifully the birds flitting about furnish a beautiful image: "Behold the birds of the air:" and the lilies which spring up, as travellers inform us, on that very ground, give rise to that still more graceful similitude, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they labour not, neither do they spin. But I say to you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these." § Then every action and operation of the household, and of ordinary life—the grinding at the mill; || the leavening of the dough; ¶ the good housewife's hoard; ** the governing of the house; †† the cultivation of the vineyard, from its planting †† to its yielding fruit; §§ the tillage

* Luc. iv. 22.

† Jo. iv. 35.

‡ Luc. xxi. 29.

§ Mat. vi. 26, 28. Solomon is the Cæsar of oriental poetry. The prince of Persian poets, Hafez, has a similar figure:—

چو گل سوار شود بر هوا سلیمان وار

"When the rose rides on the air like Solomon."

(Rousseau's *Flowers of Pers.* Liter. p. 165.) The rose is in Persian, what the lily is in Hebrew, poetry.

|| Mat. xxiv. 41.

¶ Lu. xiii. 21.

** Lu. xv. 8.

†† Lu. xii. 35.

‡‡ Mat. xx. 1, xxi. 33. Mar. xii. 1. Lu. xx. 9.

§§ Jo. xv. 1—6. "Every branch that beareth fruit, he (the husbandman) will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (v. 2.)

of the field* and of the garden; † the pastoral life in its smallest details, ‡ each furnishes him with most appropriate imagery, and most pertinent illustration. At the same time even the more refined and luxurious life of the higher classes is no less fertile in His hand; the management of the estate; § the distribution of confidential duties to servants; || the sumptuous feast; ¶ the bridal procession; **

This same figure is beautifully applied, almost in the same words, by the Persian poet Saadi:

زکوة مال بدر کن کتة فضله زرا

جو باغبان ببرد بیشتر دهد انگور

"Distribute in alms the tithe of thy wealth; for the more the gardener cuts away the redundancy of the vine, the more fruit it gives."—Gulistan, chap. ii. Tale xlix.

* Mat. xiii. 3, 24. Mar. iv. 3, 26. Lu. viii. 4.

† Lu. xiii. 6. ‡ Mat. xviii. 12. Lu. xv. 4. Jo. x. 1.

§ Lu. xvi. 1. || Mat. xxv. 1. Lu. xix. 12.

¶ Mat. xxii. 12. Lu. xiv. 16. We are tempted to introduce another oriental illustration of an important feature of this parable. (M. v. 11.) The guests called in on a sudden are all found clothed in a wedding, or feasting garment, (for *γαμος* expresses the feast) corresponding to the Roman *cenatorium*. There is only one exception. As he is severely reprimanded and punished for not having one, and yet he and all his fellow-guests were poor, we must suppose that rich garments were given to them, and that gross neglect, or some worse fault was imputable to the unrobed guest. Now Fakr-Eddin Razi informs us how Jaffar the son of Yaya, in the days of the great Egyptian Khalif, Haroun Al Rashid used to have in his palace secret banquets, and that the guests all put on garments of various colours, red, yellow, or green, and the forbidden cup circulated freely among them. One day he had assembled in his apartments all his boon-companions except one, whose name was Abd-al-melik, and he left orders with his porter to admit none but him. It happened, however, that there was at court another of that name, a man of austere morals, whom Jaffar had in vain endeavoured to draw to his jovial parties. He happening to come to speak on business, gave his name, and was admitted by the unsuspecting porter. The guests were surprised and confounded at his appearance; but he, without embarrassment, joined the party, and said: "bring me also one of those rich garments;" and only after he had been thus clothed, asked for a cup of wine. Sacy's Chrestom. Arabe. pp. 35, 36 of text.

** Mat. xxv. 1.

the processes of law,* even political events of recent occurrence,† serve for Him as groundwork of most expressive and beautiful lessons. And there is every reason to suppose, that even such detailed and pointed parables as that of the rich man and Lazarus had a basis of fact, and alluded to characters and incidents well known.

✓ When we consider, in addition, that in almost every case these parables could not have been prepared, but were introduced in discourses arising from casual events, or spoken in answer to sudden questions, we shall not be surprised at the delight which they gave his audience, and how they found his words truly full of elegance and grace.

What we have said will enable us to explain the beautiful description which our Lord Himself gives us of His own mode of teaching. After the remarkable series of parables in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, in which the Church is symbolised as a field, a treasure, a pearl, and a net, our Saviour, having explained them to His disciples, thus addresses them: "Have you understood all these things? They say to Him, Yes. He said unto them, 'Therefore is every scribe' (or Doctor) 'instructed in the kingdom of heaven, like unto a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure' (that is, his store) 'new things and old.'" (51, 52.) Our Lord, having made use of different parables, some from common life, as the sowing of a field, or a draught of fishes, others from more extraordinary occurrences, such as the finding of a treasure, or of an invaluable pearl, asks His apostles if they understood all these illustrations. They answer Him affirmatively. Therefore, He replies, that is because you find these different images so clear, you see herein the skill of the experienced religious teacher. He is like an economical householder, who has carefully stored up objects of every kind, some old, some new, and knows where always to find just the thing that he requires. So the good teacher, who has treasured up in his mind a rich collection of varied learning, will be ready always to cull out just what is wanted, old things or new: the old, by adapting to his doctrine ancient maxims, proverbs, and wise sayings, as well as historical events; and the new, by seizing the

* Ib. v. 25.

† Lu. xix. 14.

occurrences of the moment, or objects that are present, and turning them to the profit of his scholars.

We have seen how admirably and how perfectly Christ did this. But His hearers not only found His words full of grace, but they marked a difference between His teaching and that of their usual instructors, which they described in this phrase: that "He was teaching them as one having power, and not as the scribes and Pharisees."* Besides the remarkable and most important meaning which we hope later to draw from these words, we may easily explain what the Jews meant, by reference to the corresponding teaching of the pharisees and scribes. For we may here assume that their teaching is fairly represented to us by the lessons recorded in the Jewish writings, of the parables and sayings of the older Rabbins. We have not leisure or space to prove this; but it would not be difficult. We could show that St. Jerome refers to, and even, in his version, follows traditional Jewish interpretations to be found in Talmudic writings; and if any one desires to test this assertion within a very limited compass, we would refer him to his commentary on Osee. In like manner St. Ephrem has some peculiar comments which are manifestly traditional, agreeing most curiously with the Koran,† which certainly drew its accounts from the Jews. And St. James of Edessa, quoting one of these histories, about Melchisedec, informs us that it came from Jewish traditions.‡ St. James of Sarug does the same.§ If therefore we are justified in considering the Jewish histories, recorded in later writers, as traditions of far earlier periods, we shall be warranted in comparing the teaching of our Saviour with that there recorded; and the result will be what the people describe, in the text just cited. The teaching of the Jewish doctors and expounders of the law was frivolous, trivial, and childish, and related to every manner of petty distinction and dispute, respecting the

* Mat. vii. 29.

† As that Jacob knew the story brought him by his sons, of Joseph's death, to be untrue (in loc.); which is asserted in the Koran. (Sur. *Jusuphu*.) Again, that the rock struck by Moses produced twelve fountains, (Op. tom. i. p. 263.) which again is found in the Koran. (Sur. ii.)

‡ Op. S. Ephrem. tom. i. p. 273.

§ Ib. p. 274.

law, ceremonial and moral. We do not recollect a single instance in which a masterly grasp of great principles is exhibited, in which anything like a broad, generous, exalted, view is taken of the whole law, or of a single precept. The character of this teaching could not possibly have been given in stronger and juster terms than it is by our Lord, when he reproaches them with measuring out their tithe of mint and cummin, and letting alone the weightier things of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith, straining out at a gnat, and swallowing a camel.* Compared with this, how healthy, vigorous, noble, and enlarged must the teaching of our Lord have justly appeared. There the spirit of the law had been clearly caught and defined, and the new and higher law that was engrafted on it, in the Sermon on the mount, to which the Jews referred, was manifestly its rightful sequence, and natural maturing to perfection. And every illustration introduced, instead of serving to perplex, and bind still further, as in the rabbinical teaching, simplified and explained His meaning most happily, and supported generous and exalted views of duty.

What we have written will guide us at least one step towards answering the question with which we started; why did our Lord choose to teach in parables, and why did not the apostles? Because it was necessary for Him to claim and secure the title of a Master in Israel, a public teacher; and so to drive from the field the false teachers who held it, and had so thoroughly perverted the old law, that it was necessary to sweep away from it their corruptions, before the new could be fastened on it. This, which may be called the aggressive part of our Saviour's ministry, was not to be accomplished without great command, great vigour, and almost violence. And to it belong those strong and magnificent declamations, in which He thoroughly unmasks their hypocrisy, uncharitableness, and hidden vice. How was this work of power to succeed, save by Christ's showing Himself fully equal to those rivals in all which their dupes, and the whole people considered wisdom, and even assert successfully superiority over them in their own modes of teaching? And effectually we see, that though not brought up in their schools, nor associating with any of their sects, nor holding fami-

* Mat. xxiii. 23. seq.

liarity with any of them, and consequently having a coalition of Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, priests, and doctors arrayed against Him, though cordially hating each other, He obtained the title which they most coveted,* that of Master,† Teacher,‡ and Rabbi.§ But though this was necessary for Him, it was not so for His followers. On the contrary, as they were to have "only one Master, Christ," they were forbidden to assume or to aspire to this title. ||

✓ But in addition to the position thus required by our Lord, for founding the Christian religion on the groundwork of the former revelation, there was another reason why He might be considered almost compelled to adopt the system of teaching by parables. It was, that it was associated throughout the East with the idea of wisdom. Solomon, the very type of wisdom, was the great parable, or proverb, writer of the Jews.¶ When the Queen of Saba came to him, it was expressly to try his wisdom by enigmas or riddles,** which in those times were like parables.†† And the following is the description of a wise man: "The wise man will seek out the wisdom of all the ancients.....he will keep the sayings of renowned men, and will enter withal into the subtleties of parables. He will search out the hidden meanings of proverbs, and will be conversant in the secrets of parables."‡‡ Jeremias celebrates the wisdom of the inhabitants of Theman, the capital of the Idumeans. §§ And Baruch tells us in what that

* Mat. xxiii. 7.

† Mat. viii. 19; xii. 38. Lu. ix. 38; xx. 21, 28, 39. Jo. viii. 4. *et al pass.*

‡ Lu. v. 5; viii. 24, 45, *et al pass.* This word *ἐπιστάτης* is peculiar to St. Luke in the New Testament.

§ Mat. xxvi. 25, 49. Mar. ix. 4. Jo. i. 38; iii. 2, 26, *et al.*

|| Mat. xxiii. 8, 10.

¶ 3 Reg. iv. 32.

** 3 Reg. x. 1. Menander and Dios, the historians of Tyre, whose fragments are preserved by Eusebius, inform us that the friendship of Solomon and Hiram was kept up by their sending one another enigmas to solve.

†† As Jud. xiv. 14.

‡‡ Ecclus. xxxix. 1, 3.

§§ Jer. xlix. 7.

wisdom consisted, when he speaks of "The children of Agar also, that search after the wisdom that is of the earth, the merchants of Merrha and Theman, and the *tellers of fables*, and *searchers of prudence and understanding*."* We might add many examples more. But it was so throughout the East. The story of Œdipus proves it for Egypt. Esop is the impersonation of that oriental wisdom, as it appeared in early Greece; and his fables may be traced through the Arabic of Lokman (surnamed as their writer, "the Wise") and the Persian of Bidpai, (known more popularly as Pilpay,) to the Hipotadesa of India; a genealogy as clear as that of our numerals through Araby to India. The Armenians fall into the chain, through the fables of Vartbran. The Gulistan, or Rose-garden of Saadi, one of the most beautiful oriental poems, to which we have referred in a former note, consists entirely of a classified series of short parables or tales, sometimes containing only the saying of some sage, each followed by an often exquisite strophe, containing the moral or application. And not to multiply instances, suffice it to say, that so much authority is granted to this form of teaching among Mussulmen, that the prohibition to drink wine, now so important a feature in their religious code, rests entirely, not on the Koran, but on the teaching of a parable, in the Taalim, their second religious book. So long, then, as in the country and age in which our Saviour lived, the idea of wisdom was so completely involved in that of teaching by similitudes and parables, and this not rashly, but in accordance with the definitions of the sacred writings, and the character of acknowledged sages, it became Him so far to adapt Himself to these habitual and deeply-rooted views, as to ensure the deepest and most reverential attention, as a sage. Nay, it was absolutely necessary that He should cope with Solomon himself in his own peculiar form of wisdom, that so He might confidently and boldly tell the Jews, "behold more than Solomon is here!"† The meaning of these words is indeed very deep and solemn. For as the gift of wisdom to that king was given in terms that excluded rivalry from man, ‡ to assert,

* Bar. iii. 23.

† Lu. xi. 31.

‡ I "have given thee a wise and understanding heart, in so much that there hath been no one like thee, before thee, nor shall arise after thee." 3 Reg. iii. 12.

so decidedly and so boldly, superiority to him, and that in One in whom humility was first shown to be a main part of wisdom, was equal to a declaration of His superior and Divine nature. For no one but the Giver of wisdom to Solomon could possess more wisdom than he. ✓

These motives for teaching in the manner which alone would commend itself to the Jews, and secure their esteem, will in part explain those awful passages, in which our Lord seems to intimate that He taught them in parables, on purpose that they might not understand.* For we see that this necessity was one of their own making: and that the deafness and the blindness which followed from it, were the fruit of their obstinate adherence to so imperfect a method of teaching.

But the meaning of such passages will become perhaps more intelligible, from our next consideration, which leads us into the main scope of our dissertation. If we accurately examine the whole system of teaching by parables adopted by our Lord, we shall see that it corresponds to prophecy in the Old Law; that, in fact, in them is to be found the germ of the whole Christian system, as the history of Israel and Juda, and of Christ and His reign, is to be found in the prophets. As in the latter we have seldom anywhere one continued context on these subjects, but have to construct the web out of fragments and separate pieces, not without study and research; so likewise in the parables we have a variety of apparently detached lessons, which, considered individually, give but partial results, but which compared and joined together, throw marvellous light upon the whole theory of religion and the Church. In like manner, therefore, as the prophecies read or heard, when first uttered were generally most obscure, often unintelligible, and served even to irritate those who heard them,† and even made them harder than they were before; so were the parables, which, alluded to a system not yet fully established, necessarily unintelligible, except in so far as, like prophecies of imminent fulfilment, they alluded to the commencement of the system. And as that beginning involved the destruction of the existing state and its upholders, it naturally irritate-

* Mat. xiii. 13. seq.

† Jer. xxxvii., xxxviii.

ted, provoked, and, through their obstinate perversity, even hardened those unhappy men. At the same time it might happen, and it did happen, that a parable spoken in answer to a question, while beautifully pertinent, and sufficient for its present purpose, contained in it treasures of wisdom for the future Church, which could not possibly catch the eye of the first superficial observer. Let us illustrate our meaning by an example.

In the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, there is a series of parables relating to the "kingdom of heaven," that is, the Church. These need not necessarily have been spoken all at the same time. The first of them, the parable of the sower, occurs in the three first gospels, and all the evangelists remark, that it was addressed to a vast multitude.* And in truth it may be well considered as the preliminary, or introductory, parable to the whole series of the parables. For it lays down the necessary dispositions for receiving, with profit, the words of Christ, and particularly describes His ministry. But the other parables may be taken in the following order. 1. The seed then sown by Christ in this field of the world, that portion of it even which fell upon well prepared ground, was soon to be disturbed by the enemy. A spurious seed would soon be scattered among it, and it would spring up, side by side with the blade of genuine grain; that is, even in the Church itself, and among the faithful, there would arise corruptions, vices, and scandals; the parable of the cockle.† 2. The sowing of this seed has evidently two distinct operations, one on the individual, the other on the Church or world in general. The heart, the dispositions, of those to whom doctrine is addressed, are essential for its cultivation in the first instance: when many have received it within, these uniting would form the Church. To each one then, this seed of true doctrine is of immense importance and value; it is the treasure, the pearl of immense price, which must be purchased by sacrifice of all else.‡ When once hidden in the heart, it is as a leaven which will communicate its qualities on every side, and make the whole of society ferment with its spirit.§ 3. That

* Matt. xiii. 3. Mar. iii. 3. Lu. viii. 4.

† Matt. xiii. 24.

‡ Ib. 44, 45.

§ Ib. 33.

seed which will at first be so small, hidden and confined, will now spring up about the earth; the grain long buried, will become a great and glorious tree.* A portion only of all this belonged to the Jews; the duty of receiving Christ's doctrine, laying it to heart, and being ready to surrender all to possess it. The rest is prophetic, belongs to the future, and neither friend nor foe could understand it then. It required fulfilment, and, as no one but our Lord himself knew what His kingdom, or Church, was to be, so no one till the time came could fully see the beauty of the applications. The time did come at length: and we shall see how admirable the wisdom which this teaching laid up in store for us.

There has never been any founder of a false sect, whether deceived himself by fanaticism, or deceiving others in malice, who has not promised, and pretended to make, a perfect system. The world, if it receives their doctrine, is to be regenerated, the elect alone have to reign, or even to exist: vice and evil are to disappear before their doctrines and systems. Mohammed taught this, and used the sword of extermination to realise it. It formed the ground work of the so-called reformation, beginning with the mischievous tenets of Wycliffe and Huss, that sin put an end to all rights, down to the murderous ravings of the German Anabaptists, the fanatical brutishness of the Cromwellian Puritans, and the wild dreams of Mormonites or Agapomenites. Certainly the beginning of the Church might easily have seduced men into the same dream; and the sight of the one-hearted church of Jerusalem, or of the love-bound community of Alexandria, might have made sanguine believers hope, that a state of unmixed virtue was beginning to prevail on earth. But jealousy and contest soon came in to dispel the vision. It was not however till many years after, that this false principle assumed the form of a specific heresy. It is essentially in every heresy; it lurked in the early sects, it appeared palpably in Novatianism, and Montanism, but it incarnated itself in Donatism. The basis of that heresy and schism, was, that the Church could only consist of incorrupt members, and that every portion of it which tolerated, or forgave those guilty of a grievous crime, had forfeited its claims. Protestantism is essentially Dona-

* *Ib.* 31.

tist, whether in its high-church theory of branch separation from the trunk, or in its lowest evangelical idea of an invisible elect church. Where was the confutation of this dangerous theory to be found? In the parables which we have arranged, with one more which follows them, and is but a confirmation of a preceding one; the likening of the kingdom of heaven to a net gathering all sorts of fishes, which are separated only on the shore.* This, our Saviour, by mentioning the angels as the sorters of good and bad, clearly refers to the explanation given by Himself, of the parable of the cockle. To judge of the importance of these parables, on the point referred to, let the reader only open, at random, any of St. Augustine's works against the Donatists. He will hardly open a page, in which he does not find these two parables quoted or alluded to, together with the similar image of the Baptist, that on the barn floor the wheat and the chaff lie mixed, till the winnowing-time comes, in the end.† "Novit Dominus triticum suum, novit et paleam," is almost a proverbial expression with that Father. He is never afraid of wearying by repeating the same arguments: these images are again and again quoted, are turned on every side, are by turns arguments fully developed, and illustrations to elucidate his own reasonings; but it is clear that in them lies the whole gist of the question, and that our Lord had carefully buried in them, a seed of doctrine which would not reach its maturity, till they who heard it had long passed away.

And now let us take another instance of parables seemingly spoken for a passing illustration; which yet have acquired a most sacred importance in the Church. One of the dangers to our Lord's disciples was, from the facility with which they would take up the tone of false zeal common in their time, and considered a characteristic of great virtue. For it is difficult for men, especially if untutored, to get clear of national characteristics. Symptoms of this soon appeared. There were little pharisaical contests for the first place, among those young children of the Gospel;‡ they soon got to wish for judgment upon those who resisted their master:§ and they rebuked little ones who would approach Him, as they thought, over familiarly.|| The

* Ib. 47. † Ib. iii. 12. Lu. iii. 17.

‡ Luke, xxii. 24. § Ib. ix. 54. || Matt. xix. 13. Luke, xviii. 15.

Pharisees, it need not be added, only included our Saviour among those whom they despised, the sinners and publicans, because of His charity towards them. To each of these two classes, to His Apostles and to the proud Pharisees, He separately, as it would appear, proposed the same parable; that of the man who, having a hundred sheep, and losing one of them, leaves the ninety-nine in what we call the desert, that is, to use a corresponding English phrase, on the *Downs*, or an unenclosed range of hilly pasture land, and goes to seek the lost one. In St. Matthew, this parable is given to show the value of the soul of the least child before God, in answer to one of the uneasy questions alluded to, put by the disciples. "At that hour the disciples came to Jesus, saying: who thinkest Thou is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven? And Jesus calling unto him a little child," &c. And so from the sin of scandalizing, or causing the loss of, such an one, He proceeds to the earnest desire which God has of his salvation. Then comes the parable of the lost sheep, with this conclusion: "Even so it is not the will of your Father who is in Heaven, that one of those little ones should perish."* In St. Luke, publicans and sinners have gathered round our Saviour, and the pharisees murmur, saying: This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." He replies by the same parable, with a different inference: "Even so there shall be joy in Heaven upon one sinner that doth penance."† The parable, therefore, is immediately spoken to illustrate two points of immediate use: 1st, that His disciples, instead of striving for pre-eminence, and despising children, must take them as a model, as being the special favourites of Heaven, for whose safety God is as careful as a shepherd is of that of a stray sheep: and 2dly, that as a lost sheep recovered is dearer to the shepherd than what are safe at home, so is a converted sinner more a cause of joy to heaven, than many just souls. But no sooner has our blessed Lord elsewhere said, "I am the Good Shepherd,"‡ and in a different parable assumed all the characteristics of one, than these words touch with a ray of new light, this parable, and present it to us in a far more tender and consoling form. We no longer look at the immediate application, or con-

* Matt. xviii. 1—14. † Luke, xv. 1—7. ‡ Jo. x. 11.

sider it as an illustration : it becomes a description of Himself, in His dealings with the Jews, and with each individual soul, with Magdalen, with Peter, with Saul, with every other penitent, down to the writer or reader of these lines. But how could proud Pharisee, or dull disciple, nay, or bright angel, unless foreknowledge be part of his light, have possibly understood the whole beauty, reality, and pathos of this parable, till the pursuit of the lost sheep had been made from Olivet to Sion, and from Sion to Calvary, and the stray one had been seen borne up the toiling ascent, upon shoulders bruised beneath the cross's load? As long as the world shall last, that brief parable, which sounded at first but as a most apt figure of speech, will prove the consolation of many an aching breast, and the light of many a darkened spirit, and the inspirer of many a grateful thought.

But let us look at both these classes of parables, and we hesitate not to say, that only a Catholic can thoroughly realise them, or apply them. A Protestant may see in them just as much as the Jew did. He will understand, in the first class, how the christian religion was a treasure or a pearl worth every sacrifice. But if he stands to his Homilies, or to the popular belief of his church, he must teach, not that the enemy sowed cockle or tares among Christ's wheat, but that the whole crop came to nothing, that much of the seed rotted from the beginning and brought up spurious plants, and that what sprung up, soon cankered, turned sickly, and died down to the root, so that the field showed little better than the high-road or the rock. For such would be the parable, to correspond with the theory that all christendom was for hundreds of years involved in idolatry. Then, if to get *some* Protestant church-theory out of the parable, it is supposed that the bad seed signifies error in doctrine as well as scandals in morals; so that the Church has to be a sort of confederation of all manner of sects; or, like Anglicanism, may permit peaceful existence in her of any amount of denominations or shades; then, indeed, we go counter to historical realisation of it. For the Church has ever repelled into antagonism every other system, and has refused any to coexist with her in the same field. Then we have the image of the tree springing up from one seed, which at once overthrows this theory. The idea of one tree from one root, with living coherence of all its branches with the trunk,

is incapable of application, upon any other system than that of Catholic unity. It is easy then to see how the parables of our Lord, which describe the future Church, or any of its great characteristics, can only have their true meaning in Catholic hands, and only receive verification in our Church. And in the beautiful parable of the lost sheep, painful as it may be to say it, still we must not hesitate to assert it, only a Catholic can fully feel its application. Others no doubt sin, and repent, and feel the sense (if their religious opinions guide them that way) of a forgiveness. Or a few, who mimic Catholic institutions, may seek forgiveness in a sham confession and hollow absolution, both uttered under the very shadow of an episcopal reproof; but a system of grace which, from first to last, by a certain working, brings home to the penitent sinner the lively assurance and sense, that he has been mercifully followed through his wanderings, by a kind and steady friend, that he has been won back by gentleness, that there has been a delicate raising up of his heavy load, a caressing of his sickened heart, a mild soothing of his sorrows; that the thorns which had wound themselves around him as he wandered are not plucked, but picked from him with a dainty hand, and every wound and every bruise searchingly and minutely probed, but only to be cleansed and closed and skilfully dressed; and that then he has been borne in arms like a babe back to his home; a system, or rather a power of grace, which makes him know the day and the hour, and the very moment in which he is again God's child, that is to be found nowhere, yes nowhere, save only in the one true fold of God's Catholic Church. And do we want one short, convincing proof? Nowhere else is the banquet ever ready, at which the Angels are invited to rejoice for the lost sheep found. Nowhere else is communion considered or given as the pledge of repentance. His heart may be full of contrition and sorrow, but he may wait many months before his minister shall think that this is a ground for an extra communion day in the parish: but in the Catholic Church, he bounds, at once, full of love to the banquet, from Magdalen's place at the feet, to John's on the bosom, of Jesus.

If this fulfilment be the result of a dispensation in the Church, this parable creates a not less perfect counterpart by its moral application. How the early Christians loved this image! How they sculptured it on their tombs, paint-

ed it in their catacomb oratories, enamelled it on their glass! The type of [their Lord as the Good Shepherd, with the wayward sheep upon His shoulders, oh! how it spoke to their hearts of the mercies of their conversion! How tender a handling of the sinner, to represent him as the sheep, the very kin of the Lamb of God! Then how natural that an institution founded for reclaiming and saving souls, that have gone the most fearfully astray, should take the same emblem and the same name. It keeps ever before the thoughts of those holy religious who adopt it, the charity with which their duties are to be practised, and the gentleness with which those bruised souls are to be handled. In other instances and ways do the parables, so easy of adaptation in the Catholic mind, influence the institutions and the language of the Church. To call the duties of the ministry the "labours or the cultivation of the vineyard," to speak of the clergy as "husbandmen" simply *operarii*, and above all to give familiarly the name of shepherd or pastor to the bishop, more perhaps in other countries than in ours, are modes of speech most common among Catholics, but scarcely so, we believe, among even Anglicans. This trifling circumstance shows, how the parables fit into our system, as we have before observed.

And as we have alluded to the application made by our Lord to Himself of the image of the Good Shepherd, we will observe, that as He is the model of pastors, the characteristics which He so justly assumes to Himself, must be considered as those at which inferior shepherds of souls should aim. Now this again is practical to a Catholic mind, even in that hard duty of being ready to lay down life for the sheep. Protestantism has had its pretended martyrs; the church of England numbers bishops amongst them, Cranmer and Ridley for example. But can it be for a moment pretended, that they, or any of their fellows, laid down their lives for their flocks—threw themselves generously between their people and iniquity, and became a willing sacrifice? But our own St. Thomas, and the late Archbishop of Paris, and St. Stanislaus, and St. John Nepomucen, (though not a bishop,) and many others fulfilled this to the letter. And the number is still greater of those who have shown themselves ready to make the sacrifice.

It will be seen, by what we have written, that we consider the parable-teaching of our Lord as mainly embody-

ing doctrines or precepts, belonging to the Church about to be established. This is in fact our idea; and we think it susceptible of being pursued still further. Speaking, of course, not so much of the passing, short, proverbial illustrations, or of such comparisons as are merely explanatory, with both which every discourse of our Lord is enriched, as of set and formal parables, there is a striking difference to be traced in the different gospels, between the selections made by each. It will be seen, we think, that St. Matthew, who writes for the Jews, and whose main drift is to show them how Christianity had to supersede their religion, has recorded almost exclusively parables that illustrate this point. His parables relate to the rejection of the Jews, in order to make way for Christianity. In addition to the series of parables in his thirteenth chapter, which we have already quoted, and which all go to inculcate the importance of embracing the new religion, the following are the principal ones; indeed, all which occur in him, as spoken to the Jews. 1. The labourers in the vineyard, of whom those called at the end of the day were made equal to those who had been there all day; that is, the Gentiles were put on a level with the Jews.* 2. The two sons sent to work, one of whom pretended to go and did not—the Jews again—the other demurred, but went, that is, publicans and sinners who should go before them into the Church.† 3. The vineyard let out to husbandmen who gave no return, but persecuted their master's messengers and servants, and slew his son; for which the vineyard was to be given to other husbandmen,—a parable so plain in its application, that “when the chief priests and pharisees had heard His parables,” (this and the preceding,) “they understood that He spake of them.”‡ 4. The marriage feast, the first invited guests to which were rejected in favour of the poor from the way-sides, no bad image of the despised Gentiles.§ The parables of ten virgins, five of whom were rejected, and of the ten talents, were addressed to the disciples privately, though the latter in particular will apply to the purpose above intimated, the rejection of those who had neglected profitably to use the talents committed to them.|| It can hardly be doubted

* xx. 1.

† xxi. 28.

‡ Ib. 45.

§ xxii. 2.

|| xxv. 1, 14.

that these parables were purposely selected out of the many which Christ spake, to prove St. Matthew's particular point; the parables become, as it were, the key to his whole gospel; and when we look also at the very discourse with the disciples in which the two parables last referred to occur, and see that its whole subject is the destruction of Jerusalem, and when further we compare the detail with which the Evangelist gives our Lord's noble and vehement declamation against the hypocrisy of the scribes and pharisees, in his twenty-third chapter, and his full record of the sermon on the mount, in which the Jewish moral law is superseded, and the modern deformations of it are swept away, like cobwebs, from the sanctuary, we find that St. Matthew's Gospel bears intrinsic evidence of having been written, with the view of proclaiming to his countrymen the overthrow of Judaism.

But while this scope may be discovered in the special parables which he has preserved for us, these no less belong, in many of their features, to the Church, and, in those parts, could not have been fully understood by the Jews. To take one example: the parable of the marriage-feast clearly enough told the pharisees, that they had refused the invitation to God's banquet, and that those whom they heartily despised and hated, had been called in their place. But what follows after is not for them. The man of the second class, who appears unrobed for the feast, and is cast forth, represents one already a Christian, unworthy of his profession, who is to be no less punished than they. How could they see the force of this declaration? It is for us. But then, in the eyes of the Christian, the whole scene changes. The parable represents to him not the Church or kingdom of God, in its wider and external aspect, but in that which belongs to the children alone of the kingdom. The Jewish view can only reach the outer wall which shuts it out. The Church within shews to us, not a system of dry faith and precepts, but a banqueting-hall, full of domestic joy and peace, and wherein God hath spread out a table ever furnished. Interior unity, the being one house, one family, one body symbolizes itself in this form. The kingdom of God is to us a feast—nay, *the* feast; and we can no more realise the thought of practical warm religion, in disconnection with the eucharistic banquet and sacrifice, than we can think of home without a hearth, or of a family without a common

table. The Church is not merely a teaching, but a feasting place: not a lecture, but a banqueting-hall. And which Church exclusively is this? Enter the Catholic church, (the type of the Church in the abstract,) and you find not only always a table, but, if one may speak in so homely a way, a table with the cloth spread, which tells you that to-day there has been already a feast, and to-morrow there will be another, and the day after, as there was yesterday. If a Catholic found it otherwise, if he saw the altar uncovered and naked, and its furniture removed, and its tabernacle, in which the feast lies ever prepared, open and empty, he would conclude at once that the place was not in use; that, in fact, it is not actually used as a *Church*: he cannot dissociate the two—the Church and the feast. Where else is this to be found? In the meeting-house, we throw, the pulpit reminds one not of feasts. And in an establishment-church, though the piscina may have been restored, and two new oak carved chairs may be beside the communion table, this is but as a piece of furniture covered up when the family is from home. Nor can we believe, that in the mind of an average churchman, there is any obvious and natural connection between his religion and the communion table, nor that, by any instinctive association, does he think of the latter, when he speaks of “going to church.” No one, we again repeat, can fully realise this parable but a Catholic. For as our Saviour spake it to the Jews, of His kingdom, consequently of the Church, it is to this it must be applied. But when applied as by a Catholic heart it necessarily is, every part is coherent, the figure is perfect, and the details full of beauty and instruction. It associates two ideas, those of the Church and of the Eucharist, which, in Him alone, are almost correlative. And thus only is the problem solved, how wonderfully a parable spoken of the one can so beautifully apply to the other.

St. Mark agrees with St. Matthew in this, as in other respects, and therefore does not call for any particular remark here. But when we come to study St. Luke, we find, through his parables, a different purpose and scope in his gospel. He is not engaged with the Jews, nor endeavouring to root out their prejudices, and prove to the converts from them, that their religion and state have passed away. He writes for the Greek or the Hellenist converts, for those who have less difficulty on that point; and there-

fore, his object is, to place before them the high standard morality of Christ, and exhibit the beauty of His religion, by its influence on the character and nature of man. With St. Matthew, he has parables in common, as the sower, the hundred sheep, the vineyard and husbandmen, and the marriage feast. The parables of the mustard-seed, and leaven also he has, but not as in a series relating to the Church. *✓ But the following beautiful parables are exclusively his: 1, The good Samaritan, † 2, the Prodigal child, † 3, the unjust Steward, § 4, Dives and Lazarus, || 5, the Pharisee and the Publican, ¶ 6, and that short, but most sweet of parables, of the two servants forgiven by their master, and proportioning their love to his kindness, His pleading for Mary Magdalen to the pharisee. ** And it must be observed, that many of these are not spoken in answer to questions, but are direct and spontaneous emanations of the divine wisdom in Jesus Christ; consequently, must be considered as intended to convey great and complete lessons. In fact, if we attentively consider them, in the order in which we have enumerated them, we shall find them to contain the whole theory of the following practical points: 1, active fraternal charity in its perfection; 2, the whole history of the sinner's fall, return, and forgiveness; 3, the duty of alms-deeds, and its motives; 4, the vital and fundamental principle of man's end, and of the use and worth of creatures; and the consequences of rightly or wrongly acting on that principle: †† 5, the complete doctrine of prayer; †† and, 6, the true character and motives of repentance, and the right principle of forgiveness and justification. ✓

Before we enter into any details on any of these points, we must observe that still these parables refer to the visible and practical duties and morality, in the Church. They represent courses of action, principles embodied in practice: they include the inward animating motives, or impulses of grace that guide them, as descriptions of the

* Lu. xiii. † Ib. x. 30. ‡ Ib. xv. 11. § Ib. xvi.

|| Ib. 19. ¶ Ib. xviii. 10. ** Ib. vii. 40.

†† The entire principle of St. Ignatius's *Exercises* is to be found in this parable.

‡‡ With the parable immediately preceding it, of the unjust judge, overcome by the widow's importunity. (v. 2.)

actions of the body suppose corresponding wishes, or thoughts of the soul within. To another Evangelist belongs the higher office of describing the direct and invisible influences of grace. But these parables, in general, contain new principles of action, and describe a course of proceeding, which could not be understood fully in the old dispensation, and have reference to what was to be developed in the new. And although some of them, as referring to moral duties, may appear as applicable in one form of Christianity as in another, yet it is not so. There is hardly one of them which does not contain an idea incompatible with Protestantism. For example, the publican standing "afar off" in his prayer in the temple: from what is he far off? The Catholic says at once, "from the altar of course, at the very bottom of the Church," and if better instructed he will add, "and where in accordance with this feeling the early Church put penitents, and penitential pilgrims would now kneel." The protestant would say, "the parable has reference to the temple, and not to a Christian Church." Then which *realises* the parable? But if he thinks it may be applied to our times so materially, being a high-churchman; we ask: *do* penitents in his church stand, through reverence, far away from the altar on a common day? Is that natural to them? It is to us. And why? Because the Catholic has, more than in the temple, a Holy of Holies on his altar, in the B. Eucharist: while the protestant communion table, when it has reached its highest aim, bears only a cross and a pair of candlesticks; the emblems at most, one of a possible image, the others of a suppressed or prevented light. Again, the parable of the unjust steward contains the idea of intercession by those in heaven: evade it, and you destroy its completeness. The parable in favour of Mary Magdalen is expressly directed to prove, that love, and not mere faith, is the groundwork of contrition; and it shows the merit and value of outward acts exhibiting sorrow, and the wish for pardon, tears, penance, satisfaction, all approved of; as well as an outward declaration of pardon.

The parable of the prodigal would require more space than we can give it: but we do not hesitate to say that its beauties cannot be fully seen, except by a Catholic eye. Who but a Catholic can trace the exact parallel between the father's house, and the religious child's home in the Church? Who, but one familiar with the tale of many

sinners, opening their hearts to him, can track every step of others' wanderings; can thus tell to many a startled hearer his own sad history, or rather tell the prodigal's, so as that it shall be a mirror before him, and make him taste his own heart as bitter as the acorn? And if we have thus roused him to return towards his early home, where, out of the Church, is to be found the warm embrace, the self accusation made indeed, but almost stifled in the caress of forgiveness? Where the robe of grace, the ring of filial adoption, the shoes of strengthening encouragement? Where, above all, the feast of joy, not merely of refreshment, prepared to welcome him? Is all this minute, and most natural, and most cheering detail, but superfluous dressing out of a most simple idea, that by an inward act, there was sudden conviction of sin, and a sense of forgiveness? Or does it signify that, still inwardly, a man repented him of his ways, and perhaps shed silent tears over the past, and resolved amendment: or perhaps even applied to himself the general absolution in the morning service: or if he went to his rector and told him what he felt, and had determined, was told "he was glad to hear it, and hoped there would now be less poaching in the neighbourhood?" But trifling apart, there is not a parish-priest, nor a missionary, nor a spiritual director, who could not give twenty cases of conversion in which the parallel with the prodigal's history is most complete: and there is not a penitent in the Church, who could not say, that from his first departure from virtue to the communion that crowned his conversion, he had seen and felt, in acts, and sensible ministrations, and their effects, all that is so minutely described by our Lord.

But while we have thus claimed for the Catholic Church alone the power fully to appreciate our divine Lord's parables, by entirely realising them, we have, we trust, prepared the ground for another conclusion. It may be observed, that truth presents us ever with two classes of evidence. The first consists of the great and direct proofs on which it rests; the second, of those innumerable and unprepared convergences of argument that meet in it from various points. The former will bring us to the truth; but the latter often more sensibly secure our conviction. The one is as the trunk of the plant, the other as the suckers and tendrils which lay hold on every side of various and effectual support, and will often prevent the

plant from being overthrown by a sudden gust. Now we think that even so slight and superficial a view, as we have here had an opportunity of presenting, of the parables, may contribute somewhat towards these minor evidences, in favour of our faith.

For surely, it must afford our minds considerable satisfaction, to find how, in our own religion, and in no other, this part of our Saviour's teaching is fully carried out. It has been by other means that we have been brought to a clear conception and belief of dogma: by the clear texts of the old and new Testaments, by the teaching of our Redeemer, and that of His apostles: by the concurring testimony of antiquity, and the living voice of the Church. When from all these a system has resulted, of the Church, its government, its characters, its duties, its sacraments, its connection with the world and with time, boldly clear, and definite; and when, taking this more obscure part of our Lord's instructions, and analysing it, we find it fit this view exclusively and in every part, we must conclude that they were made for one another, this Church and the series of parables, and that both come from one hand. It is like experiments in magnetism coming to corroborate the Newtonian theory.

✓ But there is a higher thought to which these our poor enquiries have led us: and we trust it will not be deemed presumptuous. Our blessed Lord speaks His parables off-hand, if we may use the word, with reference often to passing demands on His instruction. Even they who have impiously pretended that the whole gospel was an after-thought, and the composition of disciples in early ages, must admit at least, that the record of these parables is far anterior to the age when Catholicity (according to them) took its present development. How then account for the coincidence of the two in every part? Let us observe that the marvellous structure of Christianity was from its foundations without a formal plan: its laws were embodied in no stiff code; its government was not defined in one formal decree; its doctrines were not compressed into a symbol; and its precepts and maxims were not extended into a treatise. Nor were men chosen to raise the edifice, who, from scattered materials, were likely to compile a beautiful and perfect whole. Yet this was the result. Stone joined itself to stone, as if by instinct, or mutual attraction; the whole building stood, as if by magic, weather-tight, mas-

sive, solid, yet regular, rich, and magnificent. Government, law, faith, morals, discipline, all were found to have been provided for; and as it grew, and extended on every side, ample provision appeared to have been made for its increase, in regard both of plan and of materials. And so it expanded still, not until some thought that it had outgrown its measure, and original design. In all this, who does not see proof of a divine wisdom that designed and superintended the work? But let us suppose even, that our Lord left, as some would say, the details of the system to natural causes and the working of time; that he merely put together the main lines, and allowed them to be filled up; or that even, upon a protestant theory, the corruptions and superstitions of ages have shaped the Catholic Church as it now is—still, in every hypothesis, the fact is the same, and will go far to overthrow the erroneous supposition. Whatever led to the Church's present organisation and development, it is plain that Christ's parables, that have reference to it, or its workings, fit exactly to it, as it is. Call confession an abuse, a mistake, or what you like, there is nothing else on earth that will make the close of the prodigal's history look like a lesson or a home-truth. Then our Saviour foresaw all this and provided for it its rules and principles; and He who could cast into the world but the rudimental forms of a religion, and yet throw out in a mysterious form what would describe its state, and regulate its institutions, after a thousand years and more of vicissitudes, could be only what He claimed to be, the Lawgiver himself, the supreme Author of the new Law, the incarnate Word of God. And that system with which His prophetic teaching so approvingly accords, can be no delusion or corruption of men.

Still further to bring out this argument, let us remark the immensely superior position which He takes, compared on the one side with the prophets, and, on the other, with the apostles. The prophet who deals most largely in parables, partly spoken, and partly acted, is undoubtedly Ezechiél. But he, like all the other prophets, never presumes to deliver one as from himself. It is always a command from God, both parable and application. On the other hand, the apostles in their writings constantly appeal to their having been taught, having received their doctrine. They also make use of phrases of exhortation; and give advice. Now our Redeemer always speaks the

parable as His own, and gives us His own, and no other authority. Yet these parables contain modifications of the old law, declare the rejection of the Jews, or rather pronounce sentence of it, give the terms of forgiveness from God, define the duties of the new religion, promulgate the new law; and often, as if to contrast with the prophetic declaration of dependance, "thus saith the Lord," these definitive declarations are supported by "Amen, I say to you." Considering that the *nearer* one comes to God, and the greater consequently perfection, the stronger will be the sense of dependance, and the humble consciousness of the honour of such service, as Raphael with Tobias,* Gabriel with Mary,† the angel with St. John,‡ more explicitly even than the prophets, declared themselves only messengers of God, we cannot admit even one step of separation between the Divinity and Him who "thought it not robbery to be equal to God."§ And as to the second comparison, it must certainly be considered remarkable, that not once throughout the gospels is the word "exhort" used, except once in St. Luke, of the preaching of John.|| And this is to be the more noticed, as it is a word of frequent use by the same evangelist, in his Acts of the Apostles. Our Lord always commands, and leaves no alternative, but obedience. He gives not advice, which supposes only partial knowledge; but He enjoins one, and only one, course. And this it was which really constituted, as we before hinted, our Lord's teaching "with power;" that is, as having dominion over the law itself, as possessed of inherent and rightful jurisdiction.

We fear we shall be considered to have indulged in a long digression, and, in truth, we must beg our reader to carry his memory back to where we enumerated, and commented briefly on, the parables in St. Luke. We there did not make any remarks upon undoubtedly the most perfect in structure, and the most beautiful in substance of all the parables, unless that of the prodigal may dispute equality. We allude to that of the good Samaritan. We then purposely omitted any remarks on it, because we reserved it for this place. It will better illus-

* Tob xii. 18. † Luke i. 28. ‡ Apoc. xix. 10,—xxii. 9.

§ Philip. ii. 6.

|| Luke iii. 18.

trate all that we wish to convey, respecting the application of parables, than any observations of ours can do it. If we have not already exhausted our reader's patience, we will request him to follow us into some detail.

1. Let him read the parable as in St. Luke's tenth chapter; and that will save him and us the task of a narration. But we may be allowed, in a few words, to point out some circumstances which, to the hearers, must have invested it with additional interest. Our Lord lays the scene of it between Jerusalem and Jericho. Now the latter name does not signify the moon, as some tell us, but alludes to the sweet odour of the balsam plant, there chiefly cultivated. The Arabic name, at this day, *Rihha*, confirms this derivation. Considerable intercourse existed in consequence, between it and the capital, distant a day's journey. But our Saviour placed the scene of the parable on the road between them, because it was notorious for being infested with robbers. It is as if one, writing in the last century, had put it on Hounslow-heath. The robbers of Palestine have always been the same; armed bands of desperate men, or tribes of Bedouins,* who are prepared for any violence, even where there is no resistance. One who heard our Lord deliver His parable, and who knew the road, would have the spot, at once, before his mind's eye. It was just between seven and eight miles from Jerusalem. It is the critical spot now as it was then, for the East changes but little. In St. Jerome's time it was the same; and the very name which the place bore indicated its character. It was called, he tells us, *Maledommim*,† that is, the assault or rising up of the Idumeans, to which nation possibly many of these marauders belonged. Where the mode of travelling does not change, the length of a day's journey, and the distances for repose remain

* St. Jerome, on Jer. iii. 2, observes, that by the robbers in the wilderness there mentioned, "may be understood the Arabs, which nation, given to marauding, yet infests the boundaries of Palestine, and besets the roads leading from Jerusalem to Jericho."

† מעלה אדומים St. Jerome, after Eusebius, translates it by ἀνάβασις πυρρῶν, understanding by the second word, men red with blood, *De situ et nom. loc. Heb.* At a later period a station of soldiers was placed near, to protect travellers. See also on the insecurity of this neighbourhood, Buckingham's *Travels among the Arab Tribes*, p. 5.

almost unvaried. Hence inns will be found for whole centuries on the same spot. In Italy this is certainly the case, as it was in old times in England. And in the East, where changes are so much less than in Europe, it will be still more so. The pace of the ass or the camel has not varied, and they are still the beasts of travel. At the present time there is, or there was not many years ago, a khan or inn, not far from the spot thus indicated in the parable. And so faithful has tradition been, and so deeply has our Saviour's beautiful lesson impressed itself on the very ground, that this hostelry is known by the name of the khan of the good Samaritan.* But there are two more reasons for the choice of this place. The first is, that Jericho, after Jerusalem, was the great station of the priests and levites, who came in turns to Jerusalem to serve the temple. The body of the priests, the Jewish writers tell us, was divided into twenty-four classes, twelve of which were stationed at Jericho. Each class comprehended levites.† It would, therefore, be most natural, that men of this profession, not usually great travellers, should be found on the road. And on the day when a priest had to pass from one city to the other, it is most probable that a levite likewise entered on, or left duty, and travelled at a respectful distance from his superior, but near enough to have the protection of his escort or retinue. Hence the priest passes first, and then the levite, contrary to the order in which, to show their inefficiency, we might have expected them to come on the stage. The second reason for the choice made of place is, that Jericho is on the way from Samaria to Jerusalem, not straight across, but according to the line of public roads. Business, therefore, may have brought a Samaritan on that road, perhaps the only one in all Judea.

We can easily imagine how graphic and vivid the parable, *improvised* so completely in answer to a petulant question, "who is my neighbour?" must have sounded to persons, who at once caught the propriety and nice fit of every minute circumstance in its recital. But every other detail is the same. A traveller on horseback and alone,

* Mariti, *Viaggi per l'isola di Cipro, e per la Soria, e Palestina*. Vol. iii. cap. 6.

† Talm. H. Taanith. fol. 27.

would not be likely, amongst us, to have among his scanty baggage, salves and medicines; but fortunately in the east, what was provision for food, was considered the best dressing for wounds and bruises. The inns of Asia furnish nothing but shelter; the traveller must take care to bring his own provisions. Two of the most indispensable were oil for condiment, and wine for drink. The Samaritan came from the country where both were of the best quality, in the land of Samaria the one,* and on the sea coast, from Carmel to Saron, the other. He was likely, therefore, to have brought his flask of each, for his own use. Now wine and oil were a common medicament with the Jews. We will quote their words, because they will show how justly, on other occasions, our Saviour declaimed against their absurd splitting of hairs, and sabbatarian uncharitableness. "An old tradition hath, it is not lawful, for the sake of a sick man, to mingle oil and wine together on the sabbath day." Again, "They spread a plaister for a sick man on the sabbath. When? when they mix it up with wine and oil on the eve of the sabbath. But if they did not mix it on the eve, it is forbidden."† What wonder, that the men who thought it better to let a sick man die, than prepare his medicine on a sabbath, should easily have found excuses for not taking one up on the road side? The circumstance, therefore, of the Samaritan's dressing the poor traveller's wounds, is quite natural, and the ingredients of his application are necessarily with him.

The last point to which we will advert, is one which often spoils the recital of the parable. The Samaritan is said, upon delivering his charge to the host, "to take out twopence," and give them with these words: "take care of him, and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I at my return will repay thee." (v. 35.) This seems to us but a paltry sum, and certainly if one made such an offer as this sounds to us, at the Star and Garter, or even a small road-side inn, it would be looked at with amazement. But the fault lies in the translation. Unfortunately a *denarius* has got translated *penny*; but without going into any learned discussion on its value, it is sufficient for us to say

* "Oleum.....pretiosissimum missum est ab Ephraim, cujus terra Samaria olei feracissima est." S. Hieron. in *Os.* xii. 1.

† *Shabbat*, fol. 134. *Berachoth*. fol. 3. ap. Wetst. in loc.

that it was a man's good wages for a day's work at that time. For, the labourers in the vineyard were satisfied with it for the whole day, till they saw that the same was given to those that entered at the eleventh hour.* The sum given was therefore enough to keep the patient two days, and when we consider that the Samaritan was only seven miles from Jerusalem, to which he was going,† and might be returning in the course of next day, we shall not be surprised at the amount of the advance.

2. This parable, then, in its *materiality* is perfect; every part is most exact. And what a variety of important lessons it contains. First it effectually answers the impertinent question proposed, "who is my neighbour?" Secondly, it contains a most mild, but tremendous, rebuke to the proud interrogator: for it tells him that a Samaritan knew better the meaning of a precept of law, than a Jewish doctor. Thirdly, it gives a lesson of practical charity, without reference to creed or nation; a doctrine totally at variance with that principle, which dispenses charity to the perishing by hunger and disease, only on condition of their renouncing their faith.

3. But who has ever read this parable, and not recog-

* Mat. xx. 13. In the Apocalypse famine prices are thus given: "Two pounds of wheat for a penny, (a *denarius*), and thrice two pounds of barley for a penny." (vi. 6.) We may remark that the difference of price between wheat and barley, as here given, is as one to three: whereas in the famine in Samaria the proportions were one to two. (4 Reg. vii. 1.) It is difficult to adjust the proportions of measures and values at different times, because coins and measures vary. The following varieties appear incredible, but we give them to show, how much could be done at times, for a penny. In the Chronicle of Josue Stylites we learn, that at Edessa, in 495, thirty bushels of wheat, and fifty of barley could be purchased for a *denarius*. (Assem. Bib. Or. tom. i. p. 261.) Later the prices were four of wheat and six of barley, (p. 271,) and immediately after prices fell again, and were, twelve measures of wheat and twenty-two of barley for a *denarius*.—p. 272.

† This appears from the difference of the expressions; the priest and Levite were going "the same way" as the traveller, (v. 30, 31,) while the Samaritan is "on his journey," (v. 33.) and speaks of returning, which intimates going *from* home, consequently towards Jerusalem. The image is thus most happy; the priest is one who walks in the same direction as the wounded man, of the same country and religion; the Samaritan is one who goes opposite to them.

nized in it the history of the world, and understood that Jesus Christ was the Good Samaritan described in it? Now this is in fact the grand aspect of this splendid composition. It would be impossible in fewer words to make a sketch of the whole history of man from his fall, to his complete regeneration, and preservation. It is masterly in every way, the strokes few, the masses simple and grand, and yet detailed so as to give them definiteness and character. Could man's fall be more accurately pictured than by a traveller (the *homo viator* of the schools) assailed by an enemy, robbed of every thing, wounded all over, naked, half dead, helpless, unable to move? And now comes the priest, the type of every system of previous religion, of Noah's, Melchisedec's; nay, of Egypt's, India's, Greece's false worship. They all recognized in man, the bruised and fallen type of a better state: but they neither cured nor raised him. Then follows the Levite, a title which specifies what before was generic; the law and priesthood of the old Testament, still better informed of man's history, but as unable to succour him. At length comes the Samaritan, the stranger to man's race. Thus far an intelligent Jew might follow: but beyond this he would be at fault. Recognizing in Christ this character, he would ask, how does *He* intend to bind those wounds? What oil and wine has He that will staunch the bleeding gashes of humanity? How will He bear the burthen on His shoulders, of that prostrate frame of a whole gasping race? Was it possible for the most learned to solve this problem? Not till fulfilment had taken place of those awful realities, which were to give as truthful a counterpart of this portion of the parable, as existed in the other parts; and not even then till the full system of the atonement was preached to him, and he understood that by His wounds ours were healed, and that He verily bore the iniquities of us all. And thus much further, though not completely, can the protestant pursue the parable, but not beyond this. We say not completely, for the sacramental nature of the remedies escapes him. The wine he will know; but what is the oil, which has ceased to have all meaning in the protestant system? It anoints him not, regenerated, into part with a kingly priesthood, nor a stripling descending into the lists, to do battle with unearthly foes, nor a priest into an inviolable consecration, nor a worn-out pilgrim for his last wrestling with the giant despair. With him it has no symbol-

ism; it represents not to him the light of God's sanctuary, nor the *unction* of His word, nor the balmy softness (the *oleum effusum*) of two Names most sweet in Catholic mouths. It rises not to his mind with the thought of virginity, anointed with the oil of gladness above its fellow-orders of holiness. It lingers not, as a holy seal, upon the stones of his altar, after ages of desecration in the wall of the old Church, to tell whose once it was. It has vanished from his system, and together with it all uplifting of the priestly hand to bless. Consecration of man or thing he has lost, and knows no more. But oil, the emblem of all consecration, and of sacramental grace, and wine, the purest symbol of the saving stream of life, and of its sacramental impouring into man, form to the catholic mind, the most apt imaginable representation of the communication to his wounded nature of new health, new vigour, new life.

But as we before observed, but one step beyond the Jew's apprehension of this parable, protestantism stops. Man, rescued from total death, is, according to strict protestant doctrine, left to himself, and to his own judgment, to make the best of his way home. The good Samaritan leaves no vicarious authority on earth, to whom He fully and unreservedly commits the charge of him, and who has to carry out his work. The cure was complete when he had touched, and there was no one to bind up anew the sores should they re-open, or to supply refreshment if the patient should faint. But the Catholic sees here to the end, every part fulfilled. The Good Samaritan has gone on in His journey and is not yet returned: we await His coming at the end of ages. And man, though the death-wound is healed, and life secured, remains still but a weak and sickly creature, and has no food of his own, and no remedy, but what that compassionate stranger has left behind. But he has left it and him in good and faithful hands. Still requiring support, still in the pupilage of an impaired mind, still with the plague of recrudescient wounds, he feels with thankfulness that till his best friend comes again to lead him home, he has been committed to those that have received the strictest charge to give a good account of him, and have been amply provided with present means, and secured by ampler promises for any outlay. A hostelry indeed it is—that stately Church of Christ—that Khan of the Good Samaritan—for there is no lasting dwelling, no home for any one, on this way to

Jerusalem. Only pilgrims travel it. But how just a type: a house which is not our home, where we are only wayfarers seeking an enduring city, yet where we find rest, food, comfort, medicine, strength, at the sole charge of Him who has snatched us from destruction and healed our wounds. Not from some one chance inmate of the house, who is but a servant there for a time, but from *the house* itself; always the same, whoever rules it; always the same, and the same to all. Surely no Church but the Catholic inspires her children with the feeling, that they are under this particular and certain care. It is the very contradictory of the theory of private judgment.

4. And now let us see where the practical lesson of the parable is understood, and followed. Is it in poor-law relief, or in charitable associations, and mendicity societies, or in tract-distributing, domiciliary visits? Surely not. We have heard of a charitable society in London, called a "Samaritan society," which, a short time ago, busied itself very laudably with furnishing the dwellings of the poor, with Arnold's ventilators. Very properly, certainly, but not very appropriately for their name. Noah's opening the window at the top of the ark, when the deluge was over, would have been a fitter symbol for this peculiar operation of charity. But go to the *Caridad* at Seville, and see that painting by Murillo, of one, not tricked out in ideal beauty, but humble, earnest, and busy with his toil—the bearing of a sinking helpless-body to the hospital: with an angel at his side, that seems as if he felt honoured in supporting him. That is a Catholic Samaritan—St. John of God. Or see him at Grenada, amidst the blazing hospital, lifting and carrying into safety, one by one, its numerous patients. Go to the frozen wilderness of Mount St. Bernard, and visit those men who have chosen it for their dreary abode, solely that they may be able to rescue the perishing traveller, from the snow-wreath, or the precipice, and bear him to their house for Christ's sake, and warm, and restore him. Aye, and they have even, in the ingenuity of their charity, engrafted their Samaritan spirit, upon canine instincts; and have taught their mute, faithful allies, to wander forth in the dark night and listen, amidst the howling blast, for the wail of the lost traveller; and having found him, warm him with their breath, and refresh him with their ready store, and lead, or even if young, bear him, with wagging tail and

glistening eye, as a prize beyond the hare or the partridge. Go to every quarter of the globe, and see the sister of charity, serving the sick and the wounded with her own hands, and hushing the old veteran that moans in his pain, as though he were an infant, and soothing more suffering by the gentle speech of her lips, or the crucifix in her hand, than surgeon's skill or apothecary's ointment can ever do. These are the copies of the good Samaritan, which the Catholic Church exhibits, without going back to those ages, when charity itself inbibed the knightly spirit, and the hospitaller of St. John was not more ready to strike home for Christ's sepulchre, than to bear his vanquished foe to the ready ward, and there nurse him like a brother; and without recurring to that more recent exhibition of the same spirit, when the ransom, with our Lord's cross upon his breast, gave himself in pledge, or in exchange for the captive slave in Barbary.

5. And now it is time to ask, what manner of wisdom that was, which indited so perfect, so grand, and so sweet a lesson? The most practised philosopher could not have struck off, in a moment, a more complete summary of the moral history of the human race, or a truer picture of man's fallen condition. Nor can we imagine any man, however gifted, presuming to speculate on the effects of his own death upon the whole world, and to put himself forward as destined to regenerate it by ignominious suffering. And still less could any man have darted his eye so deeply into futurity, as to sketch out accurately a system resulting from that event, as it would remain after hundreds of years, for carrying out and applying the fruits of his sacrifice. In the few lines which record this parable, we have a strong and remarkable proof of our Lord's Divine character.

We must, however, hasten to a conclusion. We have endeavoured to show that St. Matthew's parables are chosen in accordance with his natural purpose in writing for the Jews, that of showing them that the old law had given place, or had been absorbed in the new: and that St. Luke's are addressed more towards forming the moral character of the Church already established. Both direct their records towards the outward mould of the Church, and her exterior offices: towards the Church, that is, as symbolizing our Lord's sacred Humanity. The Gospel of St. John presents a different character. The Church is

now fully formed, and the walls have been built all round her, which separate God's vineyard from profane ground. The first sprouting of error makes its appearance among the chosen plants. A Gospel is wanted for the interior of the house, for those to whom Jesus would not speak in parables.

This difference between St. John's Gospel and the other three, may not have struck every reader. But it is remarkable that in St. John there are only three passages approaching to parables,* which yet essentially differ from those of the other Gospels. For the three instances are those in which our Lord compares Himself to a door, and a vine;† and where He describes Himself as the Good Shepherd.‡ In no other parable is He one term of the comparison: and we may say, without danger of error, that these three comparisons of Himself to other objects ought hardly to be called parables. At any rate they form a separate class. Now what makes this peculiarity of St. John more striking is, that he clearly intimates to us that our Saviour's habitual teaching was in parables. After His last supper He says to His apostles, "These things I have spoken to you in proverbs. The hour cometh when I will no more speak to you in proverbs."§ And the apostles soon after reply to Him, "Behold now Thou speakest plainly, and speakest no proverb."|| These passages express that our Lord's habitual teaching had been proverbial, or in parables, and yet had St. John's Gospel alone been written, we should not have discovered this. They prove to us, therefore, that St. John supposed, or knew, other records to be in the hands of his readers, from which the nature and truth of this allusion would be manifest. These texts refer more to the other Gospels than to his own: and they form one of those delicate connecting links which associate the four Gospels as forming one record.

* Unless we reckon the passage in iv. 35, pointing out the fields as white for the harvest, which is rather an illustration than a parable.

† Jo. x. 1; xv. 1. In the first of these our Lord first makes a parable, but immediately applies it to Himself. The second was addressed to the apostles alone.

‡ x. 11.

§ Jo. xvi. 25.

|| Ib. 29.

We may naturally ask, why did St. John select those discourses of Christ, which were free from parables? If we might venture to answer without presumption, it is because our Saviour Himself divided His teaching into two portions. So long as He treated of the Church, its duties and its vicissitudes, in other words, so long as He spoke of what was to be external, and one day historical, but when he spoke had only existence in prophecy, He employed what we have seen to compose the prophetic element of the new Testament, parabolic teaching. But when He spoke of what already *was*, HIMSELF, His own existence previous even to Abraham, His coequality with the Father, His own Divinity, He shunned all parable and spoke plainly and distinctly. St. John's office was to treasure up this second series of instructions, for the confutation of nascent errors, and the orthodox teaching of the whole Church.

Hence, wherever he touches upon a matter already treated in the other Gospels, we shall find that, while they record for us what relates to its external forms or administration, that is, its body, St. John only preserves the discourse which describes its interior and more spiritual functions, that is, its soul. For instance, St. Matthew had fully preserved for us the institution of Baptism, and its form: St. John manifests to us, in the conversation with Nicodemus, the invisible agency of the Holy Spirit, and the inward regeneration by the outward action.* Again, the three first evangelists had carefully described the institution of the B. Eucharist; St. John passes over this, but has secured to us that invaluable discourse in his sixth chapter, in which the union with Christ, the immortality, and the inward life bestowed by that holiest of sacraments, are so consolingly described. St. John's office, then, seems to be, to manifest to us what our Redeemer taught, respecting that mysterious action which in His Divine nature He exercises upon the inward life of the Church, and on the soul of the believer, but still ever in the Church, and through the Church.

But this has led us beyond the region of parables, and though we would gladly dilate on it, we must pause. It was our desire to add some remarks upon our Saviour's

* Mat. xxviii. 19; Jo. iii.

miracles, as illustrative of His teaching, and of Catholic doctrine; but we have already exceeded reasonable limits. We may therefore reserve our thoughts for another occasion, when we will not tax our reader's patience so severely. For we must own, that we can only compare ourselves to a poor beast of burthen, which, driven day by day on a long dusty road, cannot resist the temptation of turning into a green field, that lies open on the side, and there rioting somewhat on the dainty food around it, and striving to recal the thoughts and feelings of other days, and live them over again. We have heard that some find a joy in seeing wealth in heaps around them; we have seen the satisfaction of the man of taste when luxuriating amidst objects of art; we have felt the delight of living among the records of wisdom of past ages or distant lands; but far, far brighter and happier are hours spent in this treasure-house of knowledge, this rich collection of peerless gems, this library of heaven-fetched eternal wisdom—the speakings of God to man. If we have ventured in, and may seem to have presumptuously ransacked it, it has only been because encouraged to look in this storehouse of the wise Householder for old things and new; the first to be discovered by earnest study, the latter only by humble and sincere meditation.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I. — *The Beauties of the Boyne and its Tributary the Blackwater.*
 With numerous Illustrations. By WILLIAM R. WILDE. 8vo.
 Dublin: McGlashan, 1849.

“THE Boyne and the Blackwater” is, in every sense of the words, so important a contribution to our scanty stock of Irish topography, that, although it has only come into our hands upon the very eve of publication, we cannot refrain from devoting to it a few pages of the space which still remains at our disposal.

In the series of papers now appearing in the *Dublin University Magazine*, under the title of “Irish Rivers,” the Sketches of the River Boyne attracted so much notice,

as to suggest to the enterprising proprietor of that periodical the idea of a separate publication on a more complete and comprehensive plan. He proposed, accordingly, to Mr. Wilde, the author of these sketches, to arrange, in the form of a descriptive hand-book, the numberless topics of interest suggested by the scenery, the antiquities, and the religious or historical associations of the Boyne, and its tributary, the Blackwater. Mr. Wilde's work, therefore, belongs, as far as technical form can impart a character, to the class of Guide-books; but it will be a grievous injustice to rank it with the publications ordinarily known under that designation. There is not a detail of the subject that could interest the scholar or the antiquarian, which does not receive its full measure of attention; and although the work enters minutely into all the ordinary sources of attraction for the tourist, there is an air of scholarship and of taste about the manner in which all these topics are discussed, which, while it bespeaks the refinement and cultivation of the author, converts for the reader the driest and dullest minutiae, even of a strictly topographical study, into an agreeable and attractive literary exercise. It is, indeed, a work of very rare merit, and reminds us, in many respects, of Ford's incomparable *Hand-book of Spain*;^{*} the author being equally at home in discussing the scenery, the objects of art, the poetry, the legendary lore, the topography, the ethnology, and even the economical and industrial topics which successively present themselves. It is not merely that there is not a single scene from the source of the Boyne to its mouth—from Trinity-well to the sea—which is not minutely and accurately described; not an object of interest, from Castle-Carbury to the Maiden-Tower, which is not passed in review; not a tradition, or history, or legend connected with any of them which is not critically canvassed. This would be, in itself, no ordinary merit; but it forms only a small item in Mr. Wilde's claim to the gratitude of the lovers of Irish literature. He has contrived to employ the opportunities which his vocation as a descriptive tourist afforded, in such a way as to render his book a complete

^{*} We must be understood only to speak of Ford's book considered in its literary relations. For, in all that regards religion, the author is unfortunately bigoted and illiberal to a most painful extreme.

grammar of Irish antiquities; a grammar, too, which teaches in the most pleasing and effective way, by examples and illustrations rather than by didactic rules. There is hardly a subject connected with our natural antiquities, whether Pagan or Christian, for the illustration of which the varied scenery of "the Boyne's ill-fated river" does not afford abundant opportunities; and the tourist under Mr. Wilde's guidance may learn upon each topic, in the compass of a few pleasant and scholar-like pages, the sum of all that the laborious antiquarians of the past as well as of the present generation have expended volumes in investigating and explaining.

We wish that our limits would permit us to extract a few of the more learned and elaborate notices of the antiquities of Ireland with which this most interesting volume abounds. But we must be content with a single passage illustrating a very curious ancient usage, the scene of which lies upon the Blackwater, the principal tributary of the Boyne.

"The first notice which the Annals record of Tailtean (the name of which is still preserved in the modern Teltown) is, that in the year of the world 3370, in the reign of Lugh Lamhfhada, 'The fair of Tailtean was established in commemoration and in remembrance of his foster-mother *Tailte*, the daughter of Maghmun, King of Spain, and the wife of Eochaidh, son of Erc, the last king of the Firbolgs.' This fair continued down to the time of Roderick O'Connor, the last monarch of Ireland, and was held annually upon the first of August, which month derives its name in the Irish language from this very circumstance, being still called *Lugh-nasadh*, or Lugh's fair,—the Lammas day,—to which several superstitious rites and ancient ceremonies still attach throughout the country generally. Upon these occasions various sports and pastimes, a description of Olympic Games, were celebrated, consisting of feats of strength and agility in wrestling, boxing, running, and such like manly sports, as well as horse races and chariot races. Besides these the people were entertained with shows and rude theatrical exhibitions. Among these latter are enumerated sham battles and also aquatic fights, which it is said were exhibited upon the artificial lakes, the sites of which are still pointed out. Tradition assigns the site of the fair to that portion of the great rath still existing upon the northern side of the road, and about a quarter of a mile to the north-east of the great fort, or Rath Dubh; and here it is said the most remarkable of the Teltown ceremonies took place—the marriages or betrothals. Upon one side of this great embankment were ranged, it is said, 'the boys,' and on the other

'the girls;' the former ogling, the latter blushing; for human nature is, we suppose, the same at all times and in all places, among our forefathers and mothers at Teltown upwards of a thousand years ago, or in a modern drawing-room, or at a flower-show or review. They then, having had a good view of each other, passed down a little to the south, where there is a deep hollow in the land, evidently formed artificially, probably the ditch of one of the ancient forts, and called *Lug-an-Eany*, where they became separated by a high wall, which prevented their seeing each other. In this wall, say the local traditions, there was a door with a small hole in it, through which each young lady passed her middle finger, which the men upon the other side looked at, and if any of them admired the finger he laid hold of it, and the lass to whom it belonged forthwith became his bride; so that we find a fair and pretty hand, a delicate and taper finger, with its snowy skin and delicately formed nail, were even more captivating among the Irish lads and lasses some twelve hundred years ago than they are at the present day. He took her for better for worse, but the key-hole or wooden ring was not as binding as the modern one of gold; for, by the laws of Tailtean, the marriage only held good for a year and a day. If the couple disagreed during that time they returned to Tailtean, walked into the centre of Rath Dubh, stood back to back, one facing the north, and the other the south, and walked out of the fort, a divorced couple, free to try their luck again at Lug-an-Eany. What a pity there is no Teltown or Black Fort marriage in the present day! What numbers would take advantage of it!"—pp. 150-1.

We are tempted to add a short poem on the Holy Wells of Ireland, which Mr. Wilde has introduced into his notice of this curious and interesting topic.

"Thou chosen spring of sacred gift!—

By prayer and penance blest!—

Here, on thy knee-worn margin, let

My wand'rings find a rest.

I would not pass thee heedlessly,

Or deem, with scoffing thought,

That God hath, thro' thy hallow'd drops,

No healing wonders wrought,

With solemn pause I gaze upon

Thy surface calm and pure,

Recalling days when simple souls

In faith found simplest cure!

"Who knows thou art unsanctified,

And hast no salving pow'r?

Let me, at least, revere thee now,

In thy deserted hour.

Perchance, when angry justice frown'd
 On sinning sons of earth,
 The Virgin's interposing tears
 First gave thee heav'nly birth?
 Or were thy waters angel-stirred,
 For humble suff'ers' weal?
 Be blessed still!—and may I too
 In thee my sorrows heal!"—p. 50.

It is gratifying to add, that the kindly spirit which breathes through these interesting lines pervades, with scarcely a drawback, the whole tenor of Mr. Wilde's observations even upon topics which might seem calculated to draw forth some manifestations of political or religious animosity. There is not a single one among the "Rivers of Ireland" so fertile in these unhappy recollections as the Boyne. But it is due to Mr. Wilde to say, that he has thrown them aside honestly and without reservation; and has realized the idea which Moore's lines had left unaccomplished:

"'Lie hid,' she cried, 'ye venom'd darts
 Where mortal eye may shun you—'"

He has buried the arrows of discord in the pleasant waters of the Boyne.

II —1. *Popular Christianity: its Transition State, and Probable Development.* By FREDERICK J. FOXTON, A.B., Perpetual Curate of Stoke Prior and Docklow, Herefordshire. London: John Chapman, 1849.

2.—*Ideas; or, Outlines of a New System of Philosophy.* By ANTOINE CLAUDE GABRIEL JOBERT. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 1849.

The former of the two works named above is one of a series, the title of which may easily mislead the student. It is called "*The Catholic Series*;" but, far from being what this designation ordinarily indicates, its object and tendency are to overthrow not alone the Catholic religion, but even the Christian Revelation itself, except in the very widest and loosest sense of the word. The series includes several of the works of Fichte and Schelling, Ullmann's "Essence of Christianity," Gervinus's "Mission of the German Catholics," Blanco White's "Letters on Rationalism," and many other works of a similar character.

There is much material for solemn and anxious thought

in the fact that a clergyman, and, as far as we know, an officiating clergyman, of the Church of England, puts his hand to the work for the promotion of which this series is intended. What that work is, will be but too fearfully evident in the opening, as well as in the closing, paragraphs of his book :

"The time has, I believe, arrived, when the popular religion throughout the Christian world is about to undergo a purification similar to that effected for natural science by the genius of Bacon. The dogmas of religion and those of unreformed philosophy had, alike, their origin in the scholastic perversions of dialectical science; and when such an admission is candidly made by a Protestant bishop, we may fairly expect, at least, a considerable relaxation of the doctrinal system of the Church. The precise and dogmatical Christianity, that now avails only to embitter the controversies of the learned, and to mystify and puzzle the laity, will be superseded, and the vital elements of Christian philosophy will be presented to the people, in a rational and intelligible form. The 'Church of the future' will be the reflection of the spiritual condition of the world of *to-day*, and not the lifeless image of a by-gone age. Christians will not, much longer, dispute whether they shall adopt the language of the Nicene age, or of that of the Protestant Reformation—of the Tractarian or Tridentine theology, in their confessions or liturgies. The mind of the 19th century has a growing tendency to a reliance rather upon '*insight*' than upon '*tradition*,' and the memories of the past, and will have its own appropriate expression in religious faith, as well as in philosophy and science. It is as little disposed to borrow its theology from Athanasius, or from Cranmer, as it is to adopt the philosophy of Aristotle, or the science of Archimedes, in exclusion of the higher insight of Bacon or of Locke—of Newton—of Humboldt—of Leverrier, or of Berzelius. The revelations of God to man will not be looked for, alone, in the plains of Palestine—in the valley of the Jordan, or in the land of Goshen; nor will they, any longer, be considered as exclusively confined to the writings of Jewish prophets, or Christian evangelists. It has been said, that to seek our divinity in books is 'to seek the living amongst the dead,' and to confine the spiritual bounty of God to primitive and barbarous ages, is virtually to deny those attributes of perpetual and omnipresent justice and mercy with which every rational creed has hitherto invested Him."—pp. 1-3.

"The transition from a belief in Christ as God, to a belief in him as (in the simple language of Scripture) 'his only begotten son,' his 'well-beloved'—the most inspired of our race—the most sacred vehicle of that 'Holy Spirit' that 'God giveth to *all* men liberally,' is not so violent as may at first sight appear to those

whose minds have been emasculated by the refinements of scholasticism. The '*inspiration of the Scriptures*,' in the popular sense of the words, is even now a declining doctrine in the Church herself, mystified by various and conflicting opinion, and giving 'an uncertain sound' to the popular ear. A belief in *miracle and prophecy* is becoming daily less and less necessary as the means of inculcating a faith in the invisible things of God, in proportion as the inner miracles of the human heart and intellect are being made known by the diffusion of spiritual knowledge. *Creeds and confessions* are almost imperceptibly, but surely, losing their authority over the minds of men under the expanding influence of intelligence and toleration."—p. 226.

On the subject of the divinity of Christ, the author speaks even more plainly :

"The character, then, in which Christ must and will be regarded, sooner or later, by the future intelligence of mankind, is simply that of the 'foremost man in all the world,' soaring far above all 'principalities and powers'—above all philosophies hitherto known—above all creeds hitherto propagated in his name. He saw with the eye of Faith far deeper into the Divine law of the world than the eye of man had yet seen in his age, than the ear of man had yet heard, or his heart conceived ; and man is even yet far from apprehending the expansive power of his religion. He stood between the world of sense, and the 'life of God,' and thus was he the 'Mediator between God and Man.' And yet he must be strictly regarded as the restorer and not the creator of God's law. He came 'not to destroy but to fulfil.' He came to restore the down-trodden faith of man in the boundless possibilities of the human soul—to present in his life an enduring example of the 'beauty of holiness,' and to set his seal on the still struggling doctrine of immortality. There is not a sect of Christians in the world which does not recognise in these simple principles the *vital* elements of their creed. The minor differences (and these are what commonly produce the fierce wrangling of sectarianism) are to be sought for in the fine-drawn distinctions of speculative believers, and in the arrogant dogmatising of churches."—pp. 148-9.

There is little of novelty in the writer's views, except their boldness, for which, happily, our public is as yet but ill prepared. If we have referred to the work at all, it is chiefly for the purpose of directing attention to the movement of which its publication may be taken as an index. It is another evidence that the battle-field of controversy may be expected in England, as elsewhere, to be changed before long ; and to us it should be a warning, that we may not suffer ourselves to be found unprepared. As yet, there

is little reason, we would hope, for serious apprehension. The author of "Popular Christianity" himself avows, that "he has no hope of producing any immediate or sensible effect on the Church herself." The most he hopes or desires is, "to influence a few earnest minds, who may help to diffuse the leaven which is already at work from without." How long it may be so, Heaven only can foresee. But it is our duty to prepare, lest the time of struggle find us without arms.

We have coupled with Mr. Foxton's book a smaller work of a very different character, but one which may also serve as an indication of the temper of the times. It is a little book directed against some of the most popular theories, which, in the modern schools of philosophy, have taken the place of the old Christianity which it is Mr. Foxton's object to explode. The subject of Mr. Jobert's essays will, to most of our readers, be sufficiently unfamiliar; being addressed against theories, which, however popular in Germany and modern France, were hardly believed as yet to have effected an entrance into England, except among the followers of one particular school. A few years since, whatever might be said of books on professedly philosophical subjects, we should scarcely have seen a popular treatise, written in popular language, and published in a popular form, the avowed object of which is to combat the systems of Spiritualism and Transcendentalism.

We shall probably take occasion, on some early opportunity, to refer more in detail to this important subject, and to the interests which are involved in its consideration; nor does our space permit us to enter into any formal notice of the little book before us, though we are far from agreeing in many of its opinions. As a specimen of its general manner, the following criticism of Fichte's system may suffice:

"The doctrine of Fichte may be considered as in many points corresponding to that of Berkeley. This doctrine is summed up in the following passage:—

"The mind itself is the absolute principle of everything; by its original and spontaneous movement it constructs for itself the notion (equivalent to the reality) of an external world; and again, by its reflective movement, it comes back to the perception of its own personal creation put forth in the whole process..... Thus, at length, the great fundamental question of philosophy—that which

seeks to determine the relation of thought and existence—is settled, because *all existence* is shown to be synonymous with thought; and the union of the two notions is found in the spontaneous movement of the mind itself.

“For the truth of these views it would require not only that the world, instead of being a fixed reality, should exist exclusively in thought, but that it should be created and unfolded again and again, as an expansion of the perceptive power of every new-born individual, not only of the human race, but of every being endowed with organs, since there is no possibility of tracing a distinction between the phenomenon of perception in man and in other sense-organized animals. It would require also that the universe should be limited to that which can possibly fall within organic perception; since perception, in this system, is the absolute measure either of the depth of immensity, or of the limits of divisibility of the atomic essence.

“However poetical it may be to consider the mind of man as occupied in building his own bodily frame and objective universe, very much in the same way as the caterpillar constructs its own silky envelope, the ludicrous side of this philosophy can hardly fail to offer itself to an unsophisticated mind. Only imagine every organized being creating out of its consciousness the very conditions of its own existence! The eagle inwardly fabricating the hare, or the partridge destined to become its prey! The individual propensities of a number of wild hounds clustering to contribute each its own share to the creation of the deer which is to satisfy their common hunger! Even picture to yourself a subjective mite manufacturing in the depth of its instinct its own objective cheese! The new-born infant originating in the recesses of its nascent consciousness the anxious cares and tender affections, nay, the very organic existence, of its own mother! And again, the young scion of the English aristocracy begetting out of his own youthful spirit the chivalric achievements of his ancestors, and constructing their decayed bones in the family tomb, by the *spontaneous movements of his own mind!*

Such are, however, the ludicrous consequences of that doctrine which endeavours to absorb all material existence in the pure abstraction of thought. Here we recognise the truth of this maxim of Napoleon, that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step; and we are also reminded of Cicero's sarcastic *dictum*, ‘There is nothing, however absurd, that has not passed through the head of a philosopher.’

“In justice to Mr. Morell I am bound to remark that he points out Fichte's error in ‘entrenching himself so closely within the circle of his consciousness, that it was impossible to find any *scientific passage* from thence into the objective world.’ But at the same time we must not forget that Mr. Morell leaves the problem of the real existence of the external world undecided, and en-

trenches himself, in his turn, in a complete scepticism, which is perhaps not inconsistent with his own Idealistic system, as we shall have occasion to show."—pp. 204—208.

We should add that the volume now before us is the sequel of a similar publication of Mr. Jobert already noticed in this journal.

III.—*The Church of the Living God ; the Pillar and Ground of the Truth.* By the Very REV. FATHER J. B. PAGANI. Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby, 1849.

It is consoling to turn from the thoughts suggested by the publications referred to in the last notice, to the hopes and anticipations which Father Pagani's admirable little volume will not fail to inspire. We cannot help regarding it almost as a model of popular controversy, especially intended for the use of the unlearned. Simple, solid, interesting, and persuasive, it appears to us to have precisely hit off the requirements of the present time, and to contain exactly what is best calculated to meet them. Avoiding those multiplied and intricate controversies regarding the details of Christian doctrine, by which the enquirer is too often embarrassed and disheartened, it seeks to concentrate attention upon the great leading points upon which all else depends, and which, once settled, necessarily involve the solution of all the rest.

The topics which Dr. Pagani has selected are exclusively those which are connected with the great question of authority ; and the whole object of his book is comprised in two simple propositions: (1.) That our Lord established a visible and infallible authority for the preservation of the doctrine which He taught to His apostles ; (2.) That this authority still subsists and must subsist for all ages in His Church. The discussion is conducted in the form of dialogues, which have just enough of variety to stimulate attention, without ever departing into extrinsic topics of interest.

We can only afford room for one single extract on the well-known theory of the Tractarians regarding "branch churches," and their claim to have the Church of England considered a branch of the Church Catholic. The passage is long, but it will hardly bear curtailment.

"Sound reason and common sense, plainly dictate that no particular church may claim to be a branch of the Catholic Church, unless it is proved—1. That she is the *authoritative teacher* of

Catholic doctrines. 2. That she is united with the other branches of catholic communion. 3. That she is engrafted in the trunk in which all the various branches of catholicity subsist. That no Church may claim to be a branch of the Catholic Church, unless she is the authoritative teacher of Catholic doctrines, is so evident that it must be admitted by all who admit the necessity of a living and teaching Church. For that only can be called the distinctive and characteristic teaching of a Church, which is taught authoritatively by it. Authoritative doctrines must be expressly taught as such by the Church as a Church. They must be her ordinary recognized teaching, and obligatory, at least upon her clergy, otherwise the Church does not take from them her characteristic or distinguishing mark.

“ Now, can it be said that the English Church is the *authoritative* teacher of Catholic doctrines? For brevity sake, let us fix upon some points, which Puseyites themselves acknowledge to be stamped with the character of catholicity, such, for instance, as *baptismal regeneration, the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the Eucharistic sacrifice, the power of the keys, or the priestly absolution*. Now, who will dare to assert that the English Church is the authoritative teacher of these doctrines? In order to prove this point, it must not only be shown that *traces* of these doctrines may be found, scattered here and there, that Anglicans are permitted to teach them, that several individuals of the church believe them, and that some great divines and bishops of the same church have taught them: but it must be proved that they form a part of the authoritative teaching of the English Church; that the English Church strictly enforces their belief upon her children, and that the faithful cannot refuse to believe them without rebelling against their mother, and being guilty of flat heresy. Now, I ask again, is this the case? Can it be said with truth that the alleged Catholic doctrines are authoritatively taught by the English Church? I do not ask whether such doctrines ought to be held by a Church or not, but my question is confined to this simple fact: are they the doctrines of the *Church of England* or not? Are they taught authoritatively by her or not? If I ask the bishops, they say, No. If I ask the clergy of any one district, parish, or diocese, I think I may safely assert that four out of five will say, No. If I ask the majority of the members of the Church, they say, No. If I ask the catholic world if such has ever been or is its impression of the Anglican Church, it says, with one voice, No. A man might have lived a hundred years in the Church of England, he might have been archbishop of York or Canterbury for sixty years of his life, and yet never once have mentioned one of these points, unless, perhaps, to protest against and denounce it as a damnable error. Millions of the members and clergy of the Church of England live and die detesting this system of doctrine as the characteristic of antichrist.

"If I am referred to the prayer book as containing the documents of the English Church, I am at a loss to find the said Catholic doctrines contained therein in any authoritative shape. I do not think that on any one point have these doctrines the documentary evidence clear in their favour, except perhaps the baptismal regeneration; and even that has to struggle with very much which is also authoritative, and which militates against it. On every other point I think it literally impossible that any person, or persons thinking as Puseyites think, could have compiled, sanctioned, or tolerated the composition of such documents as those which are contained in the prayer book. How then can it be asserted that the English Church is a branch of the Catholic Church, since the doctrines distinctive of catholicity may be taught or most positively contradicted, indifferently by any or all of her clergy, from the archbishop to the deacons? How can the English Church assert her claim to catholicity, since the distinctive points of the Catholic faith are denied by almost all her bishops, and the largest portion of the clergy?

"And here it must be observed, that this militates most forcibly against Puseyites, who profess to hold and teach their doctrines on *authority*—on the authority of the Church as *their Church*. If they have not this, all their theory falls to pieces; their doctrines are mere opinions, matters of private judgment; nay, they are condemned by their own theory, because they have asserted the necessity of a church authority, and have proclaimed the insufficiency of private judgment. The Catholic faith, and dogmatic teaching of the Catholic faith, are, on the Puseyite theory, *essentials* of a church: but that the faith, as understood by Puseyites, is taught dogmatically by the English Church, is believed only by themselves; for all the rest of the world, including the largest part of their own communion, all dissenters, and the whole Catholic world, refuse to believe it, condemn it, or ridicule it; and yet are there found men gravely declaring that Puseyism is the authoritative and distinctive teaching of the English Church. Ah! when will they open their eyes to see their delusion, and provide for their safety? When will they perceive that they have no church, no living church, no living guide to whom they can point and say, "She teaches me these doctrines; she is my witness and my authority?" They can point to individuals and to books, but not to a church; and it is a church they are required to exhibit; for it is a church they profess to believe, and such they must show forth as their support. If this foundation is knocked away, their whole theory goes into pieces, and falls to the ground. If they would be logical and consistent, they must either give up their catholic doctrines and the idea of a church, or throw themselves into the arm of their true mother the Catholic Church, which alone in her symbols embodies and enshrines all the glorious doctrines for which they look in vain in the authoritative documents of the English Church.

"Neither does it avail in the least to their cause to say "the catholic doctrines will spread—that they will become the recognized teaching of the English Church;" for the question at issue is, not what may be the future destiny, but what is at present the authoritative teaching, of the English Church. Is the English Church the authoritative teacher of Catholic doctrines or not? And if not, how can it be called a branch of the Catholic Church?

"And, moreover, what becomes of their beautiful theory of a Church visible and present as their guide to the faith, if the English Church does not yet hold or teach Catholic doctrines? If she be destined to become the authoritative teacher of Catholic doctrines only in *some future age*? Does not this assertion show that they have no *actual church*, and that all their vision of forming a branch of catholicity falls to the ground? And if they have no actual Church, how can they continue in their false position? What prevents them from finding out the true Church, that ever living and teaching Church, which alone is the authoritative teacher of Catholic doctrines? Ah, would to God that the veil were taken from their eyes, and that they could see plainly that Church which alone realises their "ideal" of Catholic doctrines! Would to God that they could see that those doctrines, which they have so much at heart, are taught and enforced in the Roman Catholic Church as essential, vital, personal truths, that they form part of the whole system of worship, that they are woven into it, that they spread through it, taking and keeping possession of the minds of all her people, and running out naturally in their forms of speech."—pp. 253-260.

We shall only add in conclusion, our earnest hope that this, and, we trust, many other kindred publications of Father Pagani, may meet the same success with which his ascetic writings have been blessed.

IV.—*Cambrensis Eversus, seu potius Historica Fides in Rebus Hibernicis Giraldo Cambrensi Abrogata: in quo Plerasque Justi Historici Dotes Desiderari, plerosque Novos inesse, ostendit Grialanus Lucius, Hibernus. Impress, An. MDCLXII.* Edited, with Translation and Notes, by the Rev. MATTHEW KELLY, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. (Celtic Society,) Vol. I. Dublin, 1849.

We are unavoidably compelled to postpone our intended review of this most able and important volume. We regret the delay the more, because the work was entitled to claim an early notice at our hands, not alone for its own sake and that of the learned editor, but also as a publication of the Celtic Society, to which, during the brief period since its formation, our literature owes many obligations. We hope, however, to make amends in our next publication.

- V.—*Laneton Parsonage*. A Tale for Children, on the Practical Use of a Portion of the Church Catechism. Part III. By the author of "Amy Herbert," Edited by the Rev. W. SEWELL, B.D. London: Longmans, 1849.

The authoress of "Amy Herbert" needs no introduction from us. We have already more than once expressed our high appreciation of her merits as a writer of religious fiction for youth; and though the portion of *Laneton Parsonage* now before us is inferior, in mere interest as a tale, to some of its predecessors, it is nevertheless a very pleasing and instructive story.

Like the earlier portions of the series, it is directly intended to illustrate the religious observances of the Anglican Church; but in this tale, as in the rest, there is so little, either of doctrine or of practice, which can at all be considered as trenching upon debatable ground, that we have little hesitation in pronouncing the book a safe one; and although it is far from realising the fulness of Catholic doctrine or Catholic feeling, yet, in default of a thoroughly Catholic literature of our own, it may be received as not unsuited to the use of members of our communion.

The Third Part of *Laneton Parsonage* is a continuation of the story of Alice Lennox, and it embraces the last step, according to Anglican notions, in her christian education—the Confirmation. The *Dramatis Personæ* are the same as in the earlier volume;—Lady Catherine Hyde, Alice's kind guardian and protectress; Ruth and Madeline Clifford, her young friends; their father, Mr. Clifford, the parish clergyman; their mother, a perfect specimen of that Christian mother whom the authoress so delights to draw; Florence Trevelyan, their old schoolfellow; and the young French girl, Justine Le Vergnier, whose character, in the second part, was left involved in considerable uncertainty.

We do not mean to enter into any outline of the story. It will be enough to say that the interest of this portion of the narrative is founded on a difficulty into which Alice and her friends are betrayed, by weakly yielding to the instances of Florence Trevelyan, and consenting to conceal for a time certain equivocal, and indeed downright suspicious, circumstances regarding Justine Le Vergnier, for the purpose of enabling her to obtain the situation of governess in the family of Florence's aunt, Mrs. de Lacy.

The incidents to which this gives occasion, are made the vehicle of many forcible and delicate delineations of character, and of a fund of solid instruction upon the true motives of Christian conduct. Nothing can be more interesting than the dissection of the secret impulses by which the several actors in this unlucky plot are influenced. There are many older and wiser people than Ruth Clifford, who might learn a lesson from the temptations under which she, with all her excellencies of disposition, was betrayed. There is no more common weakness among "good people" than that desire of influencing others to good, which, in Ruth's case, the clever *intriguante*, Justine, managed in the following scene, to turn to her own advantage. She is discussing with Florence Trevelyan the best means of securing Ruth's silence regarding her.

"And yet you can be indifferent whether Ruth talks about you or not," said Florence.

"Point du tout!—not at all indifferent; but you see there are always ways. We will come over Ruth."

"Not so easy as you may think," replied Florence.

"Pardon! I knew Ruth when you did."

"At school; but you saw little enough of her."

"Enough for what I wish. Ruth loves dearly to rule; she loves to put that little finger of hers into other persons' concerns; she shall put it into mine."

"Yours!" exclaimed Florence, in a tone of alarm.

"Justine laughed heartily."

"Ah! to be sure! you take fright; but trust me. See what a pretty note I have written;" and she drew a folded paper from her reticule, and gave it to Florence. "You see my happiness rests on her coming to the pic-nic," said Justine, still laughing, as she quoted her own words; "I have so much confidence to give her: I want her advice. She can't help herself now—she must come."

"And she must keep quiet till she has seen you," said Florence.

"Of course; Ruth is most proper—she is full of honour; she will never speak till we have met."

"And if you do meet, what then?" inquired Florence.

"We will see—we will think," said Justine, lightly tapping her forehead. "I never was in a trouble yet, but I found my way out of it; and we will go, mignononne, you and I; we will have our treat; we will be at Paris together."

"And you will show me all the best shops, and tell my aunt about everything that is fit to be seen, and do just whatever I like," said Florence.

"Oui, assurance! let me only be there. Once in Paris—in my country—la belle France, we will have our pleasure then; and

it is so bright, so gay. Ah! Florence you don't live in England; it is all as you said one day—eat, drink, sleep, and begin again.'

"The difficulty is to manage it,' said Florence, musingly. 'You will really take a great deal of care of Agnes, won't you, Justine?' she added.

"Surely; the greatest of all. Did I not take care of the little Darnleys? That very evening when I went out to see my friends—the evening I was so caught; I had put them all quietly to bed: they were asleep—very comfortable—no harm could happen to them.'

"You have a charming accent,' said Florence; that is one great advantage. My aunt heard it remarked the other day, and she admires your voice extremely. If you only make Agnes sing as well, she will be quite satisfied.'"—pp. 139, 140.

The unfelt influence of this feeling upon Ruth in her after conduct is admirably described. Not even her love for her mother, and her respect for herself, are proof against it. The struggle between this hidden self-love and remorse is extremely interesting:

"In the mean time Ruth had hurried Florence forward with the intention of outstripping the rest of the party, and when they reached a sufficient distance she stopped for a moment, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Florence! this unhappy business with Justine, it has made me miserable. I have done so wrong!'

"How? what can have happened?' asked Florence, turning pale.

"I have deceived,' exclaimed Ruth, in a tone of bitter self-reproach; 'I have deceived mamma, wilfully. I have all but told a story. What will she think of me?'

"Ruth, what do you mean? what can Mrs. Clifford know?'

"I cannot tell what she has heard,' replied Ruth, 'but she must have some suspicions; not about me though; she would never suspect me, and that makes it much worse; and I never meant to deceive her; I would not do it for all the world. Florence, I am so very unhappy!'

"Pray be quick,' exclaimed Florence, hastening on; 'we shall be overtaken in a minute, and I must understand what you are talking of.'

"Mamma stopped me as we left the dinner table,' said Ruth. 'She looked very anxious and worried, and asked me if you had not a friend staying with you. I said, 'Yes.' Then she asked me if she was not a French girl, who was going to be governess to Agnes; and I said 'Yes' too. Then she wanted to know if I had ever seen her, and I was puzzled what to say, when Mrs. De Lacy came up to us; she had heard just the last words, and said, 'Oh! is it Mademoiselle Veray you are talking of?' Mamma turned to

me, and said, 'That was not the name of the young lady whom you knew at Mrs. Carter's, was it Ruth?'

"Of course you said No,' interrupted Florence.

"Yes, I did not know what else to say, but I was wretched directly I had done it; and mamma smiled, and said she was glad to hear that it was not the same person; and then Mrs. De Lacy went on talking about Justine, and remarked what a pleasing girl she was, and asked if I did not think so. She said that you had recommended her, and that you had a good many French acquaintances; and she seemed to think that Justine had never been in any situation as governess before; and all the time I was obliged to let everything go on as if I did not know a word about it. Florence, I cannot bear to deceive mamma, and I must tell her.'

"If you do,' said Florence, quickly, 'you will break your word, and destroy Justine's prospects for life.'

"I am very sorry for Justine,' said Ruth; 'I would help her if I possibly could, but there is nothing else to be done; and for my promise, you know that it was made only for a time. I had no idea of always keeping a secret from my mother.'

"Then you should not have given your word,' persisted Florence. 'Justine and I have depended upon you, and have made all our arrangements under the belief that you would not break it. If you betray us, Justine will be injured for life.'

"You have never told me yet how that could be,' said Ruth; 'all I have heard has been from Alice.'

"I shall wait for Justine to tell you,' replied Florence. 'Her own account will convince you of the truth, far better than anything I can say.'

"I cannot hear her account,' said Ruth.

"Go back with us this evening, and you shall; I will manage it. At any rate, do not be unjust and condemn her unheard.'

"If I had not deceived mamma!' said Ruth, speaking to herself.

"It was not intentional deceit,' replied Florence; 'but whether it was so or not, this is a case of justice. Justine wrote to you herself, I know, begging you to give her some advice. If you betray her beforehand, I must say it will be, according to my notions, very dishonourable.'

"She might trust mamma, as well as me, if it were right to keep her secret,' said Ruth.

"That is not the question. Justine knows nothing of your mamma, and she does know a great deal of you. She has the greatest respect for you, and I know would take any hints from you; even as to her management of Agnes.'

"I cannot believe that,' said Ruth.

"I do not ask you to believe it on my word. I only ask you to

wait till you have seen Justine yourself. You have no idea what she thinks of you. Ruth, you cannot be so unkind as to persist.'

"Ruth looked unhappy, and sat down to rest under the shade of a tree, but would say nothing. Florence repeated her arguments, and became more and more earnest.

"'Your mamma and my aunt are coming,' she said, on hearing voices; 'have you no pity, Ruth?'"—pp. 247-249.

We must leave the reader to fill up, in the book itself, the details of this pretty story, and to learn the unhappy end of the schemes of the unprincipled Justine, and the bitter trials, through which Alice and her friend Ruth are brought to a more suitable turn of mind. We can promise them much pleasure as well as instruction in the search.

VI.—*Man Seeking and Securing his Last End, by uniting Meditation with his Daily Employments*, by the Rev. JOHN PERRY. London: Dolman, 61, New Bond Street; Jones, 63, Paternoster Row; Burns, 17, Portman Street; Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

This work has been perused by the Right Rev. Dr. Wareing, and he has prefixed to it his Approbation, by declaring that he considers it "excellently calculated to promote sound practical piety in those who make use of it for leisurely and devout meditation." To recommend a book that is so approved of, our praise is not required; but in order that our readers may be made aware of what are the special objects aimed at in this work, we consider it necessary to add to the Approbation of the venerated prelate an explanation respecting them. The reverend author of this book desires to promote the practice of religious meditation amongst all persons of all classes and ranks who are Catholics; and for this purpose he has composed a book, which, though advantageous to all, is more especially intended for the poor than the rich: for the working classes, if possible, still more than for those who have by their intellectual abilities to maintain themselves and their families. Any one acquainted with the state and condition of the Catholic laity in these countries is well aware, that the practice of meditation is not one that is as much attended to as it ought to be; and yet here the practice is more required than in Catholic lands; because *there* we cannot walk along the roads—we cannot pass a church-yard, or a vineyard, that the sculptured crucifixion or the simple wooden images do not recall

to our minds the fact, that we are but pilgrims in this world—that we have God to worship, an eternity to await us, and saints and angels to intercede for us. In a Protestant country like *this*, there is nothing to excite the mind to meditation, except it be upon the folly, the vanity, the vain glory, the vices, and the crimes of our fellow creatures. Thus, in Fleet Street, an image of Queen Elizabeth reminds us of the reign of a woman whose hand was red with the blood of the saints; and in Charing cross, we have the images of two monarchs—one a victim to his own insincerity, and the treason of his people; and the other, a man who to the last struggled to retain the Catholic religion in bondage, and who regarded his ministers as traitors because they compelled him to concede emancipation; and then, overtopping them, is the image of a naval hero, whose private life will not bear examining; whilst, farther on, is the image of a king whose first madness was caused by his bigoted horror at the proposal of placing Catholics upon an equality with Protestants; and then, near to him, is the image of a Royal Duke, who took an oath that if he lived to be king, he would never do justice to Catholics.

There are in London no incitements to devotion; its images are all of sinners, and there is no outward emblem to prove that the people or the nation have the slightest respect for virtue, charity, or purity. Such is the state of the capital; and the condition of the country, with few, very few and rare instances, is the same. In such a land—where there are no processions, as on the continent—nothing, absolutely nothing, to remind mortal men that God is in the midst of them every moment of their existence, what can possibly be more desirable than a book like the present, which not only excites men to meditate, but teaches them how to meditate?

It is the duty of us all to do so, and we do not remember to have seen the point put forward in a more clear, rational, and intelligible manner, than by the Reverend author in the following passages, which form a portion of the preface to his book:

“But far the greater part of mankind are obliged, by the circumstances or state of life in which providence has placed them, to spend their days in manual labour, or to be otherwise engaged in active life: and yet, during their worldly employments, they are

not to forget their God, who placed them in this world only to love and serve Him ; nor are they to be unmindful of the truths of salvation, which His Goodness has revealed to us.

" There are, indeed, some employments, which require much mental attention from those who are engaged in them ; and yet, even these employments may and *should* be sanctified, not only by a good intention, but also by occasional momentary reflections and devout aspirations ; recalling to mind and renewing, from time to time, the affections and resolutions of that morning's meditation, and imploring grace to reduce them to practice.

" The greater part, however, of manual employments do not require much attention of the mind ; but leave it, in a great measure, free for reflection. These employments should also be sanctified in the manner just described ; but in a greater degree, for there is nothing to prevent the reflections and aspirations from being more frequent, and of longer duration : they may even be made, very easily, in the form of short meditations.

" Now, it is chiefly, but not exclusively, for the assistance of those who are engaged in active life, that the following short meditations are presented to the public : but without claiming for them the merit of originality, since the labours of others have been made use of.

" Very many persons, when they are exhorted to the practice of daily meditation, immediately exclaim : ' Meditate ! I am sure I cannot meditate ! I never could ! ' They fancy, or very easily persuade themselves, that they have not the abilities or qualifications required for meditating. But this is a mere self-delusion ; and by this pernicious delusion, they excuse themselves from applying to the pious, salutary, and important exercise of daily meditation.

" But when these same persons have some temporal affair to execute, which is likely to bring them profit, they can then do all that is necessary for meditating—they can then exercise their faculties in such a manner, and to such a degree, as would be abundantly sufficient for meditating well.

" If, for example, a poor uneducated man has half an acre of land, or a garden, to cultivate ; and wishes to make it produce abundance of fruit for his own profit, (as he has his soul to cultivate, that it may produce for him the fruit of eternal life,) he can *reflect*, and reflect *practically*, upon all that is necessary to be done in order to arrive at the end he has in view. He can reflect, for instance, that the seeds, or good plants, which he intends to have in his garden, will not grow so as to produce fruit, unless the weeds, and whatever else is injurious, be cleared away ; and accordingly he sets to work, and perseveres, until he has effectually cleared them away. He can reflect, moreover, what seeds should be sown, what plants be set, and at what time, and how the land is to be prepared for receiving them ; and he labours accordingly in cultivating, sowing, and planting ; and he ceases not from

employing his labours about his growing crop, until he has brought it to maturity, and obtained the end which he sought.

"Now, with regard to the cultivation or sanctification of his soul, and the spiritual profits to be thereby gained; could he not reflect, in like manner, on the multitude and enormity of his sins, and on the occasions which lead to them; and consider how these evils prevent the growth of virtues in his soul? could he not thus convince himself of the absolute necessity of correcting his bad habits, and of resolving at once to do so? and could he not, by these reflections and resolutions, animate himself to fervour, and diligence, and perseverance in labouring to clear away, from the garden of his soul, all those noxious and destructive weeds? could he not, moreover, think of the virtues which he should plant in his soul, in place of those weeds; and how to prepare and dispose himself for receiving the graces which are necessary for acquiring these virtues, and for bringing them to perfection? in a word, could he not consider and employ THE MEANS of sanctifying and saving his soul? and could he not persevere in considering and employing them, until he had arrived at the object of his pursuit; namely, the perfection of virtue here, and the enjoyment of God hereafter?

"Therefore, when people say they cannot meditate, it is not because they have not sufficient abilities for it; but because they have not got a sufficient will: they are not disposed to meditate—they are not willing to give to this pious exercise the time and labour which are necessary for it, because they think too much of what is earthly and temporal, and too little of what is heavenly and eternal. But this indisposition of soul, instead of being allowed to act as a hindrance, should rather spur them on to be regular and diligent in the practice of daily meditation; because it shows how very necessary this practice is for them."—Preface, pp. 6—9.

These observations are followed by clear and distinct rules—directions for meditation—which persons of the humblest capacity can understand; and these are followed by the meditations themselves, ninety-two in number. The conclusion is "a short rule of life."

We commend the work to the attention of every Catholic family.

VII.—*The Christian Consolated and Instructed*, from the Italian of QUADRUPANI. London: Burns.

We are very much pleased with this little book, which is the work of a celebrated religious, and speaks the sentiments of many of the saints. St. Francis de Sales especially is followed, and his gentle spirit breathes through the whole book. The object of it is to lead the soul to the

confiding and loving performance of the duties of her state of life, leaving aside the consideration of the higher practices of virtue to which souls are called by the special inspirations of God. By this careful distinguishing of what things are duties incumbent upon all, and what are not, many fancied burdens are removed from afflicted souls, and many dangerous scruples put an end to. The instructions are simple and beautiful, and many fine passages are added from Fenelon and others. The present edition is got up with more than ordinary neatness, and makes a very pretty little volume.

VIII.—*The Life and Death of Margaret Clitherow, the Martyr of York*, now first published from the Original Manuscript, and edited by WILLIAM NICHOLSON. Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

Dr. Challoner, in his "Missionary Priests," mentions, among the victims of the violent persecution of the Catholics which was raised by the Earl of Huntingdon, Lord President of the North, a Mrs. Margaret Clitherow, a gentlewoman of good family in Yorkshire, who "was pressed to death," in the year 1585, or 1586. The charge under which she was arraigned was that of relieving and harbouring priests. Fearing that her trial and conviction might involve others in similar trouble, she refused to plead; and persisting in her resolution, notwithstanding every effort on the part of the prosecution, she was condemned to the punishment which the law awards to such recusancy, being literally "pressed to death."

The little volume now before us contains the original MS. memoir of this heroic lady, which has been religiously preserved in her family, the Middletons of Stockeld in Yorkshire, and is now in the possession of Mr. Middleton, its present representative. The author of the memoir is stated by Dr. Challoner to have been the Reverend John Mush, who was Mrs. Clitherow's director, and who was himself a confessor and all but a martyr for the faith. The editor, Mr. Nicholson appears to have bestowed much care on its preparation for publication, and has prefixed an interesting Introduction, not only containing an account of the MS., but entering at considerable length into the question of religious persecution.

It will be seen from what we have already said, that

the punishment awarded to Mrs. Clitherow was directly the penalty not of the charge under which she was arraigned, but of her recusancy when called upon to plead to the indictment. It was the ordinary punishment of felons refusing to plead, no matter what was the indictment. Nevertheless, the charge to which she refused to plead was in itself a felony, and it was only her reluctance to involve others along with herself that induced her to refuse to put herself upon her trial, nor can we hesitate to regard her as having suffered death for the faith.

The reader may possibly recollect a description of a similar punishment in one of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's romances. We doubt, however, whether it can be compared with the following simple, but most affecting narrative:

"About eight of the clock the sheriffs came to her, and she being ready expecting them, (having trimmed up her head with new inkle strings, which she had prepared to bind her hands,) went cheerfully to her marriage, as she called it; dealing her alms in the street, which was so full of people that she could scarce pass by them. She went barefoot and barelegged, her gown loose about her. Fawcett, the sheriff, made haste and said, 'Come away, Mrs. Clitherow.' The Martyr answered merrily, 'Good master sheriff, let me deal my poor alms before I go, now my time is short.' They all marvelled to see her joyful, smiling countenance.

"The place of execution was the tollbooths, six or seven yards distant from the prison. There were present at her Martyrdom the two sheriffs of York, Fawcett and Gibson, Frost, *the minister*, Fox, Mr. Cheek his kinsman, with other of his men, four sergeants, which had hired certain beggars to do the murder, three or four men besides, and four women.

"The Martyr coming to the place, kneeled her down, and prayed to herself. The tormentors bade her pray with them, and they would pray with her. The Martyr denied, and said, 'I will not pray with you, nor shall you pray with me: neither will I say 'Amen' to your prayer, nor shall you to mine.' Then they willed her to pray for the Queen's majesty. The Martyr began in this order: First, in the hearing of them all, she prayed for 'the Catholic Church, then for the Pope's Holiness, Cardinals, and other Fathers which have charge of souls, then for the Christian princes in the world.' At which words the torturers interrupted her, and willed not to put her majesty among that company; yet the Martyr proceeded in this order: 'and especially for Elizabeth, queen of England, that God may turn her to the Catholic Faith, and after this mortal life she may receive the blessed joys of heaven: for I wish,' quoth she, 'as much joy to her majesty's soul

as to mine own.' The sheriff, Gibson, abhorring the cruel deed, stood weeping at the door. Then said Fawcett, 'Mrs. Clitherow, you must remember and confess you die for treason.' The Martyr answered. 'No, no, Mr. Sheriff, I die for the love of my Lord Jesus;' which last words she spoke with a very loud voice.

"Then Fawcett commanded her to put off her apparel; 'For you must die naked,' said he, 'according as judgment was pronounced against you.'

"The Martyr with other women requested him *on their knees*, that she might die in her shift, and that for the honour of womanhood they would not see her naked; but they would not grant it. Then she requested them that the women might unapparel her, and that they would turn their faces from her during that time.

"The women took off her clothes, and put upon her the long linen habit. Then very quietly she laid her down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief, the linen habit being placed over her as far as it would reach, all the rest of her body being naked. The door was laid upon her, her hands she joined towards her face. Then the sheriff said, 'Nay, you must have your hands bound.' The Martyr put forth her hands, still joined over the door. Then two sergeants parted them, and with the inkle strings, which she had prepared for the purpose, bound them to two posts, so that her body and hands made a perfect cross \cdot . They willed her again to ask the Queen's majesty's forgiveness, and to pray for her. The Martyr said she had prayed for her. They willed also to ask her husband forgiveness. The Martyr said, 'If ever I have offended him, but for my conscience, I ask him forgiveness.'

"After this they laid weight upon her, which, when she first felt, she said, 'Jesu! Jesu! Jesu! have mercy upon me!' which were the last words she was heard to speak.

"She was in dying *about one quarter-of-an-hour*. A sharp stone, as much as a man's fist, put under her back; upon her was laid to to the quantity of *seven or eight hundred weight at the least*, which, breaking her ribs, caused them to burst forth of the skin.

"Thus most victoriously this gracious Martyr overcame all her enemies, passing from this mortal life with rare and marvellous triumph into the peaceable City of God, there to receive a worthy Crown of endless immortality and joy.

"This was at nine of the clock, and she continued in the press till three afternoon. Her hat she sent before she died to her husband, in sign of her loving duty to him as to her head. Her hose and shoes also to her eldest daughter, Agnes, about twelve years of age, signifying that she should serve God and follow her steps of virtue.

"This little girl was at first committed to ward because she would not betray her mother, and there extremely used for that she would not go to the Church; but, *when her mother was murdered*, the heretics came to her and said, that unless she would go to the

Church and hear a sermon, her mother should be put to death. The child, thinking thereby to save her mother's life, went to a sermon. And thus they did deceive her."—pp. 190—6.

We have more than once urged upon the parties who are in possession of such manuscript historical materials as the interesting narrative now before us, the expediency of publishing them in whatever shape circumstances may point out as most convenient; either in the separate form which Mr. Nicholson has adopted, or, if the extent and character of the MS. be not such as to warrant a separate publication, in some of our literary and religious periodicals, which must always be open for such communications. We trust that Mr. Nicholson's example may be found worthy of imitation, and that before the present generation shall have passed away, but little of the materials for the Catholic history of the last three centuries, whether it be in the shape of letters, memoirs, biographies, or narratives, will be suffered to remain exposed to the chances of destruction or loss to which manuscript remains are necessarily subject.

IX.—*The Catholic School.* Nos. vii. and viii. July 1849.—London: Catholic Poor-School Committee.

We wish to recommend this periodical as one likely to be most useful to those who are interested in our schools, both by the information it affords with respect to government assistance, and by the sound practical advice which it inculcates.

X.—*Principles of Protestantism considered with a view to Unity,* by the author of "Proposals for Christian Union." Second edition. London: James Darling, 1849.

This book is the best on the subject by the author. It does much, and that in a very attractive way, to set the conduct of the reformers, and the results of their principles, in a truer light; yet, we think it is calculated to do mischief. It is based upon a principle which is as false as it is pernicious; viz., that it is possible for the Church of Christ to be divided,—that the sin of schism can belong to both parties after a division. Acting upon this idea, the author adjudicates between the parties, now attacking the abuses of Papal government and the supposed encroachments of the Papacy; and again, mildly remonstrating with the reformers for their want of deference and submis-

sion to authority. In assuming this monstrous principle, he forgets that he is falsifying his own creed, that the Church is one, and that the chair of St. Peter is its bond of unity—that he is falsifying the promise of Christ, that He will remain with His Church for ever. For is it not inconsistent with this unity and this promise to suppose that a time has come, aye, and lasted for three hundred years, in which a man may truly say, The head of the Church, the bond of Unity, has gone so wrong, has so encroached upon the rights of others, that his claims justify or prevent my paying to him any actual submission at all? Is not that to say that the bond of unity has gone? Is not that to say that Christ has left his Church? Surely this consideration might be enough to countervail the argument that there is no positive proof that the Popes have in all ages asserted such lofty claims; for assuredly there will never be positive proof of that which alone would be of weight to the contrary, that, they ever admitted them to be lower. Our argument may be perhaps illustrated by a reference to the words of the author in a former book.*

“The intention for which Christ instituted the Primacy, all the fathers agree, was nothing else than that Christ sought to avoid schisms, and to preserve unity.”

And again—

“Now from this object of the Primacy, its essence is plainly discoverable; for if Christ our Lord instituted one chief or visible head, in order to prevent schism in the mystical body of the Church, and to preserve the union of all the members, it is plain that the duty of that chief or head is not to appropriate to himself the operations of the other members, but so to influence them that each member may abide in his place, and exercise the functions proper to his office, giving to all, for the *primum mobile* the Divine Law and the Canons. We hope our readers will agree with us in thinking that the following deduction has at least as close a connection with its premise. If Christ our Lord instituted one chief or visible head, in order to prevent schisms and to preserve union, it is to be presumed that that chief or head has not been himself the first to rush into schism and to promote disunion, that he has not appropriated to himself the operation of the other members, but that while making each of them exercise the functions proper to his office, he has also known how far his own extend, and that

* Claims of the Church of Rome, &c., p. 88.

his judgment as to the primacy or secondary authority of the Canon Law, is at least as much to be relied on as the historical speculations of our author."

XI.—*Developments of Protestantism, and other Fragments*; reprinted from the Dublin Review and Tablet. Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby, 1849.

This pamphlet presents an auto-biography, so to speak, of Protestantism, the most complete and self-condemning that we have seen. Its founders are made once more to proclaim the principles and objects of their rebellion, and its disciples, in every country and every age, tell, in their own words, the lamentable history of its progress. It is well that this should be, because there is a delusion now encouraged by those whose theories it suits, that the reformers did not so much break off the religion of the past ages, as refuse to keep pace with the pretended encroachments of the Papacy. They charge the Catholic Church with being, at least, in part, the author of a schism which they lament, and which they would gladly see put an end to, if any compromise, short of unconditional submission, were allowed them.

It is well, then, to remember that the Homilies proclaim that "the whole world had been sunk in the pit of damnable idolatry, for the space of nine hundred years and odd," and that the Anglican divines were the loudest to cry out that theirs was God's own cause, the restoration of the gospel long defiled by the pestiferous and damnable doctrines of the Beast of Babylon. They made no compromise with the unclean thing, but boldly declared that they were God's own ministers, and that their enemies were Antichrist. Such were their pretensions; they allowed no middle term; they were either the apostles of God, or the emissaries of hell. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says our Lord; and accordingly our author follows them through Germany, Switzerland, France, England, America, and other countries, to discover the fruits they have borne, and by them, to judge their mission. We cannot give the exact references that the book furnishes, but the general outlines of the pictures which are there drawn, are too striking to be omitted. "The theology of the Protestant churches of Germany," says H. J. Rose, himself a Protestant, "presented a very singular spectacle during the last half of the preceding century,

and the commencement of the present. *A very large majority of the divines of these churches, rejected, in a word, all belief in the divine origin of Christianity..... It appears that, after a time, a spirit of almost entire indifference to religion, manifested itself among all classes.*" Would our readers know the general roads that led men to this happy state? Rationalism, the offspring of decaying Lutheranism, Arianism rising from its ashes, Socinianism, and the multitude of sects which led Luther to exclaim, that there were "almost as many different opinions as individual ministers," were Satan's instruments in the change. But how was it in Switzerland? After having been from Calvin downwards, accused of Arianism, and evading the accusation, at length, in 1816, the venerable consistory of Geneva, were openly charged by M. Henri Louis Empaytaz with rejecting the divinity of our Lord, and they replied: "*Pour maintenir le principe du Protestantisme la venerable Compagnie a dû necessairement renoncer aux opinions qu'on lui fait un crime d'avoir abandonnées,*"—and the mob of Geneva raised the cry "*A bas Jesus Christ.*" M. Vernet's Socinian Theology is now taught in the university. In France, while according to Ranke, the Protestants, in the year 1600, had seven hundred and sixty parish churches, all in good order, we are told by the Foreign Aid Society's Quarterly Report, 1841, that a few years ago "*it was hardly possible to find twenty pasteurs who confessed the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement.*" At this time, the established Protestantism of France is, *for the most part, Socinianism.*

And, be it remembered, that in the same France, while the Protestants were patronised by the revolutionists, one hundred and thirty-five Catholic bishops, and thousands of priests, suffered death or exile for the faith, and forty thousand zealous priests are now labouring to restore it. Of the Netherlands, where, as at Geneva, the chosen doctrines were fiercely defended by the prison and the sword or stake, as early as 1655, we learn, from one of Lord Somers's tracts, that "the sect of Socinianism bears great sway in the province of Holland, and is *assented to by most there,*" and Huber says of it, that "never since the Reformation has the form of religion continued the same for the space of more than thirty years together." In Sweden, in like manner, it is admitted by Protestant authorities, that there was, about 1810, a fickleness which

arrived at changing everything, that there is now an almost universal silence upon doctrines, that the doctrines of Socinianism are no longer strange, and that, as far as regards the morals of the people, the Reformation has done harm rather than good. At last we come to England, once the isle of saints; what blessing does she owe to the Reformation? She was once in a happy unity of faith and love: "now," says the bishop of Exeter, "the sin of schism is the opprobrium, and threatens to be the downfall of our country." And again: "the opposition of teaching, *as respects the sacraments*, is the great evil of our times." And indeed, the endless variety of clergymen's views is as notorious as it is absurd. The great mass of the people are either destitute of religious instruction altogether, that is, are in the condition of heathens, or else are Arian or Socinian. Hear again the Bishop of Exeter: "Absolute heathenism, and worse than heathenism—intense hatred of the Christian faith, is raging in many parts of England:"—and Dr. Pusey: "We have allowed a large nation of heathens to spring up among ourselves, unconverted, unnoticed, uncared for, and sent out nations of heathens, in part with the worst vices of the worst of heathens, to colonize the world." The Bishop of Exeter lastly says, "True it is that ours is not the only part of the Church in which these truths, (i. e. her very nature, end and office,) seem to have been forgotten. Recent occurrences *throughout England* all tend to the same point, all prove the universal need of the same instruction." Again, "This ignorance is exhibited not in the multitude only, but *in all ranks and degrees of men*, and most prominently in those whose station is most exalted." We all know how pauperism, begun by the robberies of the Reformation, has since increased and multiplied under poor-laws and gaols, till it presents a spectacle such as no other christian land has ever witnessed. And when we look to the position of the Anglican church herself, what do we see but the cup of slavery drunk to its deepest dregs, slavery to a parliament and a minister, slavery in doctrine and discipline, slavery submitted to at the Reformation, and oppressing all succeeding generations. We have not space to carry out the investigation into America, where it is perhaps more striking than elsewhere, but will simply repeat the words of Dr. Wilberforce, in his History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America: "The

great stream of the religious opinions in America, sets toward the chill decencies of Socinian error." And again, "The mass of the population has not yet greatly felt the influence of the episcopalian body." Such are a few features of the pictures drawn in the first part of this pamphlet, mostly from the words of Protestants themselves, of the present condition of the religions founded by those men who blasphemously said that they came for the restoration of the gospel. In the second part there are most mournful pictures of the present state and prospects of Anglicanism, portrayed almost entirely in the very words of the English Churchman, as it pours forth alternately its sorrow and its indignation at the miserable condition of the people, and of the rulers of its church. At one time it asserts that an ecclesiastical revolution, in the shape of a Puritan ascendancy, is impending, if no means be taken to check its progress—or dreads as one of the "possible fates" of the establishment, "a gradual sinking into a mere Protestant sect, ending, as such a course naturally would, in rationalism and infidelity;" and at another, that "one half of the parishes of England are living in semi-heathenism," while, as to education, the *Times* declared "that the education of this country is one great quackery from beginning to end. It does not stand the test of half a year's trial on any subject, sacred or secular."

We regret that we have not space to do more than mention the subjects that are next treated of, the numerous, public, and unreprieved denials of Baptismal Regeneration, by clergymen of the church of England, the solemn condemnation by a bishop of all notion of a sacrifice, the all but universal rejection and repression of the practice of confession, all of which are considered, by the English Churchman, to be primary and fundamental doctrines, the decline of daily service, and the utter want of fixed doctrines and religious ideas throughout the church. But we wish especially to recommend the last portion of the pamphlet, in which many most interesting particulars are given of the Greek Church, taken chiefly from the observations of the Count de Maistre, while ambassador at St. Petersburg. The utter abjection of that church, overrun with dissenters, and without any influence over the hearts of men, and the miserable condition of its clergy, who are become a by-word of reproach, and the outcasts of society

are strongly contrasted with the grand position of the papacy, whose mighty dominion reaches to the ends of the earth, whose sublime claims are acknowledged by a long line of fathers and doctors, and by the liturgies of the Greeks themselves, and for which the providence of God has set apart, and preserved the sovereignty of Rome. Altogether, the pamphlet will be found most interesting by those who study the position of the separatist communities throughout the world.

XII.—*Devotions for Confession and Communion*; from the *Délices des Ames Pieuses*; by EDWARD CASWALL, M. A. London; Burns, 1849.

This is a useful and ample collection of devotional exercises, accompanied with instructions for the right use of the Sacraments. It contains, also, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and a selection of some beautiful and appropriate hymns from the *Lyra Catholica*, of which we have already spoken at length. We rejoice to see our devotional literature so much enriched and diversified, and hope that this book, as it is a sign of the increasing calls of devotion, may, in its turn, do much still further to promote the piety of the faithful.

XIII.—*Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their Effects on the Civilisation of Europe*, by the REV. J. BALMEZ. Translated from the French version by C. J. Hanford and R. Kershaw. London Burns, 1849.

We have already spoken of the high merits of this work.* It is not one of an ordinary stamp, but one that by the blessing of God, will work a great change in the ideas both of Catholics and Protestants in this country. The force of long-continued calumny and short-sighted national prejudice has prevailed over ignorance of facts, and a wish to concede, as much as can be conceded, until even Catholics have been led to suppose that their divine religion has, from some unaccountable reason, had a less beneficial influence than Protestantism upon human society and civilisation; as if that which is from God could fail to be the best in all its relations with mankind. We rejoice therefore to see so able and philosophical a refutation of

* D.R. Dec. 1848,—March, 1849.

this pernicious error brought within the means of our readers by this cheap and elegant translation.

XIV.—*The History of England, for the Use of Schools and Young Persons.* By W. F. MYLIUS, Master of Manor House School, Chelsea. Sixth edition. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1849.

From the very commencement of our literary labours, there has not been a single point on which we have insisted so uniformly and with so much earnestness, as the necessity of purifying and improving the books employed in our elementary education; nor is there any department in which the necessity was so urgent and so unquestionable as that of English History. From the most purely elementary catechism of the History of England, up to the more elaborate compendiums designed for the use of advanced schools and colleges, there was not one which did not breathe in every page a spirit of hostility, if not of contempt, towards the Catholic religion.

Mr. Mylius has the merit of having applied himself early to provide for the important want thus created in our Catholic literature. His history has long been known in our schools, and where it has been known is deservedly popular. It makes no pretensions, to use the author's own modest language, to novelty or originality, but it possesses the less equivocal merit of being carefully compiled from the best and safest sources; and what it wants in brilliancy or novelty is far more than compensated by the solidity and justness of its views, and the soundness of its principles and opinions.

The edition now before us is carried down to the present time, containing a brief summary even of the events of the present reign. Nor can there well be a better and more convincing evidence of the merit of the work, than the fact of its having passed through six large impressions, each more widely circulated than its predecessor.

XV.—1. *The Rise and Fall of Papacy*; in a series of discourses. By the REV. ROBERT FLEMING, Minister of the Gospel. London: Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

2.—*Faith and Infidelity*, Part II.—Two dissertations on the Time of the End. London: Hatchard and Son.

We have classed these two works together, not that

they have much in common, except a subject utterly beyond their power or attainments, and a hopeless blundering through the various theories they are pleased to entertain concerning it. We must confess our surprise at finding these books upon our table. We profess no gift for expounding prophecies; upon grounds so mysterious and so awful, we should not presume to follow, even the footsteps of one duly qualified by human wisdom and Divine Teaching to explain them; but that *we*, Catholics and laymen, should intrude upon these hallowed precincts at the bidding of every presumptuous intermeddler, who thought he could find therein fit exercise for his idle hobby horse, was surely not to be expected.

We have glanced over the books indeed, and found some amusement in noticing the absurdities and inconsistencies contained in them. We noticed also in the dispositions of the Authors a difference to which it is but fair to allude: Mr. Fleming is a hard headed bitter thorough protestant, who has stretched every point, and gone through every labour to prove the Pope to be Antichrist; the author of Faith and Infidelity, more charitable by nature, and influenced by the milder spirit of the age, has decided Antichrist to be *Infidelity* in its overt form. That Antichrist and Infidelity will have no very distant relation to one another, we ourselves—modest as we profess ourselves to be, in such speculations, can find no great difficulty in believing.

XVI.—*Instructions on Mental Prayer*; from the French. Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby.

These are among the best instructions on this subject that we have seen. The method of meditation, though slightly differing from those usually laid down, is fully and admirably explained, and illustrated by many examples; especially upon the mode of exercising the affections, that most important part of meditation, many striking and practical rules are given. Then follow instructions on the utility and immense importance of mental prayer, and on the difficulties to be encountered in it, which form the subject of the second part of the book, and are divided into three heads, of distractions, dryness, and temptations in prayer. The sources and the remedy of voluntary distractions, and the advantages of those that are involuntary, form most use-

ful subjects of consideration. The various ways in which dryness afflicts the soul, and the useful purposes which it serves, together with the mode of behaving under it, are next spoken of, and lastly, the various temptations with which the devil seeks to delude those who practise this holy exercise, are beautifully explained. We think that there are few who would not, in this little book, find much new and most profitable instruction.

XVII.—*The Irish Poor Law. How far has it failed? and why? A question addressed to the common sense of his countrymen, by G. Poulett Scrope Esq. M. P.*—London: J. Ridgway, 1849.

Mr. Scrope gives us a most fearful account of the condition of the Irish workhouses. It seems that vast masses of the population are being barely kept alive; some crammed together in a filthy and demoralizing state into workhouses, others giving up a portion of their scanty pittances for some miserable shelter; all, or almost all of them sinking by gradual starvation. And this terrible mass of misery is the only result of the enormous poor-rates. We know that there are objections to Mr. Scrope's plan of employing the paupers in reproductive works, and the cultivation of the ground, but at the same time it seems a tremendous responsibility to insist too much on these, unless some other means are speedily put in action for relieving the poor-rates, and putting an end to the present ruinous system.

XVIII.—1. *The Redbreast, The Forget-me-not, The Madonna*, from the German of CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

2.—*The Rose of St. John*, a little piece composed and played by the Pupils of the Sacred Heart, in honour of their kind and indulgent Father, the Right Rev. Bishop of New York. New York, Edward Dunigan and Brothers, 151, Fulton Street.

All our readers who have felt the want of good English Catholic books for children, will rejoice to see the efforts making in America to supply this deficiency. We have had occasion to mention Mr. Dunigan's name repeatedly as the publisher of delightful works of this kind, as well as of others of still greater importance. He is now bringing out a new edition of Canon Schmidt's tales. The stories are published separately; they are well translated, prettily got up, and very cheap. Thus, the fund of edifying entertainment which the good Canon has provided for his own

little flock, will be extended to the children of another hemisphere; and we are not surprised at it. There is great variety of incidents in these pretty stories; and in the mode of telling them a simplicity, a sort of good faith and earnestness, which cannot but be congenial to their young readers.

The other little story has a peculiar claim to interest. It does great credit to the enlightened religious education which its happy young composers are receiving.

XIX.—*A Digest of several Reports on Sanitary Reform*, by W. Simpson.

This is a collection of the labours of some of the heroes of Sanitary Reform, Drs. Southwood, Smith, and Arnott, and Messrs. Chadwick and Walker. It gives a full account of the poisonous influence of graveyards, cesspools, &c., and suggests remedies, especially the establishment of a proper Medical Board of Health, and Medical Offices, to ascertain by personal visits, and to register the causes of death.

XX.—1. *Votes in Aid and Rates in Aid of the Bankrupt Irish Unions.*

Two Speeches delivered in the House of Commons, by C. POULETT SCROPE, Esq., M.P., on the 16th Feb. and 27th March, 1849. London: James Ridgway; Piccadilly, 1849.

2.—*The Present Circumstances of the Unions of Oldcastle submitted to the Consideration of the Parliamentary Committees now sitting for the Re-construction of the Irish Poor Laws*, by J. L. W. NAPER, Esq., Dublin: J. McGlashan, 21, D'Olier Street, 1849.

3.—*Emigration for the Million*, by GERSHOM. London: Richardson, Cornhill, 1849.

Here are three ably written pamphlets which touch upon the moral and physical evils of Ireland. In the deluge of pamphlets which now seek to engage the attention of the public, it is desirable that the reader of such light literature should have some clue to guide him in his selection, and for this reason, rather than from any particular novelty in those now lying before us, we will endeavour to give a short summary of their contents. With the two speeches of Mr. Poulett Scrope, all those who take an interest in the proceedings of Parliament must be already acquainted; they are important, not only from their own merit, terse, vigorous, and closely reasoned as they are; but because in them is sketched out the plan which Sir

Robert Peel has so boldly and happily matured, and which we trust soon to see the law of the land; we allude to the relief both of the poor, and the poor's-rate payer, by the compulsory sale of such land as is unable to discharge this first moral and legal obligation upon all property. Firmly opposed to the Rate in Aid, Mr. Scrope considers it better that such assistance as is needful should be afforded by the Imperial Treasury;—to be repaid, however, and that not from the income of land already bankrupt, but from the proceeds of its sale. We will not follow him through reasons and statements which have already been weighed by the public; we will content ourselves with saying, that the strong practical sense, the calm earnestness, and admirable style of these two speeches, make them really agreeable reading, and that is a bold assertion, considering the subject.

In the account of the "Present Circumstances of the Union of Oldcastle," the author has plunged somewhat discursively into the statistics needful to show the probable working of the rate in aid, and to suggest improvements. Mr. Naper, himself an Irish landlord, adopts Sir Robert Peel's plan for the sale of lands, and evidently feels that it is the only ultimate means of cutting through the entanglement of Irish difficulties; but meanwhile he discusses various grievances in a tone of good sense and moderation, which entitle him to attention. Through these we will not follow him; but it gives us hope to see, that the endless frothy declamation upon Irish troubles is going somewhat out of fashion, that men of practical minds are bending their attention to practical details. Men are coming to a point, not only in their views, but in their accusations; and certainly these derive all the more force from their concentration. When Mr. Scrope upbraids the House with the helter skelter haste with which the remedial measures for Ireland have ever been carried out, and with the blunders consequent upon such hurry and external pressure; when Mr. Naper quotes Lord John Russell's own testimony to the wretched condition of the peasantry in parts of Ireland, (and especially in Ballina), long before the famine, (in the years 1834-35), during which time, he says, "we heard no complaints;" and adds, "Why, the noble lord and his political friends have been clearly passing by on the other side, as far as the people of Ballina are concerned, ever since the years 1834-35;" we cannot but feel that these charges are *true*. When again we cull even from the two

sober minded writers, we have been noticing, such a character for recklessness, cupidity, mismanagement, and oppression, as even they give to the generality of Irish landlords, we feel that they at least ought to be silenced. In truth, recriminations are useless, all parties owe a heavy debt to the suffering Irish peasant; would that it were discharged! How joyfully should we hear of this unhappy people, that they were at last in the enjoyment of abundance, of cheerfulness, of hopeful labour, and peaceful homes! that they were striking root afresh in their native land, and that with them the tide of emigration had ceased to flow!

Such is not the feeling of the author of the third pamphlet on our list. Emigration is his universal panacea for all the evils of society; the rich are to be persuaded into emigration, the poor urged to it, the unwary entrapped, the feeble encouraged, the helpless coerced into it. Emigration is to be the reward of merit, the punishment for every fault, that of vagrancy included. All things are to be made conducive to it; our ships of war are to carry emigrants instead of cannon; nay, he would adopt Sir Robert Peel's plan, sell part of our colonies to send emigrants to the remainder. For the Irish he entertains no great love, and his anxiety for their welfare is sharpened by so vehement a desire to get rid of them, that he would clearly not think this task accomplished while a single Paddy remained in his native land.

XXI.—1. *Kirwan Unmasked: a Review of Kirwan, in Six Letters*, addressed to the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., of Elizabeth Town, by the Right Rev. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., Bishop of New York.

2.—*A Sermon Preached in the Hall of Representatives of the United States*, on Sunday, December 12, 1847, by the Right Rev. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., Bishop of New York. New York: Edward Dunigan and Brother, 151, Fulton Street.

The first of these little publications is a demolishing attack upon a hypocrite, and as such, highly enjoyable. Dr. Hughes had to do with a man for whom respect was out of the question, and for whom pity—at least in the shape of forbearance—would have been weakness. His position was of sufficient importance to make it worth while to expose him, and the bishop has done it with hearty good will; masking under a playful contempt, the severity with which he has laid bare the infidelity, mean-

ness, and falsehood of an ignorant and mercenary calumniator.

The sermon was preached by Doctor Hughes on a momentous occasion, when he was invited in the most honourable and courteous manner to preach before the House of Representatives at New York, they placing at his disposal their house and their time. The sermon is worthy of the scene and of the Bishop, of whom the Catholic world is so justly proud.

XXII.—1. *A Short Treatise on the Deviation of the Mariner's Compass ; with Rules for its Corrections and Diagrams*, by Sir JOHN ROSS, C. B., &c. &c., Captain in the Royal Navy. London : Pelham, Richardson, Cornhill, 1849.

2.—*Defects in the Practice of Life Assurance, and Suggestions for their Remedy ; with observations on the uses and advantages of Life Assurance, and the constitution of offices*, by ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, W. S., A. I. A. Fourth edition. London : Orr and Co., Amen Corner, &c., &c.

3.—*Lectures on the Nature and Use of Money*, delivered before the members of the "Edinburgh Philosophical Institution," during the months of February and March, 1848. By JOHN GRAY, author of "The Social System." Edinburgh : Adam and Charles Black. London : Longman and Co., 1848.

We cannot undertake, in such short notices as these, to analyse the contents of the scientific works, the names of which we have given ; of the two first, the subject and the authorship will ensure the attention of our scientific readers ; and the last-named publication has been so sedulously urged upon the notice of the public, that it ought not to require any further introduction. The author informs us that the "simultaneous appearance" of his work, in every part of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the French metropolis, has been effected by means of a gratuitous distribution, to the extent of "twelve hundred copies," and that "a copy of the work will be placed in the hands of *every* member of the house of commons," before it meets the eye of the reviewer ; when to this we add a challenge and offer of five hundred guineas to the Times, and of one hundred guineas to the public in general, to discuss and confute his propositions, we can only say, that we respect such earnestness of conviction, such a disinterested desire to publish to the world what the author conceives to be a means of good ; and willingly make it known, but we ourselves retire from the field, and

decline to consider, (still more to confute,) the problem, "How Production, now the *consequence* of Demand, may, at any time, be converted into the *Cause* of it."

XXIII.—*Healthy Skin. A Treatise on the Management of the Skin and Hair, in relation to Health.* By Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S. Third Edition. London: Churchill.

The first edition of this little work appeared opportunely, at a time when public attention was directed to the endeavours which were being made to provide the means of personal cleanliness at a cheap rate to the labouring classes. The subject was popular—and Mr. Wilson succeeded in producing a book which, while it had some pretension to be called scientific, was yet written in an easy and amusing style, well suited to the large mass of readers—who are well contented to be taught, provided they can be so at a small expense of time and trouble. This treatise has now reached a third edition—a sufficient proof that it has merit—but we can only glance at its contents.

The first five chapters are devoted to the minute anatomy and physiology of the skin and hair. The author has here been very successful in clothing a scientific and to some extent abstruse subject in a light and popular garb; but even the professional reader would find instruction. *An extract from this part of the treatise will perhaps astonish the general reader, and teach him the importance of keeping himself in a sound skin.* It is calculated that on an average there are 2800 pores through which the perspiration exudes in every square inch of the surface of our body. These pores are the openings of fine perspiratory tubes, about a quarter of an inch long.

"Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk, is 2,500: the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube 1,750,000, that is, 145,833 feet, or 48,000 yards, or nearly 28 miles."

Through these tubes are sent in the twenty-four hours about 2lbs of perspiration, which contains a large amount of animal matter no longer fit to remain in the body. The skin is in fact the largest and one of the most important glands in the body.

The next four chapters treat on diet, clothing, exercise, and ablution, as influencing the health of the skin; and then succeed eight chapters on the diseases of the skin and hair. These latter chapters are open to the censure to

which most works on popular medicine are obnoxious. The medical man learns nothing from them—the non-medical only learns enough to lead him into mistakes—and he has to go to the doctor after all. However, Mr. Wilson has given him a hint whom to consult.

The most useful part of this treatise is, perhaps, the preface; in it attention is particularly called to those admirable establishments which, within the last few years, have sprung up in London and elsewhere—the public baths and wash-houses. The first establishment of this kind was erected in Liverpool in 1843. In 1846 the first public baths were opened in London, at George Street, Hampstead Road. Since that time three or four similar establishments have been raised in different parts of London, and a company is formed for extending more widely the blessing and comfort of cleanliness amongst the poor. The extent to which this blessing has been sought after and appreciated may be seen by reference to the report on the working of the George St. establishment, from Aug. 3, 1846, to Nov. 12, 1848. Within this period the number of persons who have enjoyed the luxury of clean skins, or clean linen, or both, amounted to 674,866, that is, between 800 and 900 per diem. This, it must be remembered, was in one of the smaller establishments, and at a time when the system was little known, and its advantages not generally recognised. These advantages are to be found not merely in the new health and vigour imparted to the labourer, but in a far more important result—in the improved tone of the moral faculties and perceptions. It would be difficult to conceive that the man who has once fully tasted the enjoyment of cleanliness should be content to return to the squalid unwholesome dwelling and filthy habits which ignorance alone could render tolerable. The improvement which takes place in the whole conduct of life when once the love of cleanliness and order at home has been felt, is too generally known to require comment. Experience has proved that this is no mere speculation.

Mr. Wilson's book is addressed to a class of persons who hardly require to be taught that cleanliness is next to godliness; but it may point out to them a mode by which they may be enabled to confer an incalculable blessing on thousands of their fellow-creatures who are not so favoured as themselves.